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At The usage
of John of the cross
Carmelite
1788.

Two Tom.

3879

A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
MORAL
TALES AND ESSAYS

drawn up from the Works of the
most eminent English Writers.

VOLUME THE FIRST.



MENTZ and FRANKFORT,
Printed for J. F. SCHILLER; and Sold
by VARRENTRAP Junior and WENNER.
MDCCLXXXV.

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Printed by J. B. and R. A. NICHOLS,
Printers to the University, and sold
by the Booksellers, in the Strand.



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A choice



A
CHOICE COLLECTION
OF
MORAL TALES AND ESSAYS.

No. I. Benevolence urged from the misery
of solitude: An Eastern story.



ARAZAN, the merchant
of Bagdat, was eminent
throughout all the East for
his avarice and his wealth:
his origin was obscure,
as that of the spark which by the colli-
sion of steel and adamant is struck out of
darkness; and the patient labour of perse-
vering diligence alone had made him rich.

Vol. I.

A

It

It was remembered, that when he was indigent he was thought to be generous; and he was still acknowledged to be inexorably just. But whether in his dealings with men he discovered a perfidy which tempted him to put his trust in gold, or whether in proportion as he accumulated wealth he discovered his own importance to increase, CARAZAN prized it more as he used it less; he gradually lost the inclination to do good, as he acquired the power; and as the hand of time scattered snow upon his head, the freezing influence extended to his bosom.

BUT though the door of CARAZAN was never opened by hospitality, nor his hand by compassion, yet fear led him constantly to the mosque at the stated hours of prayer; he performed all the rites of devotion with the most scrupulous punctuality, and had thrice paid his vows at the Temple of the PROPHET. That devotion which arises from the LOVE OF GOD, and necessarily includes the LOVE OF MAN, as it connects gratitude with beneficence, and exalts that which was moral to divine, confers new dignity upon goodness, and is the object
not

not only of affection but reverence. On the contrary, the devotion of the selfish, whether it be thought to avert the punishment which every one wishes to be inflicted, or to insure it by the complication of hypocrisy with guilt, never fails to excite indignation and abhorrence. CARAZAN, therefore, when he had locked his door, and turning round with a look of circum-spective suspicion proceeded to the mosque, was followed by every eye with silent malignity; the poor suspended their supplication when he passed by; and though he was known by every man, no man saluted him.

SUCH had long been the life of CARAZAN, and such was the character which he had acquired, when notice was given by proclamation, that he was removed to a magnificent building in the center of the city, that his table should be spread for the public, and that the stranger should be welcome to his bed. The multitude soon rushed like a torrent to his door, where they beheld him distributing bread to the hungry and apparel to the naked, his eye softened

with compassion, and his cheek glowing with delight. Every one gazed with astonishment at the prodigy; and the murmur of innumerable voices increasng like the sound of approaching thunder, CARAZAN beckoned with his hand; attention suspended the tumult in a moment, and he thus gratified the curiosity which had procured him audience.

To HIM who touches the mountains and they smoke, THE ALMIGHTY and THE MOST MERCIFUL, be everlasting honour! he has ordained sleep to be the minister of instruction, and his visions have reproved me in the night. As I was sitting alone in my Haram, with my lamp burning before me, computing the product of my merchandize and exulting in the increase of my wealth; I fell into a deep sleep, and the hand of HIM who dwells in the third heaven was upon me. I beheld the Angel of death coming forward like a whirlwind, and he smote me before I could deprecate the blow. At the same moment I felt myself lifted from the ground, and transported with astonishing rapidity through

through the regions of the air. The earth was contracted to an atom beneath; and the stars glowed round me with a lustre that obscured the sun. The gate of PARADISE was now in sight; and I was intercepted by a sudden brightness which no human eye could behold: the irrevocable sentence was now to be pronounced; my day of probation was past; and from the evil of my life nothing could be taken away, nor could any thing be added to the good. When I reflected that my lot for eternity was cast, which not all the powers of nature could reverse, my confidence totally forsook me; and while I stood trembling and silent, covered with confusion and chilled with horror, I was thus addressed by the radiance that flamed before me.

“CARAZAN, thy worship has not been
“ accepted, because it was not prompted
“ by LOVE OF GOD: neither can thy right-
“ eousness be rewarded, because it was not
“ produced by LOVE OF MAN: for thy
“ own sake only hast thou rendered to
“ every man his due; and thou hast ap-
A 3 “ proach-

“ proached the ALMIGHTY only for
“ thyself. Thou hast not looked up with
“ gratitude nor round thee with kindness.
“ Around thee, thou hast indeed, beheld
“ vice and folly; but if vice and folly
“ could justify thy parsimony, would they
“ not condemn the bounty of HEAVEN?
“ If not upon the foolish and the vicious,
“ where shall the sun diffuse his light, or
“ the clouds distil their dew? Where shall
“ the lips of the spring breathe fragrance,
“ or the hand of autumn diffuse plenty?
“ Remember, CARAZAN, that thou hast
“ shut compassion from thine heart, and
“ grasped thy treasures with a hand of
“ iron: thou hast lived for thyself only; and
“ therefore, henceforth for ever thou shalt
“ subsist alone. From the light of heaven,
“ and from the society of all beings, shalt
“ thou be driven; solitude shall protract
“ the lingering hours of eternity, and
“ darkness aggravate the horrors of despair.”

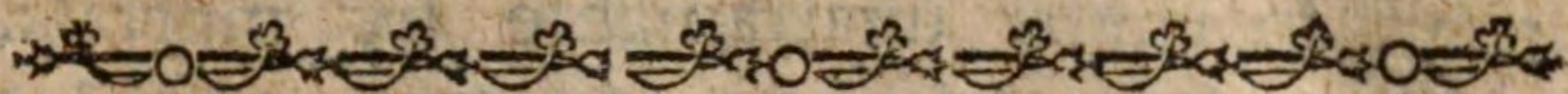
At this moment I was driven by some secret and irresistible power through the glowing system of creation, and passed innumerable worlds in a moment. As I approached the verge of nature, I perceived the

the shadows of total and boundless vacuity deepen before me, a dreadful region of eternal silence, solitude, and darkness! Unutterable horror seized me at the prospect, and this exclamation burst from me with all the vehemence of desire: "O! that I
" had been doomed for ever to the com-
" mon receptacle of impenitence and guilt!
" there society would have alleviated the
" torment of despair, and the rage of fire
" could not have excluded the comfort of
" light. Or if I had been condemned to
" reside in a comet, that would return but
" once in a thousand years to the regions
" of light and life; the hope of these pe-
" riods, however distant, would cheer
" me in the dread interval of cold and
" darkness, and the vicissitude would divi-
" de eternity into time." While this thought passed over my mind, I lost sight of the remotest star, and the last glimmering of light was quenched in utter darkness. The agonies of despair every moment increased, as every moment augmented my distance from the last habitable world. I reflected with intolerable anguish, that when ten thousand thousand years had car-

ried me beyond the reach of all but that **POWER** who fills infinitude, I should still look forward into an immense abyfs of darknefs, through which I should ftill drive without fuccour and without fociety, farther and farther ftill, for ever and for ever. I then ftretched out my hand towards the regions of exiftence, with an emotion that awaked me. Thus have I been taught to eftimate fociety, like every other bleffing, by its lofs. My heart is warmed to liberality; and I am zealous to communicate the happinefs which I feel, to thofe from whom it is derived; for the Society of one wretch, whom in the pride of profperity I would have fpurned from my door, would, in the dreadful folitude to which I was condemned, have been more highly prized than the gold of Afric, or the gems of Golconda.

AT this reflection upon his dream, **CARAZAN** became fuddenly filent, and looked upward in an ecftafy of gratitude and devotion. The multitude were ftuck at once with the precept and example; and the **CALIPH**, to whom the event was related, that

that he might be liberal beyond the power of gold, commanded it to be recorded for the benefit of posterity.



NUMB. 2. Anningait and Ajut, a Greenland history.

OF the happiness and misery of our present state, part arises from our sensations, and part from our opinions; part is distributed by nature, and part is in a great measure apportioned by ourselves. Positive pleasure we cannot always obtain, and positive pain we often cannot remove. No man can give to his own plantations the fragrance of the Indian groves; nor will any precepts of philosophy enable him to withdraw his attention from wounds or diseases. But the negative infelicity which proceeds, not from the pressure of sufferings, but the absence of enjoyments, will always yield to the remedies of reason.

One of the great arts of escaping superfluous uneasiness, is to free our minds from the habit of comparing our condition

with that of others on whom the blessings of life are more bountifully bestowed, or with imaginary states of delight and security, perhaps unattainable by mortals. Few are placed in a situation so gloomy and distressful, as not to see every day beings yet more forlorn and miserable, from whom they may learn to rejoice in their own lot.

No inconvenience is less superable by art or diligence than the inclemency of climates, and therefore none affords more proper exercise for this philosophical abstraction. A native of England, pinched with the frosts of December, may lessen his affection for his own country, by suffering his imagination to wander in the vales of Asia, and sport among woods that are always green, and streams that always murmur; but if he turns his thoughts towards the polar regions, and considers the nations to whom a great portion of the year is darkness, and who are condemned to pass weeks and months amidst mountains of snow, he will soon recover his tranquillity, and while he stirs his fire, or
throws

throws his cloak about him, reflect how much he owes to providence, that he is not placed in Greenland or Siberia.

The barrenness of the earth and the severity of the skies in these dreary countries, are such as might be expected to confine the mind wholly to the contemplation of necessity and distress, so that the care of escaping death from cold and hunger should leave no room for those passions which, in lands of plenty, influence conduct, or diversify characters; the summer should be spent only in providing for the winter, and the winter in longing for the summer.

Yet learned curiosity is known to have found its way into these abodes of poverty and gloom: Lapland and Iceland have their historians, their criticks, and their poets; and love, that extends his dominion wherever humanity can be found, perhaps exerts the same power in the Greenlander's hut as in the palaces of eastern monarchs.

In one of the large caves to which the families of Greenland retire together, to pass the cold months, and which may be termed their villages or cities, a youth and maid, who came from different parts of the country, were so much distinguished for their beauty, that they were called by the rest of the inhabitants Anningait and Ajut, from a supposed resemblance to their ancestors of the same names, who had been transformed of old into the sun and moon.

Anningait for some time heard the praises of Ajut with little emotion, but at last, by frequent interviews, became sensible of her charms, and first made a discovery of his affection, by inviting her with her parents to a feast, where he placed before Ajut the tail of a whale. Ajut seemed not much delighted by this galantry; yet, however, from that time, was observed rarely to appear, but in a vest made of the skin of a white deer; she used frequently to renew the black dye upon her hands / and forehead, to adorn her sleeves with coral and shells, and

and to braid her hair with great exactness.

The elegance of her dress, and the judicious disposition of her ornaments, had such an effect upon Anningait that he could no longer be restrained from a declaration of his love. He therefore composed a poem in her praise, in which, among other heroick and tender sentiments, he protested, that “She was beautiful as the
“ vernal willow, and fragrant as thyme
“ upon the mountains; that her fingers
“ were white as the teeth of the morse,
“ and her smile grateful as the dissolution
“ of the ice; that he would pursue her,
“ though she should pass the snows of the
“ midland cliffs, or seek shelter in the caves
“ of the eastern canibals; that he
“ would tear her from the embraces of
“ the genius of the rocks, snatch her from
“ the paws of Amaroc, and rescue her
“ from the ravine of Hafgusa.” He concluded with a wish, that “whoever shall
“ attempt to hinder his union with Ajut,
“ might be buried without his bow, and
“ that in the land of souls his skull might
“ serve

“ serve for no other use than to catch the
“ droppings of the starry lamps.”

This ode being universally applauded, it was expected that Ajut would soon yield to such fervour and accomplishments; but Ajut, with the natural haughtiness of beauty, expected all the forms of courtship; and before she would confess herself conquered, the sun returned: the ice broke, and the season of labour called all to their employments.

Anningait and Ajut for a time always went out in the same boat, and divided whatever was caught. Anningait, in the sight of his mistress, lost no opportunity of signalizing his courage; he attacked the sea-horses on the ice; pursued the seals into the water; and leaped upon the back of the whale, while he was yet struggling with the remains of life. Nor was his diligence less to accumulate all that could be necessary to make winter comfortable; he dried the roe of fishes, and the flesh of seals; he entrapped deer and foxes, and dressed their skins to adorn his
bride;

bride; he feasted her with eggs from the rocks, and strewed her tent with flowers.

It happened that a tempest drove the fish to a distant part of the coast, before Anningait had completed his store; he therefore entreated Ajut, that she would at last grant him her hand, and accompany him to that part of the country whither he was now summoned by necessity. Ajut thought him not yet entitled to such condescension, but proposed, as a trial of his constancy, that he should return at the end of summer to the cavern where their acquaintance commenced, and there expect the reward of his assiduities. “O virgin, beautiful as the sun shining on the water, consider,” said Anningait, “what thou hast required. How easily may my return be precluded by a sudden frost or unexpected fogs! then must the night be past without my Ajut. We live not, my fair, in those fabled countries, which lying strangers so wantonly describe; where the whole year is divided into short days and nights; where the same habitation serves for summer and
“winter;

“ winter; where they raise houses in
“ rows above the ground; dwell together
“ from year to year, with flocks of tame
“ animals grazing in the fields about them;
“ can travel at any time from one place to
“ another, through ways inclosed with
“ trees, or over walls raised upon the in-
“ land waters, and direct their course
“ through wide countries by the sight of
“ green hills or scattered buildings. Even
“ in summer, we have no means of crof-
“ sing the mountains, whose snows are
“ never dissolved; nor can remove to any
“ distant residence, but in our boats coast-
“ ing the bays. Consider, Ajut; a few sum-
“ mer-days and a few winter-nights, and the
“ life of man is at an end. Night is the time
“ of ease and festivity, of revels and gaiety;
“ but what will be the flaming lamp, the
“ delicious seal, or the soft oil, without the
“ smile of Ajut? ”

The eloquence of Anningait was vain;
the maid continued inexorable, and they
parted with ardent promises to meet again
before the night of winter.

ANNIN.

ANNINGAIT, however discomposed by the dilatory coyness of Ajut, was yet resolved to omit no tokens of amorous respect; and therefore presented her at his departure with the skins of seven white fawns, of five swans and eleven seals, with three marble lamps, ten vessels of seal oil, and a large kettle of brass, which he had purchased from a ship, at the price of half a whale, and two horns of sea-unicorn.

Ajut was so much affected by the fondness of her lover, or so much overpowered by his magnificence, that she followed him to the sea-side; and, when she saw him enter the boat, wished aloud, that he might return with plenty of skins and oil; that neither the mermaids might snatch him into the deeps, nor the spirits of the rocks confine him in their caverns.

She stood a while to gaze upon the departing vessel, and then returning to her hut, silent and dejected, laid aside, from that hour, her white deer skin, suffered her hair to spread unbraided on her shoulders,

ders, and forbore to mix in the dances of the maidens. She endeavoured to divert her thoughts by continual application to feminine employments, gathered moss for the winter lamps, and dried grass to line the boots of Anningait. Of the skins which he had bestowed upon her, she made a fishing-coat, a small boat, and tent, all of exquisite manufacture; and while she was thus busied, solaced her labours with a song, in which she prayed, “ that her
“ lover might have hands stronger than
“ the paws of the bear, and feet swifter
“ than the feet of the rain-deer; that his
“ dart might never err, and that his boat
“ might never leak; that he might never
“ stumble on the ice, nor faint in the wa-
“ ter; that the seal might rush on his har-
“ poon, and the wounded whale might
“ dash the waves in vain.”

The large boats in which the Greenlanders transport their families, are always rowed by women, for a man will not debase himself by work, which requires neither skill nor courage. Anningait was therefore exposed by idleness to the
(rava-

ravages of passion. He went thrice to the stern of the boat, with an intent to leap into the water, and swim back to his mistress; but recollecting the misery which they must endure in the winter, without oil for the lamp, or skins for the bed, he resolved to employ the weeks of absence in provision for a night of plenty and felicity. He then composed his emotions as he could, and expressed in wild numbers and uncouth images, his hopes, his sorrows, and his fears. “O life,” says he, “frail and uncertain! where shall wretched man find thy resemblance but in ice floating on the ocean? It towers on high, it sparkles from afar, while the storms drive and the waters beat is, the sun melts it above, and the rocks shatter it below. What art thou, deceitful pleasure, but a sudden blaze streaming from the north, which plays a moment on the eye, mocks the traveller with the hopes of light, and then vanishes for ever? What, love, art thou but a whirlpool, which we approach without knowledge of our danger, drawn on by imperceptible degrees, till we have lost

“ all power of resistance and escape? Till I
“ fixed my eyes on the graces of Ajut,
“ while I had yet not called her to the
“ banquet, I was careless as the sleeping
“ morse, I was merry as the fingers in the
“ stars. Why, Ajut, did I gaze upon thy
“ graces? why, my fair, did I call thee
“ to the Banquet? yet be faithful, my love,
“ remember Anningait, and meet my re-
“ turn with the smile of virginity. I will
“ chase the deer, I will subdue the whale,
“ resistless as the frost of darkness, and
“ unwearied as the summer sun. In a
“ few weeks, I shall return prosperous
“ and wealthy; then shall the roefish and
“ the porpoise feast thy kindred; the fox
“ and hare shall cover thy couch; the
“ tough hide of the seal shall shelter thee
“ from cold; and the fat of the whale il-
“ luminate thy dwelling.”

Anningait having with these senti-
ments consoled his grief, and animated his
industry, found that they had now coasted
the headland, and saw the whales spou-
ting at a distance. He therefore placed
himself in his fishing-boat, called his asso-
ciates to their several employments, plied
his

his oar and harpoon with incredible courage and dexterity; and, by dividing his time between the chace and fishery, suspended the miseries of absence and suspicion.

Ajut, in the mean time, notwithstanding her neglected dress, happened, as she was drying some skins in the sun, to catch the eye of Norngfuk, on his return from hunting. Norngfuk was of birth truly illustrious. His mother had died in childbirth, and his father, the most expert fisher of Greenland, had perished by too close pursuit of the Whale. His dignity was equalled by his riches; he was master of four mens and two womens boats, had ninety tubs of oil in his winter habitation, and five and twenty seals buried in the snow against the season of darkness. When he saw the beauty of Ajut, he immediately threw over her the skin of a deer that he had taken, and soon after presented her with a branch of coral. Ajut refused his gifts, and determined to admit no lover in the place of Anningait.

Norngfuk, thus rejected, had recourse to stratagem. He knew that Ajut would consult an Angekkok, or diviner, concerning the fate of her lover, and the felicity of her future life. He therefore applied himself to the most celebrated Angekkok of that part of the country, and by a present of two seals and a marble kettle obtained a promise, that when Ajut should consult him, he would declare that her lover was in the land of souls. Ajut, in a short time, brought him a coat made by herself, and enquired what events were to befall her, with assurances of a much larger reward at the return of Anningait, if the prediction should flatter her desires. The Angekkok knew the way to riches, and foretold that Annin-gait, having already caught two whales, would soon return home with a large boat laden with provisions.

This prognostication she was ordered to keep secret, and Norngfuk depending upon his artifice, renewed his addresses with greater confidence; but finding his suit still unsuccessful, applied himself to her parents with gifts and promises. The
wealth

wealth of Greenland is too powerful for the virtue of a Greenlander; they forgot the merit and the presents of Anningait, and decreed Ajut to the embraces of Norngfuk. She entreated; she remonstrated; she wept, and raved; but finding riches irresistible, fled away into the uplands, and lived in a cave upon such berries as she could gather, and the birds or hares which she had the fortune to ensnare, taking care at an hour when she was not likely to be found, to view the sea every day, that her lover might not miss her at his return.

At last she saw the great boat in which Anningait had departed, stealing slow and heavy laden along the coast. She ran with all the impatience of affection to catch her lover in her arms, and relate her constancy and sufferings. When the company reached the land, they informed her, that Anningait, after the fishery was ended, being unable to support the slow passage of the vessel of carriage, had set out before them in his fishing-boat, and they expected at their arrival to have found him on shore.

Ajut, distracted at this intelligence, was about to fly into the hills, without knowing why, though she was now in the hands of her parents, who forced her back to their own hut, and endeavoured to comfort her; but when at last they retired to rest, Ajut went down to the beach; where finding a fishing-boat, she entered it without hesitation, and telling those who wondered at her rashness, that she was going in search of Anningait, rowed away with great swiftness, and was seen no more.

The fate of these lovers gave occasion to various fictions and conjectures. Some are of opinion, that they were changed into stars; others imagine, that Anningait was seized in his passage by the genius of the rocks, and that Ajut was transformed into a mermaid, and still continues to seek her lover in the deserts of the sea. But the general persuasion is, that they are both in that part of the land of souls where the sun never sets, where oil is always fresh, and

and provisions always warm. The virgins sometimes throw a thimble and a needle into the bay, from which the hapless maid departed; and when a Greenlander would praise any couple for virtuous affection, he declares that they love like Anningait and Ajut.



No. 3. Of the different kinds of narrative, and why they are universally read.

N O species of writing affords so general entertainment as the relation of events; but all relations of events do not entertain in the same degree.

It is always necessary, that facts should appear to be produced in a regular and connected series, that they should follow in a quick succession, and yet that they should be delivered with discriminating circumstances. If they have not a necessary and apparent connection, the ideas which they excite obliterate each other, and the mind is tantalized with

an imperfect glimpse of innumerable objects that just appear and vanish; if they are too minutely related, they become tiresome; and if divested of all their circumstances, insipid; for who that reads in a table of chronology or an index, that a city was swallowed up by an earthquake, or a kingdom depopulated by a pestilence, finds either his attention engaged, or his curiosity gratified?

THOSE narratives are most pleasing, which not only excite and gratify curiosity, but engage the passions.

HISTORY is a relation of the most natural and important events: history, therefore, gratifies curiosity, but it does not often excite either terror or pity; the mind feels not that tenderness for a falling state, which it feels for an injured beauty; nor is it so much alarmed at the migration of barbarians, who mark their way with desolation, and fill the world with violence and rapine, as at the fury of a husband, who, deceived into jealousy by false appearances, stabs a faithful
and

and affectionate wife kneeling at his feet, and pleading to be heard.

VOYAGES and TRAVELS have nearly the same excellencies and the same defects: no passion is strongly excited except wonder; or if we feel any emotion at the danger of the traveller, it is transient and languid, because his character is not rendered sufficiently important; he is rarely discovered to have any excellencies but daring curiosity; he is never the object of admiration, and seldom of esteem.

BIOGRAPHY would always engage the passions, if it could sufficiently gratify curiosity: but there have been few among the whole human species, whose lives would furnish a single adventure; I mean such a complication of circumstances, as hold the mind in an anxious yet pleasing suspense, and gradually unfold in the production of some unforeseen and important event; much less such a series of facts, as will perpetually vary the scene, and gratify the fancy, with new views of life.

BUT

BUT NATURE is now exhausted; all her wonders have been accumulated, every recess has been explored, deserts have been traversed, Alps climbed, and the secrets of the deep disclosed; time has been compelled to restore the empires and the heroes of antiquity; all have passed in review; yet fancy requires new gratifications, and curiosity is still unsatisfied.

The resources of ART yet remain: the simple beauties of nature, if they cannot be multiplied, may be compounded, and an infinite variety produced, in which by the union of different graces both may be heightened, and the coalition of different powers may produce a proportionate effect.

THE EPIC POEM at once gratifies curiosity and moves the passions; the events are various and important; but it is not the fate of a nation, but of the hero in which they terminate, and whatever concerns the hero engages the passions; the dignity of his character, his merit, and

and his importance, compel us to follow him with reverence and solicitude, to tremble when he is in danger, to weep when he suffers, and to burn when he is wronged: with these vicissitudes of passion every heart attends Ulysses in his wanderings, and Achilles to the field.

UPON this occasion the OLD ROMANCE may be considered as a kind of Epic, since it was intended to produce the same effect upon the mind nearly by the same means.

IN both these species of writing truth is apparently violated: but though the events are not always produced by probable means, yet the pleasure arising from the story is not much lessened; for fancy is still captivated with variety, and passion has scarce leisure to reflect, that she is agitated with the fate of imaginary beings, and interested in events that never happened.

THE

THE NOVEL, though it bears a nearer resemblance to truth, has yet less power of entertainment; for it is confined within the narrower bounds of probability, the number of incidents is necessarily diminished, and if it deceives us more, it surprises us less. The distress is indeed frequently tender, but the narrative often stands still; the lovers compliment each other in tedious letters and set speeches; trivial circumstances are enumerated with a minute exactness, and the reader is wearied with languid descriptions and impertinent declamations.

BUT the most extravagant, and yet perhaps the most generally pleasing of all literary performances, are those in which supernatural events are every moment produced by Genii and Fairies; such are the Arabian nights entertainment, the Tales of the countess d'Anois, and many others of the same class. It may be thought strange, that the mind should with pleasure acquiesce in the open violation of the most known and obvious truths; and that relations which contradict all experience,
and

and exhibit a series of events that are not only impossible but ridiculous, should be read by almost every taste and capacity with equal eagerness and delight. But it is not perhaps, the mere violation of truth or of probability that offends, but such a violation only as perpetually recurs. The mind is satisfied, if every event appears to have an adequate cause; and when the agency of Genii and Fairies is once admitted, no event which is deemed possible to such agents is rejected as incredible or absurd; the action of the story proceeds with regularity, the persons act upon rational principles, and such events take place as may naturally be expected from the interposition of superior intelligence and power: so that though there is not a natural, there is at least a kind of moral probability preserved, and our first concession is abundantly rewarded by the new scenes to which we are admitted, and the unbounded prospect that is thrown open before us.

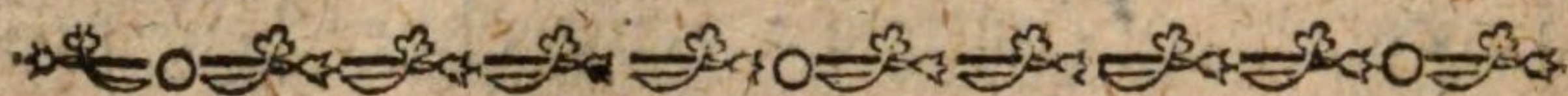
But

BUT though we attend with delight to the achievements of a hero who is transported in a moment over half the globe upon a griffon, and see with admiration a palace or a city vanish upon his breaking a seal or extinguishing a lamp: yet if at his first interview with a mistress, for whose sake he had fought so many battles and passed so many regions, he should salute her with a box on the ear; or if immediately after he had vanquished a giant or a dragon, he should leap into a well or tie himself up to a tree; we should be disappointed and disgusted, the story would be condemned as improbable, unnatural, and absurd, our innate love of truth would be applauded, and we should expatiate on the folly of an attempt to please reasonable beings, by a detail of events which can never be believed, and the intervevtion of agents which could never have existed.

DRAMATIC POETRY, especially tragedy, seems to unite all that pleases in each of these species of writing, with a stronger resemblance of truth, and a closer imita-

imitation of nature : the characters are such as excite attention and sollicitude ; the action is important , its progress is intricate yet natural , and the catastrophe is sudden and striking ; and as we are present to every transaction , the images are more strongly impressed , and the passions more forcibly moved.

FROM a dramatic poem to those short pieces, which may be contained in such a periodical paper as the ADVENTURER, is a bold transition. And yet such pieces, although formed upon a single incident, if that incident be sufficiently uncommon to gratify curiosity , and sufficiently interesting to engage the passions , may afford an entertainment , which if it is not lasting, is yet of the highest kind. Of such , therefore, this paper will frequently consist : but it should be remembered, that it is much more difficult and laborious, to invent a story , however simple and however short, than to recollect topics of instruction, or to remark the scenes of life as they are shifted before us.



No. 4. Planting recommended.

Hilpah and Shalum, an Antediluvian Novel.

EVERY station of life has duties which are proper to it. Those who are determined by choice to any particular kind of business, are indeed more happy than those who are determined by necessity, but both are under an equal obligation of fixing on employments, which may be either useful to themselves or beneficial to others: no one of the sons of Adam ought to think himself exempt from that labour and industry which were denounced to our first parent, and in him to all his posterity. Those to whom birth or fortune may seem to make such an application unnecessary, ought to find out some calling or profession for themselves, that they may not lie as a burden on the species, and be the only useless parts of the creation.

Many of our country gentlemen in their busy hours apply themselves wholly to
to

to the chace, or to some other diversion which they find in the fields and woods. This gave occasion to one of our most eminent English writers to represent every one of them as lying under a kind of curse pronounced to them in the words of Goliath, “ I will give thee to the fowls “ of the air, and to the beasts of the “ field. ”

Though exercises of this kind, when indulged with moderation, may have a good influence both on the mind and body, the country affords many other amusements of a more noble kind.

Among these I know none more delightful in itself, and beneficial to the public, than that of Planting. I could mention a nobleman whose fortune has placed him in several parts of England, and who has always left these visible marks behind him, which shew he has been there: he never hired a house in his life, without leaving all about it the seeds of wealth, and bestowing legacies on the posterity of the owner. Had all

the gentlemen of England made the same improvements upon their estates, our whole country would have been at this time as one great garden. Nor ought such an employment to be looked upon as too inglorious for men of the highest rank. There have been heroes in this art, as well as in others. We are told in particular of Cyrus the Great, that he planted all the Lesser Asia. There is indeed something truly magnificent in this kind of amusement: it gives a nobler air to several parts of nature; it fills the earth with a variety of beautiful scenes, and has something in it like creation. For this reason the pleasure of one who plants is something like that of a poet, who, as Aristotle observes, is more delighted with his productions than any other writer or artist whatsoever.

Plantations have one advantage in them which is not to be found in most other works, as they give a pleasure of a more lasting date, and continually improve in the eye of the planter. When you have finished a building, or any other
other

other undertaking of the like nature, it immediately decays upon your hands; you see it brought to the utmost point of perfection, and from that time hastening to its ruin. On the contrary, when you have finished your plantations, they are still arriving at greater degrees of perfection as long as you live, and appear more delightful in every succeeding year, than they did in the foregoing.

But I do not only recommend this art to men of estates as a pleasing amusement, but as it is a kind of virtuous employment, and may therefore be inculcated by moral motives; particularly from the love which we ought to have for our country, and the regard which we ought to bear to our posterity. As for the first, I need only mention what is frequently observed by others that the increase of forest-trees does by no means bear a proportion to the destruction of them, insomuch that in a few ages the nation may be at a loss to supply itself with timber sufficient for the fleets of England. I know when a man talks of posterity in matters of this nature, he

is looked upon with an eye of ridicule by the cunning and selfish part of mankind. Most people are of the humour of an old fellow of a college, who when he was pressed by the society to come into something that might redound to the good of their successors, grew very peevish; "We are always doing," says he, "something for posterity, but I would fain see posterity do something for us."

But I think men are inexcusable, who fail in a duty of this nature, since it is so easily discharged. When a man considers that the putting a few twigs into the ground is doing good to one who will make his appearance in the world about fifty years hence, or that he is perhaps making one of his own descendants easy or rich, by so inconsiderable an expence, if he finds himself averse to it, he must conclude that he has a poor and base heart, void of all generous principles and love to mankind.

There is one consideration, which may very much enforce what I have here said.

said. Many honest minds that are naturally disposed to do good in the world, and become beneficial to mankind, complain within themselves that they have not talents for it. This therefore is a good office, which is suited to the meanest capacities, and which may be performed by multitudes, who have not abilities sufficient to deserve well of their country, and to recommend themselves to their posterity, by any other method. It is the phrase of a friend of mine, when any useful country neighbour dies, that “you may trace him;” which I look upon as a good funeral oration at the death of an honest husbandman, who has left the impressions of his industry behind him in the place where he has lived.

Upon the foregoing considerations, I can scarce forbear representing the subject of this paper as a kind of moral virtue: which, as I have already shewn, recommends itself likewise by the pleasure that attends it. It must be confessed, that this is none of those turbulent pleasures which is apt to gratify a man in the heats

of youth; but if it be not so tumultuous, it is more lasting. Nothing can be more delightful than to entertain ourselves with prospects of our own making, and to walk under those shades which our own industry has raised. Amusements of this nature compose the mind, and lay at rest all those passions which are uneasy to the soul of man, besides that they naturally engender good thoughts, and dispose us to laudable contemplations. Many of the old philosophers passed away the greatest parts of their lives among their gardens. Epicure himself could not think sensual pleasure attainable in any other scene. Every reader who is acquainted with Homer, Virgil, and Horace, the greatest geniuses of all antiquity, knows very well with how much rapture they have spoken on this subject; and that Virgil in particular has written a whole book on the art of planting.

This art seems to have been more especially adapted to the nature of man in his primæval state, when he had life enough to see his productions flourish in
their

their utmost beauty, and gradually decay with him. One who lived before the flood might have seen a wood of the tallest oaks in the acorn. But I only mention this particular, in order to introduce, a history which I have found among the accounts of China, and which may be looked upon as an antediluvian novel.

HILPA was one of the hundred and fifty daughters of Zilpah, of the race of Cohu, by whom some of the learned think is meant Cain. She was exceedingly beautiful, and when she was but a girl of threescore and ten years of age, received the addresses of several who made love to her. Among these were two brothers, Harpath and Shalum. Harpath being the first-born, was master of that fruitful region which lies at the foot of mount Tirzah, in the southern parts of China. Shalum (which is to say the planter in the Chinese language) possessed all the neighbouring hills, and that great range of mountains which goes under the name of Tirzah. Harpath was of a haughty contemptuous spirit; Shalum was of a gent-

le disposition, beloved both by God and man.

It is said that among the antediluvian women, the daughters of Cohu had their minds wholly set upon riches; for which reason the beautiful Hilpa preferred Harpath to Shalum, because of his numerous flocks and herds, that covered all the low country which runs along the foot of mount Tirzah, and is watered by several fountains and streams breaking out of the sides of that mountain.

Harpath made so quick a dispatch of his courtship, that he married Hilpa in the hundredth year of her age, and being of a insolent temper, laughed to scorn his brother Shalum for having pretended to the beautiful Hilpa, when he was master of nothing but a long chain of rocks and mountains. This so much provoked Shalum, that he is said to have cursed his brother in the bitterness of his heart, and to have prayed that one of his mountains might fall upon his head if ever he came within the shadow of it.

From

From this time forward Harpath would never venture out of the vallies, but came to an untimely end in the two hundred and fiftieth year of his age, being drowned in a river as he attempted to cross it. This river is called to this day from his name who perished in it, the river Harpath, and, what is very remarkable, issues out of one of those mountains which Shalum wished might fall upon his brother, when he cursed him in the bitterness of his heart.

Hilpa was in the hundred and sixtieth year of her age at the death of her husband, having brought him but fifty children before he was snatched away, as has been already related. Many of the antediluvians made love to the young widow, though no one was thought so likely to succeed in her affections as her first lover Shalum, who renewed his court to her about ten years after the death of Harpath; for it was not thought decent in those days that a widow should be seen by a man within ten years after the decease of her husband.

Shalum

Shalum falling into a deep melancholy, and resolving to take away that objection which had been raised against him when he made his first addreses to Hilpa, began immediately after her marriage with Harpath, to plant all that mountainous region which fell to his lot in the division of this country. He knew how to adapt every plant to its proper soil, and is thought to have inherited many traditional secrets of that art from the first man. This employment turned at length to his profit as well as to his amusement: his mountains were in a few years shaded with young trees, that gradually shot up into groves, woods, and forests intermixed with walks and lawns, and gardens; infomuch that the whole region, from a naked and desolate prospect, began now to look like a second Paradise. The pleasantness of the place, and the agreeable disposition of Shalum, who was reckoned one of the mildest and wisest of all who lived before the flood, drew into it multitudes of people, who were perpetually employed in the sinking of wells, the digging of trenches, and the hollowing of
of

of trees, for the better distribution of water through every part of this spacious plantation.

The habitations of Shalum looked every year more beautiful in the eyes of Hilpa, who, after the space of seventy autumns, was wonderfully pleased with the distant prospect of Shalum's hills, which were then covered with innumerable tufts of trees, and gloomy scenes that gave a magnificence to the place, and converted it into one of the finest landskips the eye of man could behold.

The Chinese record a letter which Shalum is said to have written to Hilpa, in the eleventh year of her widowhood. I shall here translate it without departing from that noble simplicity of sentiments and plainness of manners which appear in the original.

Shalum was at this time one hundred and eighty years old, and Hilpa one hundred and seventy.

I Sha-

“I Shalum, master of mount Thirzah, to
Hilpa, mistress of the vallies.

“ In the 788th year of the creation.

“ WHAT have I not suffered, O
“ thou daughter of Zilpah, since thou
“ gavest thyself away in marriage to my
“ rival? I grew weary of the light of the
“ sun, and have ever since been cover-
“ ing myself with woods and forests. The-
“ se threescore and ten years have I be-
“ wailed the loss of thee on the top of
“ mount Tirzah, and soothed my melan-
“ choly among a thousand gloomy shades
“ of my own raising. My dwellings are
“ at present as the garden of God; every
“ part of them is filled with fruits and
“ flowers, and fountains. The whole
“ mountain is perfumed for thy reception.
“ Come up into it, O my beloved, and
“ let us people this spot of the new world
“ with a beautiful race of mortals; let us
“ multiply exceedingly among these de-
“ lightful shades, and fill every quarter
“ of them with sons and daughters. Re-
“ member, O thou daughter of Zilpah,
“ that the age of man is but a thousand
“ years;

“ years ; that beauty is the admiration
“ but of a few centuries. It flourishes as
“ a mountain oak, or as a cedar on the
“ top of Tirzah, which in three or four
“ hundred years will fade away, and
“ never be thought of by posterity, un-
“ less a young wood springs from its
“ roots. Think well on this, and re-
“ member thy neighbour in the moun-
“ tains. ”

Having here inserted this letter, which I look upon as the only antediluvian Billet-doux now extant, I shall in my next paper give the answer to it, and the sequel of this story.

The sequel of the story of Shalum and Hilpa.

THE letter inserted in my last had so good an effect upon Hilpa ; that she answered it in less than twelve months, after the following manner:

“ Hilpa,

“ Hilpa, mistress of the vallies, to Sha-
“ lum, master of mount Tirzah.

“ In the 789th year of the creation.

“ WHAT have I to do with thee,
“ O Shalum! Thou praisest Hilpa's beau-
“ ty, but art thou not secretly enamour-
“ ed with the verdure of her meadows?
“ Art thou not more affected with the
“ prospect of her green vallies, than thou
“ wouldest be with the sight of her per-
“ son? — The lowings of my herds, and
“ the bleatings of my flocks, make a
“ pleasant echo in thy mountains, and
“ found sweetly in thy ears. What though
“ I am delighted with the wavings of thy
“ forests, and those breezes of perfumes
“ which flow from the top of Tirzah:
“ are these like the riches of the val-
“ ley?

“ I know thee, O Shalum; thou
“ art more wise and happy than any of
“ the sons of men. Thy dwellings are
“ among the cedars; thou searchest out
“ the diversity of soils, thou understandest
“ the influences of the stars, and markest
“ the

“ the change of seasons. Can a woman
“ appear lovely in the eyes of such a one?
“ Disquiet me not, O Shalum; let me
“ alone, that I may enjoy those goodly
“ possessions which are fallen to my lot.
“ Win me not by thy enticing words.
“ May thy trees increase and multiply;
“ mayest thou add wood to wood, and
“ shade to shade; but tempt not Hilpa to
“ destroy thy solitude, and make thy re-
“ tirement populous.”

The Chinese say, that a little time afterwards she accepted of a treat in one of the neighbouring hills to which Shalum had invited her. This treat lasted for two years, and is said to have cost Shalum five hundred antelopes, two thousand ostriches, and a thousand tuns of milk; but what most of all recommended it, was that variety of delicious fruits and pot-herbs, in which no person then living could any way equal Shalum.

He treated her in the bower which he had planted amidst the wood of night-ingales. This wood was made up of such

fruit-trees and plants as are most agreeable to the several kinds of singing-birds; so that it had drawn into it all the music of the country, and was filled from one end of the year to the other with the most agreeable concert in season.

He shewed her every day some beautiful and surprising scene in this new region of wood-lands; and as by this means he had all the opportunities he could wish for of opening his mind to her, he succeeded so well, that upon her departure she made him a kind of promise, and gave him word to return him a positive answer in less than fifty years.

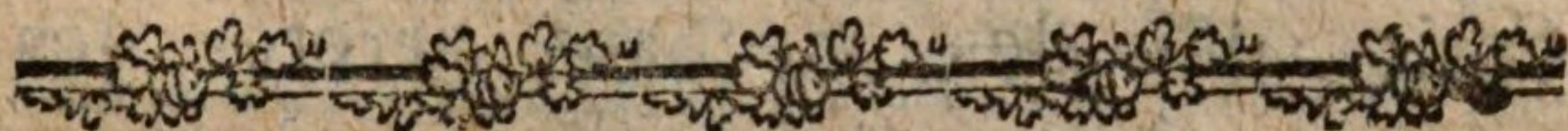
She had not been long among her own people in the vallies, when she received new overtures, and at the same time a most splendid visit from Mishpach, who was a mighty man of old, and had built a great city, which he called after his own name. Every house was made for at least a thousand years, nay there were some that were leased out for three lives; so that the quantity of stone and
timber

timber consumed in this building is scarce to be imagined by those who live in the present age of the world. This great man entertained her with the voice of musical instruments which had been lately invented, and danced before her to the sound of the timbrel. He also presented her with several domestic utensils wrought in brass and iron, which had been newly found out for the conveniency of life. In the mean time Shalum grew very uneasy with himself, and was sorely displeased at Hilpa for the reception which she had given to Mishpach, insomuch that he never wrote to her or spoke of her during a whole revolution of Saturn; but finding that this intercourse went no farther than a visit, he again renewed his addresses to her, who during his long silence is said very often to have cast a wishing eye upon mount Tirzah.

Her mind continued wavering about twenty years longer between Shalum and Mishpach; for though her inclinations favoured the former, her interest pleaded very powerfully for the other. While

her heart was in this unsettled condition, the following accident happened which determined her choice. A high tower of wood that stood in the city of Mishpach having caught fire by a flash of lightning, in a few days reduced the whole town to ashes. Mishpach resolved to rebuild the place, whatever it should cost him; and having already destroyed all the timber of the country, he was forced to have recourse to Shalum, whose forests were now two hundred years old. He purchased these woods with so many herds of cattle and flocks of sheep, and with such a vast extent of fields and pastures, that Shalum was now grown more wealthy than Mishpach; and therefore appeared so charming in the eyes of Zilpah's daughter, that she no longer refused him in marriage. On the day in which he brought her up into the mountains he raised a most prodigious pile of cedar and of every sweet-smelling wood, which reached above three hundred cubits in height: he also cast into the pile bundles of mirrh and sheaves of spike-nard, enriching it with every spicy shrub,

shrub, and making it fat with the gums of his plantations. This was the burnt-offering which Shalum offered in the day of his espousals: the smoke of it ascended up to Heaven, and filled the whole country with incense and perfume.



No. 5. Providence. Timoleon.

LOOKING over the late edition of Monsieur Boileau's works, I was very much pleased with the article which he has added to his notes on the translation of Longinus. He there tells us, that the sublime in writing, rises either from the nobleness of the thought, the magnificence of the words, or the harmonious and lively turn of the phrase; and that the perfect sublime arises from all these three in conjunction together. He produces an instance of this perfect sublime, in four verses from the *Athalia* of Monsieur Racine. When Abner, one of the chief officers of the court, represents to Joab

the high-priest, that the queen was incensed against him, the high-priest, not in the least terrified at the news, returns this answer :

Celui qui met un frein à la fureur des
flots,

Sçait aussi des mechans arreter les
c m p l o s.

Soumis avec respect à sa volonté sainte,
Je crains Dieu, cher Abner, & n'ai
point d'autre crainte.

“ He who ruleth the raging of the sea,
“ knows also how to check the designs
“ of the ungodly. I submit myself with
“ reverence to his holy will. O Abner,
“ I fear my God, and I fear none but
“ him.” Such a thought gives no less a
sublimity to human nature, than it does
to good writing. This religious fear,
when it is produced by just apprehensions
of a divine power, naturally overlooks
all human greatness that stands in compe-
tition with it, and extinguishes every
other terror that can settle itself in the
heart of man: it lessens and contracts the
figure

figure of the most exalted person; it disarms the tyrant and executioner, and represents to our minds the most enraged and the most powerful as altogether harmless and impotent.

There is no true fortitude which is not founded upon this fear, as there is no other principle of so settled and fixed a nature. Courage that grows from constitution, very often forsakes a man when he has occasion for it; and when it is only a kind of instinct in the soul, breaks out on all occasions without judgment or discretion. That courage which proceeds from the sense of our duty, and from the fear of offending him that made us, acts always in an uniform manner, and according to the dictates of right reason.

What can the man fear, who takes care in all his actions to please a Being that is omnipotent? a Being who is able to crush all his adversaries? a Being that can divert any misfortune from befalling him, or turn any such misfortune to his advantage?

The person who lives with this constant and habitual regard to the great superintendant of the world, is indeed sure that no real evil can come into his lot. Blessings may appear under the shape of pains, losses, and disappointments; but let him have patience, and he will see them in their proper figures. Dangers may threaten him; but he may rest satisfied, that they will either not reach him, or that, if they do, they will be the instruments of good to him. In short, he may look upon all crosses and accidents, sufferings and afflictions, as means which are made use of to bring him to happiness. This is even the worst of that man's condition, whose mind is possessed with the habitual fear of which I am now speaking. But it very often happens, that those which appear evils in our own eyes, appear also as such, to him who has human nature under his care; in which case they are certainly averted from the person who has made himself, by this virtue, an object of divine favour. Histories are full of instances of this nature, where men of virtue have had extraordinary escapes out of such dan-

dangers as have inclosed them, and which have seemed inevitable.

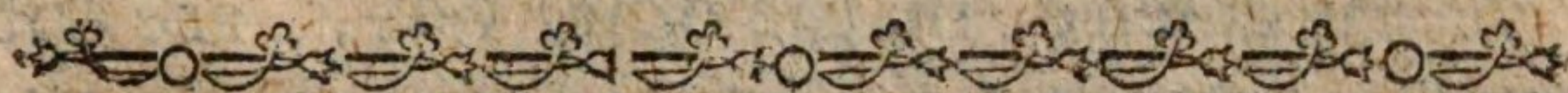
There is no example of this kind in pagan history which more pleases me, than that which is recorded in the life of Timoleon. This extraordinary man was famous for referring all his successes to providence. Cornelius Nepos acquaints us that he had in his house a private chapel, in which he used to pay his devotions to the goddesses who represented providence among the heathens. I think no man was ever more distinguished by the deity, whom he blindly worshipped, than the great person I am speaking of, in several occurrences of his life; but particularly in the following one, which I shall relate out of Plutarch.

Three persons had entered into a conspiracy to assassinate Timoleon, as he was offering up his devotions in a certain temple. In order to it, they took their several stands in the most convenient places for their purpose. As they were waiting for an opportunity to put their design in

execution, a stranger having observed one of the conspirators, fell upon him and slew him. Upon which the other two, thinking their plot had been discovered, threw themselves at Timoleon's feet, and confessed the whole matter. This stranger, upon examination, was found to have understood nothing of the intended assassination; but having several years before had a brother killed by the conspirator, whom he here put to death, and having until now fought in vain for an opportunity of revenge, he chanced to meet the murderer in the temple, who had planted himself there for the above-mentioned purpose. Plutarch cannot forbear, on this occasion, speaking with a kind of rapture on the schemes of providence; which, in this particular, had so contrived it, that the stranger should, for so great a space of time, be debarred the means of doing justice to his brother, until, by the same blow that revenged the death of one innocent man, he preserved the life of another.

For

For my own part, I cannot wonder that a man of Timoleon's religion, should have his intrepidity and firmness of mind; or that he should be distinguished by such a deliverance, as I have here related.



No. 6. Effects of the Intercourse of the Sexes. Male and Female Republics.

THE moral world, as consisting of males and females, is of a mixt nature, and filled with several customs, fashions, and ceremonies, which would have no place in it, were there but one sex. Had our species no females in it, men would be quite different creatures from what they are at present; their endeavours to please the opposite sex polishes and refines them out of those manners which are most natural to them, and often sets them upon modelling themselves, not according to the plans which they approve in their own opinions, but according to those plans

plans which they think are most agreeable to the female world. In a word, man would not only be an unhappy, but a rude unfinished creature, were he conversant with none but those of his own make.

Women, on the other side, are apt to form themselves, in every thing with regard to that other half of reasonable creatures, with whom they are here blended and confused; their thoughts are ever turned upon appearing amiable to the other sex; they talk, and move, and smile, with a design upon us; every feature of their faces, every part of their dress is filled with snares and allurements. There would be no such animals as prudes or coquettes in the world, were there not such an animal as man. In short, it is the male that gives charms to woman-kind, that produces an air in their faces, a grace in their motions, a softness in their voices, and a delicacy in their complexions.

As

As this mutual regard between the two sexes tends to the improvement of each of them, we may observe that men are apt to degenerate into rough and brutal natures, who live as if there were no such things as women in the world; as on the contrary, women who have an indifference or aversion for their counterparts in human nature, are generally sour and unamiable, fluttish and censorious.

I am let into this train of thoughts by a little manuscript which is lately fallen into my hands, and which I shall communicate to the reader, as I have done some other curious pieces of the same nature, without troubling him with any inquiries about the author of it. It contains a summary account of two different states which bordered upon one another. The one was a commonwealth of Amazons, or women without men: the other was a republic of males that had not a woman in their whole community. As these two states bordered upon one another, it was their way, it seems, to meet upon their

their frontiers at a certain season of the year, where those among the men who had not made their choice in any former meeting, associated themselves with particular women, whom they were afterwards obliged to look upon as their wives in every one of these yearly rencounters. The children that sprung from this alliance, if males, were sent to their respective fathers; if females, continued with their mothers. By means of this anniversary carnival, which lasted about a week, the commonwealths were recruited from time to time, and supplied with their respective subjects.

These two states were engaged together in a perpetual league, offensive and defensive, so that if any foreign potentate offered to attack either of them, both the sexes fell upon him at once, and quickly brought him to reason. It was remarkable, that for many ages this agreement continued inviolable between the two states, notwithstanding, as was said before, they were husbands and wives: but this will not appear so wonderful, if we

we consider that they did not live together above a week in a year.

In the account which my author gives of the male republic, there were several customs very remarkable. The men never shaved their beards, or pared their nails, above once in a twelvemonth, which was probably about the time of the great annual meeting upon their frontiers. I find the name of a minister of state in one part of their history, who was fined for appearing too frequently in clean linnen; and of a certain great general who was turned out of his post for effeminacy, it having been proved upon him by several credible witnesses that he washed his face every morning. If any member of the commonwealth had a soft voice, a smooth face, or a supple behaviour, he was banished into the commonwealth of females, where he was treated as a slave, dressed in petticoats, and set a spinning. They had no titles of honour among them, but such as denoted some bodily strength or perfection, as such an one "the tall,"
such

such an one the "flocky," such an one "the gruff." Their public debates were generally managed with kicks and cuffs, inso-much that they often came from the council table with broken shins, black eyes, and bloody noses. When they would reproach a man in the most bitter terms, they would tell him his teeth were white, or that he had a fair skin and a soft hand. The greatest man I meet with in their history, was one who could lift five hundred weight, and wore such a prodigious pair of whiskers as had never been seen in the commonwealth before his time. These accomplishments it seems had rendered him so popular, that if he had not died very seasonably, it is thought he might have enslaved the republic.

HAVING carefully perused the manuscript I mentioned so far as it relates to the republic of women, I find in it several particulars which may very well deserve the reader's attention.

The girls of quality, from six to twelve years old, were put to public schools,

schools, where they learned to box and play at cudgels, with several other accomplishments of the same nature; so that nothing was more usual than to see a little miss returning home at night with a broken pate, or two or three teeth knocked out of her head. They were afterwards taught to ride the great horse, to shoot, dart, or sling, and lifted into several companies, in order to perfect themselves in military exercises. No woman was to be married until she had killed her man. The ladies of fashion used to play with young lions instead of lap-dogs, and when they made any parties of diversion, instead of entertaining themselves at ombre and piquet, they would wrestle and pitch the bar for a whole afternoon together. There was never any such thing as a blush seen, or a sigh heard, in the commonwealth. The women never dressed but to look terrible, to which end they would sometimes after a battle paint their cheeks with the blood of their enemies. For this reason likewise the face which had the most scars was looked

upon as the most beautiful. If they found lace, jewels, ribbands, or any ornaments in silver or gold among the booty which they had taken, they used to dress their horses with it, but never entertained a thought of wearing it themselves. There were particular rights and privileges allowed to any member of the commonwealth, who was a mother of three daughters. The senate was made up of old women; for by the laws of the country none was to be a counsellor of state that was not past child-bearing. They used to boast that their republic had continued for thousand years, which is altogether improbable, unless we may suppose, what I am very apt to think, that they measured their time by lunar years.

There was a great revolution brought about in this female republic, by means of a neighbouring king, who had made war upon them several years with various success, and at length overthrew them in a very great battle. This defeat they ascribe to several causes; some say that the secretary of state having been troubled
with

with the vapours, had committed some fatal mistakes in several dispatches about that time. Others pretend, that the first minister being big with child, could not attend the public affairs, as so great an exigency of state required; but this I can give no manner of credit to, since it seems to contradict a fundamental maxim in their government, which I have before mentioned. My author gives the most probable reason of this great disaster; for he affirms that the general was brought to bed, or (as others say) miscarried the very night before the battle: however it was, this signal overthrow obliged them to call in the male republic to their assistance; but notwithstanding their common efforts to repulse the victorious enemy, the war continued for many years before they could entirely bring it to a happy conclusion.

The campaigns which both sexes passed together, made them so well acquainted with one another, that at the end of the war they did not care for parting. In the beginning of it they lodged

in separate camps, but afterwards, as they grew more familiar, they pitched their tents promiscuously.

From this time, the armies being checkered with both sexes, they polished apace. The men used to invite their fellow-soldiers into their quarters, and would dress their tents with flowers and boughs for their reception. If they chanced to like one more than another, they would be cutting her name in the table, or chalking out her figure upon the wall, or talking of her in a kind of rapturous language, which by degrees improved into verse and sonnet. These were as the first rudiments of architecture, painting and poetry, among this savage people. After any advantage over the enemy, both sexes used to jump together and make a clattering with their swords and shields, for joy, which in a few years produced several regular tunes and set dances.

As the two armies romped on these occasions, the women complained of the thick bushy beards and long nails of their
con-

confederates, who thereupon took care to prune themselves into such figures as were most pleasing to their female friends and allies.

When they had taken any spoils from the enemy, the men would make a present of every thing that was rich and showy to the women whom they most admired, and would frequently dress the necks, or heads, or arms of their mistresses with any thing which they thought appeared gay or pretty. The women observing that the men took delight in looking upon them, when they were adorned with such trappings and gewgaws, set their heads to work to find out new inventions, and to outshine one another in all councils of war or the like solemn meetings. On the other hand, the men observing how the women's hearts were set upon finery, began to embellish themselves, and look as agreeable as they could in the eyes of their associates. In short, after a few years conversing together, the women had learnt to smile, and the men to ogle, the

E 3 women

women grew soft, and the men lively.

When they had thus insensibly formed one another, upon finishing of the war, which concluded with an intire conquest of their common enemy, the colonels in one army married the colonels in another; the captains in the same manner took the captains to their wives: the whole body of common soldiers were matched, after the example of their leaders. By this means the two republics incorporated with one another, and became the most flourishing and polite government in the part of the world which they inhabited.



No. 7. An allegorical history of rest and labour.

I N the early ages of the world, as is well known to those who are versed in ancient traditions, when innocence was yet untainted, and simplicity unadulterated, mankind was happy in the enjoyment of continual pleasure, and constant plenty; under the protection of REST; a gentle divinity, who required of her worshippers neither altars nor sacrifices, and whose rites were only performed by prostrations upon turfs of flowers in shades of jasmine and myrtle, or by dances on the banks of rivers flowing with milk and nectar.

Under this easy government the first generations breathed the fragrance of perpetual spring, eat the fruits, which, without culture, fell ripe into their hands, and slept under bowers arched by nature, with the birds singing over
E 4 their

their heads, and the beasts sporting about them. But by degrees they began to lose their original integrity; each, though there was more than enough for all, was desirous of appropriating part to himself. Then entered violence and fraud, and theft and rapine. Soon after pride and envy broke into the world, and brought with them a new standard of wealth; for men, who till then thought themselves rich when they wanted nothing, now rated their demands, not by the calls of Nature, but by the plenty of others; and began to consider themselves as poor when they beheld their own possessions exceeded by those of their neighbours. Now only one could be happy, because only one could have most, and that one was always in danger, lest the same arts by which he had supplanted others should be practised upon himself.

Amidst the prevalence of this corruption, the state of the earth was changed; the year was divided into seasons; part of the ground became barren, and the rest yielded only berries, acorns, and herbs. The summer and autumn indeed
fur-

furnished a coarse and inelegant sufficiency, but winter was without any relief; FAMINE, with a thousand diseases, which the inclemency of the air invited into the upper regions, made havock among men, and there appeared to be danger lest they should be destroyed before they were reformed.

To oppose the devastations of FAMINE, who scattered the ground every where with carcases, LABOUR came down upon earth. LABOUR was the son of NECESSITY, the nurseling of HOPE, and the pupil of ART; he had the strength of his mother, the spirit of his nurse, and the dexterity of his governess. His face was wrinkled with the wind, and swarthy with the sun; he had the implements of husbandry in one hand, with which he turned up the earth; in the other he had the tools of architecture, and raised walls and towers at his pleasure. He called out with a rough voice, "Mortals! see here
"the power to whom you are consigned, and
"from whom you are to hope for all your

“ pleasures, and all your safety. You
“ have long languished under the domi-
“ nion of REST, an impotent and deceit-
“ ful goddess, who can neither protect
“ nor relieve you, but resigns you to
“ the first attacks of either FAMINE or
“ DISEASE, and suffers her shades to be
“ invaded by every enemy, and destroyed
“ by every accident.

“ Awake therefore to the call of
“ LABOUR. I will teach you to remedy
“ the sterility of the earth, and the seve-
“ rity of the sky; I will compel summer
“ to find provisions for the winter; I will
“ force the waters to give you their fish,
“ the air its fowls, and the forest its
“ beasts; I will teach you to pierce the
“ bowels of the earth, and bring out from
“ the caverns of the mountains metals
“ which shall give strength to your hands,
“ and security to your bodies, by which
“ you may be covered from the assaults of
“ the fiercest beasts, and with which you
“ shall fell the oak, and divide rocks, and
“ subject all nature to your use and plea-
“ sure.”

En-

Encouraged by this magnificent invitation, the inhabitants of the globe considered LABOUR as their only friend, and hastened to his command. He led them out to the fields and mountains, and shewed them how to open mines, to level hills, to drain marshes, and change the course of rivers. The face of things was immediately transformed; the land was covered with towns and villages, encompassed with fields of corn, and plantations of fruit-trees; and nothing was seen but heaps of grain, and baskets of fruit, full tables, and crowded storehouses.

Thus LABOUR and his followers added every hour new acquisitions to their conquests, and saw FAMINE gradually dispossessed of his dominions; till at last, amidst their jollity and triumphs, they were depressed and amazed by the approaches of LASSITUDE, who was known by her sunk eyes, and dejected countenance. She came forward trembling and groaning: at every groan the hearts of all those that beheld her lost their courage, their nerves slackened, their hands shook,

shook, and the instruments of labour fell from their grasp.

Shocked with this horrid phantom they reflected with regret on their easy compliance with the solicitations of LABOUR; and began to wish again for the golden hours which they remembered to have passed under the reign of REST, whom they resolved again to visit, and to whom they intended to dedicate the remaining part of their lives. REST had not left the world; they quickly found her, and to atone for their former desertion, invited her to the enjoyment of those acquisitions which LABOUR had procured them.

REST therefore took leave of the groves and vallies, which she had hitherto inhabited, and entered into palaces, reposed herself in alcoves, and slumbered away the winter upon beds of down, and the summer in artificial grottos with cascades playing before her. There was indeed always something wanting to complete her felicity, and she

she could never lull her returning fugitives to that serenity, which they knew before their engagements with LABOUR: Nor was her dominion entirely without controul, for she was obliged to share it with LUXURY, though she always looked upon her as a false friend, by whom her influence was in reality destroyed, while it seemed to be promoted.

The two soft associates, however, reigned for some time without visible disagreement, till at last LUXURY betrayed her charge, and let in DISEASE to seize upon her worshippers. REST then flew away, and left the place to the usurpers; who employed all their arts to fortify themselves in their possession, and to strengthen the interest of each other.

REST had not always the same enemy: in some places she escaped the incursions of DISEASE; but had her residence invaded by a more slow and subtle intruder, for very frequently when every thing was composed and quiet, when there was
neither

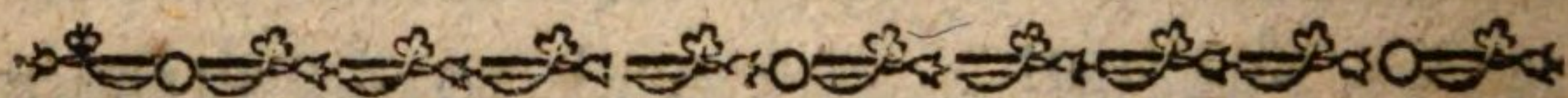
neither pain within, nor danger without, when every flower was in bloom, and every gale freighted with perfumes, SATIETY would enter with a languishing and repining look, and throw herself upon the couch placed and adorned for the accommodation of REST. No sooner was she seated than a general gloom spread itself on every side, the groves immediately lost their verdure, and their inhabitants desisted from their melody, the breeze sunk in sighs, and the flowers contracted their leaves and shut up their odours. Nothing was seen on every side but multitudes wandering about they knew not whither, in quest they knew not of what; no voice was heard but of complaints that mentioned no pain, and murmurs that could tell of no misfortune.

REST had now lost her authority. Her followers again began to treat her with contempt; some of them united themselves more closely to LUXURY, who promised by her arts to drive SATIETY away, and others that were more wise, or had more fortitude, went back again to LABOUR,

BOUR, by whom they were indeed protected from SATIETY, but delivered up in time to LASSITUDE, and forced by her to the bowers of REST.

Thus REST and LABOUR equally perceived their reign of short duration and uncertain tenure, and their empire liable to inroads from those who were alike enemies to both. Thus each found their subjects unfaithful, and ready to desert them upon every opportunity. LABOUR saw the riches which he had given always carried away as an offering to REST, and REST found her votaries in every exigence flying from her to beg help of LABOUR. They, therefore, at last determined upon an interview, in which they agreed to divide the world between them, and govern it alternately, allotting the dominion of the day to one, and that of the night to the other, and promised to guard the frontiers of each other, so that, whenever hostilities were attempted, SATIETY should be intercepted by LABOUR, and LASSITUDE expelled by REST. Thus the ancient quarrel was appeased,
and

and as hatred is often succeeded by its contrary, REST afterwards became pregnant by LABOUR, and was delivered of HEALTH, a benevolent Goddess, who consolidated the union of her parents, and contributed to the regular vicissitudes of their reign, by dispensing her gifts to those only who shared their lives in just proportions between REST and LABOUR.



No. 8. Providence justified . .

The story of the Eremite.

A certain Eremite having conceived great jealousies touching the due administration of Divine Providence in external occurrences in the world, in this anxiety of mind was resolved to leave his cell and travel abroad, and see with his own eyes how things went in the world. He had not gone half a day's journey, but a young man overtook him and joined company with him, and insinuated himself so far into the Eremite's affection, that he thought himself very happy in that he had
got

got so agreeable a companion; wherefore, resolving to take their fortunes together, they always lodged in the same house. Some few days travels had overpast before the Eremite took notice of any thing remarkable; but at last he observed that his fellow traveller, with whom he had contracted so intimate a friendship, in an house where they were extraordinary well treated, stole away a gilt cup from the gentleman of the house, and carried it away with him. The Eremite was very much astonished with what he saw done by so fair and agreeable a person as he conceived him to be; but thought not yet fit to speak to him, or seem to take notice of it. And therefore they travel fairly on together as aforesaid, until night forced them to seek lodging. But they light upon such an house as had a very unhospitable owner, who shut them out into the outward court, and exposed them all night to the injury of the open weather, which chanced then to be very rainy: but the Eremite's fellow-traveller unexpectedly compensated his host's ill entertainment

with no meaner a reward than the gilt cup he had carried away from the former place, thrusting it in at the window when they departed. This the Eremite thought was very pretty, and that it was not covetousness, but humour, that made him take it away from its first owner. The next night, where they lodged they were treated again with a great deal of kindness and civility; but the Eremite observed with horror that his fellow-traveller, for an ill requital, strangled privately a young child of their so courteous host in the cradle. This perplexed the mind of the poor Eremite very much; but in sadness and patience forbearing to speak, he travelled another day's journey with the young man, and at evening took up in a place where they were more made of than any where hitherto; and because the way they were to travel the next morning was not so easy to find, the master of the house commanded one of his servants to go part of the way to direct them; whom, while they were passing over a stone bridge, the Eremite's fellow-traveller caught suddenly betwixt

betwixt the legs, and pitched him headlong from off the bridge into the river, and drowned him. Here the Eremite could have no longer patience, but flew bitterly upon his fellow-traveller for these barbarous actions, and renounced all friendship with him, and would travel with him no longer, nor keep him company. Whereupon the young man, smiling at the honest zeal of the Eremite, and putting off his mortal disguise, appeared, as he was, in the form and lustre of an angel of God, and told him that he was sent to ease his mind of the great anxiety it was incumbered with touching the Divine Providence; in which, said he, nothing can occur more perplexing and paradoxical than what you have been offended at, since we two travelled together. But yet I will demonstrate to you, said he, that all I have done is very just and right: for as for that first man from whom I took the gilded cup, it was a real compensation indeed of his hospitality, that cup being so forcible an occasion of the good man's distempering himself, and of hazarding his health and life, which

would be a great loss to his poor neighbours, he being of so good and charitable a nature. But I put it into the window of that harsh and inhospitable man that used us so ill, not as a booty to him, but as a plague and scourge to him, and for an ease to his oppressed neighbours, that he may fall into intemperance, diseases, and death itself; for I knew very well that there was that enchantment in this cup, that they that had it would be thus bewitched with it. And as for that civil person, whose child I strangled in the cradle, it was in great mercy to him, and no real hurt to the child, who is now with God; but if that child had lived, whereas this gentleman hitherto had been piously, charitably, and devoutly given, his mind, I saw, would have unavoidably sunk into the love of the world out of love to his child, he having had none before, and doting so hugely on it; and therefore I took away this momentary life from the body of the child, that the soul of the father might live for ever. And for this last fact, which you so much abhor, it was the
most

most faithful piece of gratitude I could do to one that had used us so humanely and kindly as that gentleman did ; for this man, who, by the appointment of his master, was so officious to us as to shew us the way, intended this very night ensuing to let a company of rogues into his master's house, to rob him of all that he had, if not to murder him and his family. And having said thus, he vanished. But the poor Eremite, transported with joy and amazement, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had thus unexpectedly delivered him from any farther anxiety touching the ways of his providence ; and thus returned with cheerfulness to his forsaken cell, and spent the residue of his days there in piety and peace.



No. 9. On Human Grandeur.

An alehouse-keeper near Islington, who had long lived at the sign of the French King, upon the commencement of the last war pulled down his old sign, and put up that of the Queen of Hungary. Under the influence of her red face, and golden sceptre, he continued to sell ale, till she was no longer the favourite of his customers; he changed her, therefore, some time ago, for the King of Prussia, who may probably be changed, in turn, for the next great man that shall be set up for vulgar admiration.

In this manner the great are dealt out, one after the other, to the gazing crowd. When we have sufficiently wondered at one of them, he is taken in, and another exhibited in his room, who seldom holds his station long; for the mob are ever pleased with variety.

I must

I must own I have such an indifferent opinion of the vulgar, that I am ever led to suspect that merit which raises their shout; at least I am certain to find those great, and sometimes good men, who find satisfaction in such acclamations, made worse by it; and history has too frequently taught me, that the head which has grown this day giddy with the roar of the million, has the very next been fixed upon a pole.

As Alexander VI. was entering a little town in the neighbourhood of Rome, which had been just evacuated by the enemy, he perceived the townsmen busy in the market-place in pulling down from a gibbet a figure which had been designed to represent himself. There were some also knocking down a neighbouring statue of one of the Orfini family, with whom he was at war, in order to put Alexander's effigy in its place. It is possible a man who knew less of the world, would have condemned the adulation of those bare-faced flatterers; but Alexander seemed pleased at their zeal; and, turning to

Borgia,

F 4

Borgia, his son, said with a smile,
“ Vides, mi fili, quam leve discrimen
“ patibulum inter et statuum.” “ You see,
“ my son, the small difference between
“ a gibbet and a statue.” If the great
could be taught any lesson, this might
serve to teach them upon how weak a
foundation their glory stands; for, as
popular applause is excited by what seems
like merit, it as quickly condemns what
has only the appearance of guilt.

Popular glory is a perfect coquet; her
lovers must toil, feel every inquietude,
indulge every caprice; and, perhaps,
at last, be jilted for their pains. True
glory, on the other hand, resembles a
woman of sense; her admirers must play
no tricks; they feel no great anxiety,
for they are sure, in the end, of being
rewarded in proportion to their merit.
When Swift used to appear in public, he
generally had the mob shouting in his train.
“ Pox take these fools,” he would say,
“ how much joy might all this bawling
“ give my lord-mayor!”

We

We have seen those virtues, which have, while living, retired from the public eye, generally transmitted to posterity, as the truest objects of admiration and praise. Perhaps the character of the late duke of Marlborough may one day be set up, even above that of his more talked-of predecessor; since an assemblage of all the mild and amiable virtues are far superior to those, vulgarly called the great ones. I must be pardoned for this short tribute to the memory of a man, who, while living, would as much detest to receive any thing that wore the appearance of flattery, as I should to offer it.

I know not how to turn so trite a subject out of the beaten road of common place, except by illustrating it, rather by the assistance of my memory than judgment; and, instead of making reflections, by telling a story.

A Chinese, who had long studied the works of Confucius, who knew the characters of fourteen thousand words, and

could read a great part of every book that came in his way, once took it into his head to travel into Europe, and observe the customs of a people which he thought not very much inferior even to his own countrymen. Upon his arrival at Amsterdam, his passion for letters naturally led him to a bookseller's shop; and, as he could speak a little Dutch, he civilly asked the bookseller for the works of the immortal Xixofou. The bookseller assured him he had never heard the book mentioned before. "Alas!" cries our traveller, "to what purpose, then, has he fasted to death, to gain a renown which has never travelled beyond the precincts of China!"

There is scarce a village in Europe, and not one university, that is not thus furnished with its little great men. The head of a petty corporation, who opposes the designs of a prince, who would tyrannically force his subjects to save their best cloaths for Sundays; the puny pedant, who finds one undiscovered quality in the polype, or describes an unheeded

heeded process in the skeleton of a mole; and whose mind, like his microscope, perceives nature only in detail; the rhymers, who make smooth verses, and paint to our imagination, when he should only speak to our hearts; all equally fancy themselves walking forward to immortality, and desire the crowd behind them to look on. The crowd takes them at their word. Patriot, philosopher, and poet, are shouted in their train. "Where was there
"ever so much merit seen! no times
"so important as our own! ages, yet
"unborn, shall gaze with wonder and
"applause!" To such music the important pigmy moves forward, bustling and swelling, and aptly compared to a puddle in a storm.

I have lived to see generals who once had crowds hallooing after them wherever they went, who were praised by news-papers and magazines, those echoes of the voice of the vulgar, and yet they have long sunk into merited obscurity, with scarce even an epitaph

taph left to flatter. A few years ago the herring-fishery employed all Grub-street; it was the topic in every coffee-house, and the burden of every ballad. We were to drag up oceans of gold from the bottom of the sea; we were to supply all Europe with herrings upon our own terms. At present, we hear no more of all this. We have fished up very little gold that I can learn; nor do we furnish the world with herrings, as was expected. Let us wait but a few years longer, and we shall find all our expectations an herring-fishery.



No. 10. No life pleasing to God, that is not useful to man; Mirza, an eastern Story.

In the Persian Chronicle of the five hundred and thirteenth year of the HEIGYRA, it is thus written:

Of the Letter of COSROU the Iman.

IT pleased our mighty sovereign ABBAS CARASCAN, from whom the kings of the earth derive honour and dominion, to set MIRZA his servant over the province of Tauris. In the hand of MIRZA, the balance of distribution was suspended with impartiality; and under his administration the weak were protected, the learned received honour, and the diligent became rich: MIRZA, therefore, was beheld by every eye with complacency, and every tongue pronounced blessings upon his head. But it was observed that he derived no joy from the benefits which he diffu-

diffused. he became pensive and melancholy; he spent his leisure in solitude; in his palace he sat motionless upon a sofa; and when he went out, his walk was slow, and his eyes were fixed upon the ground: he applied to the business of state with reluctance; and resolved to relinquish the toil of government, of which he could no longer enjoy the reward.

HE, therefore, obtained permission to approach the throne of our sovereign; and being asked what was his request, he made this reply: “ May the Lord of the
“ world forgive the slave whom he has
“ honoured, if MIRZA presume again to
“ lay the bounty of ABBAS at his feet.
“ Thou hast given me the dominion of a
“ country, fruitful as the gardens of Da-
“ mascus; and a city, glorious above
“ all others, except that only which re-
“ flects the splendor of thy presence. But
“ the longest life is a period scarce suffi-
“ cient to prepare for death; all other
“ business is vain and trivial, as the toil
“ of emmets in the path of the traveller,
“ under whose foot they perish for ever;
and

“ and all enjoyment is unsubstantial and
“ evanescent, as the colours of the bow
“ that appears in the interval of a storm.
“ Suffer me, therefore, to prepare for
“ the approach of eternity; let me give
“ up my soul to meditation: let solitude
“ and silence acquaint me with the myste-
“ ries of devotion; let me forget the
“ world, and by the world be forgotten,
“ till the moment arrives, in which the
“ veil of eternity shall fall, and I shall
“ be found at the bar of the ALMIGH-
“ TY.” MIRZA then bowed himself to
the earth, and stood silent.

By the command of ABBAS it is recorded, that at these words he trembled upon that throne, at the footstool of which the world pays homage: he looked round upon his nobles; but every countenance was pale, and every eye was upon the earth. No man opened his mouth; and the king first broke silence, after it had continued near an hour.

“ MIRZA, terror and doubt are come upon me. I am alarmed, as a man
“ who

“ who suddenly perceives that he is near
“ the brink of a precipice, and is urged
“ forward by an irresistible force : but
“ yet I know not, whether my danger
“ is a reality or a dream. I am as thou
“ art, a reptile of the earth; my life is
“ a moment, and eternity, in which
“ days and years and ages are nothing,
“ eternity is before me, for which I also
“ should prepare : but by whom then
“ must the Faithful be governed? by
“ those only who have no fear of judg-
“ ment? by those only, whose life is
“ brutal, because like brutes they do not
“ consider that they shall die? Or who,
“ indeed, are the Faithful? Are the
“ busy multitudes that croud the city, in
“ a state of perdition? and is the cell of the
“ Dervise alone the gate of paradise? To
“ all, the life of a Dervise is not possible:
“ to all, therefore, it cannot be a duty.
“ Depart to the house which has in this
“ city been prepared for thy residence:
“ I will meditate the reason of thy re-
“ quest; and may he who illuminates the
“ mind of the humble, enable me to de-
“ termine with wisdom.”

MIRZA

MIRZA departed; and on the third day having received no command, he again requested an audience, and it was granted. When he entered the royal presence, his countenance appeared more cheerful; he drew a letter from his bosom, and having kissed it, he presented it with his right hand. “My Lord,” said he, “I have learned by this letter, “which I received from COSROU the “Iman, who now stands before thee, “in what manner life may be best improved. I am enabled to look back “with pleasure, and forward with hope; and I shall now rejoice still to be “the shadow of thy power at Tauris, and “to keep those honours which I so lately “wished to resign.” The king, who had listened to MIRZA with a mixture of surprize and curiosity, immediately gave the letter to COSROU, and commanded that it should be read. The eyes of the court were at once turned upon the hoary sage, whose countenance was suffused with an honest blush; and it was not without some hesitation that he read these words:

“ To MIRZA, whom the wisdom of
“ ABBAS our mighty Lord has honoured
“ with dominion, be everlasting health !
“ When I heard thy purpose to withdraw
“ the blessings of thy government from
“ the thousands of Tauris, my heart was
“ wounded with the arrow of affliction,
“ and my eyes became dim with sorrow.
“ But who shall speak before the king,
“ when he is troubled ; and who shall
“ boast of knowledge, when he is di-
“ stressed by doubt ? To thee I will re-
“ late the events of my youth, which
“ thou hast renewed before me ; and
“ those truths which they taught me,
“ may the Prophet multiply to thee.

“ UNDER the instruction of the phy-
“ cian ALUZAR, I obtained an early
“ knowledge of his art. To those who
“ were smitten with disease, I could ad-
“ minister plants, which the sun has im-
“ pregnated with the spirit of health. But
“ the scenes of pain, languor, and mor-
“ tality, which were perpetually rising
“ before me, made me often tremble for
“ myself. I saw the grave open at my
“ feet:

“ feet: I determined, therefore, to
“ contemplate only the regions beyond it,
“ and to despise every acquisition which
“ I could not keep. I conceived an opi-
“ nion, that as there was no merit but
“ in voluntary poverty, and silent medi-
“ tation, those who desired money were
“ not proper objects of bounty, and that
“ by all who were proper objects of boun-
“ ty, money was despised. I therefore
“ buried mine in the earth; and renoun-
“ cing society, I wandered into a wild
“ and sequestered part of the country:
“ my dwelling was a cave by the side of
“ a hill, I drank the running water from
“ the spring, and eat such fruits and
“ herbs as I could find. To increase the
“ austerity of my life, I frequently watch-
“ ed all night, sitting at the entrance
“ of the cave with my face to the east,
“ resigning myself to the secret influences
“ of the Prophet, and expecting illumi-
“ nations from above. One morning after
“ my nocturnal vigil, just as I perceived
“ the horizon glow at the approach of the
“ sun, the power of sleep became irresi-
“ stible, and I sunk under it. I imagined

“ myself still sitting at the entrance of my
“ cell ; that the dawn increased ; and
“ that as I looked earnestly for the first
“ beam of day, a dark spot appeared to
“ intercept it. I perceived that it was in
“ motion ; it increased in size as it drew
“ near, and at length I discovered it to
“ be an eagle. I still kept my eye fixed
“ steadfastly upon it, and saw it alight at
“ a small distance, where I now descried
“ a fox, whose two fore-legs appeared
“ to be broken. Before this fox the eagle
“ laid part of a kid, which she had
“ brought in her talons, and then disap-
“ peared. When I awaked I laid my fo-
“ rehead upon the ground, and blessed
“ the Prophet for the instruction of the
“ morning. I reviewed my dream, and
“ said thus to myself: COSROU, thou
“ hast done well to renounce the tumult,
“ the business, and the vanities of life ;
“ but thou hast as yet only done it in part :
“ thou art still every day busied in the
“ search of food ; thy mind is not whol-
“ ly at rest, neither is thy trust in PRO-
“ VIDENCE complete. What art thou
“ taught by this vision ? If thou hast seen
“ an

“ an eagle commissioned by HEAVEN to
“ feed a fox that is lame, shall not the
“ hand of HEAVEN also supply thee with
“ food; when that which prevents thee
“ from procuring it for thyself, is not
“ necessity but devotion? I was now so
“ confident of a miraculous supply, that
“ I neglected to walk out for my repast,
“ which, after the first day, I expected
“ with an impatience that left me little
“ power of attending to any other object:
“ this impatience, however, I labour-
“ ed to suppress, and persisted in my re-
“ solution; but my eyes at length began
“ to fail me; and my knees smote each
“ other; I threw myself backward, and
“ hoped my weakness would soon increase
“ to insensibility. But I was suddenly
“ roused by the voice of an invisible being,
“ who pronounced these words:” COS-
ROU, I am the Angel who, by the
command of the ALMIGHTY, have
registered the thoughts of thy heart, which
I am now commissioned to reprove. While
thou wast attempting to become wise abo-
ve that which is revealed, thy folly has
perverted the instruction which was vouch-

safed thee. Art thou disabled as the Fox? hast thou not rather the powers of the Eagle? Arise, let the Eagle be the object of thy emulation. To pain and sickness, be thou again the messenger of ease and health. Virtue is not rest, but action. If thou doest good to man, as an evidence of thy love to GOD, thy virtue will be exalted from moral to divine; and that happiness which is the pledge of Paradise, will be thy reward upon earth.

“ AT these words I was not less astonished than if a mountain had been overturned at my feet; I humbled myself in the dust; I returned to the city; I dug up my treasure; I was liberal, yet I became rich. My skill in restoring health to the body, gave me frequent opportunities of curing the diseases of the soul. I put on the sacred vestments; I grew eminent beyond my merit; and it was the pleasure of the king that I should stand before him. Now, therefore, be not offended; I boast of no knowledge that I have not
“ received;

“ received ; as the sands of the desert drink
“ up the drops of rain , or the dew of
“ morning ; so do I also , who am but
“ dust , imbibe the instructions of the
“ Prophet. Believe then that it is he
“ who tells thee , all knowledge is pro-
“ phane , which terminates in thyself ;
“ and by a life wasted in speculation , litt-
“ le even of this can be gained. When
“ the gates of Paradise are thrown open
“ before thee , thy mind shall be irradia-
“ ted in a moment : here thou canst little
“ more than pile error upon error ; there
“ thou shalt build truth upon truth. Wait,
“ therefore , for the glorious vision ; and
“ in the mean time emulate the Eagle.
“ Much is in thy power ; and , therefo-
“ re , much is expected of thee. Though
“ the ALMIGHTY only can give virtue ,
“ yet , as a prince , thou mayest stimu-
“ late those to beneficence , who act from
“ no higher motive than immediate inter-
“ est : thou canst not produce the princi-
“ ple , but mayest enforce the practice.
“ The relief of the poor is equal , whe-
“ ther they receive it from ostentation or
“ charity ; and the effect of example is

“ the same , whether it be intended to
“ obtain the favour of GOD or man. Let
“ thy virtue be thus diffused ; and if
“ thou believest with reverence , thou
“ shalt be accepted above. Farewell.
“ May the smile of HIM who resides in
“ the Heaven of Heavens , be upon thee !
“ and against thy name in the volume of
“ His will , may happiness be written ! ”

THE King, whose doubts like those of MIRZA were now removed, looked up with a smile that communicated the joy of his mind. He dismissed the prince to his government; and commanded these events to be recorded, to the end that posterity may know , “ that no life
“ is pleasing to GOD, but that which is
“ useful to MANKIND ! ”



No. II. The story of Alcander and Septimius. Taken from a Byzantine Historian.

Athens, long after the decline of the Roman empire, still continued the seat of learning, politeness, and wisdom. Theodoric the Ostrogoth repaired the schools which barbarity was suffering to fall into decay, and continued those pensions to men of learning, which avaricious governors had monopolized.

In this city, and about this period, Alcander and Septimius were fellow-students together: the one, the most subtle reasoner of all the Lyceum; the other, the most eloquent speaker in the academic grove. Mutual admiration soon begot a friendship. Their fortunes were nearly equal, and they were natives of the two most celebrated cities in the world; for Alcander was of Athens, Septimius came from Rome.

In this state of harmony they lived for some time together; when Alcander, after passing the first part of his youth in the indolence of philosophy, thought at length of entering into the busy world; and, as a step previous to this, placed his affections on Hypatia, a lady of exquisite beauty. The day of their intended nuptials was fixed; the previous ceremonies were performed; and nothing now remained but her being conducted in triumph to the apartment of the intended bridegroom.

Alcander's exultation in his own happiness, or being unable to enjoy any satisfaction without making his friend Septimius a partner, prevailed upon him to introduce Hypatia to his fellow-student; which he did with all the gaiety of a man who found himself equally happy in friendship and love. But this was an interview fatal to the future peace of both; for Septimius no sooner saw her, but he was smitten with an involuntary passion; and, though he used every effort to suppress desires at once so imprudent and unjust,

just, the emotions of his mind in a short time became so strong, that they brought on a fever, which the physicians judged incurable.

During this illness, Alcander watched him with all the anxiety of fondness, and brought his mistress to join in those amiable offices of friendship. The sagacity of the physicians, by these means, soon discovered that the cause of their patient's disorder was love: and Alcander being apprized of their discovery, at length extorted a confession from the reluctant dying lover.

It would but delay the narrative to describe the conflict between love and friendship in the breast of Alcander on this occasion; it is enough to say, that the Athenians were at that time arrived at such refinement in morals, that every virtue was carried to excess. In short, forgetful of his own felicity, he gave up his intended bride, in all her charms, to the young Roman. They were married privately by his connivance, and this

this unlooked - for change of fortune wrought as unexpected a change in the constitution of the now happy Septimius. In a few days he was perfectly recovered, and set out with his fair partner for Rome. Here, by an exertion of those talents which he was so eminently possessed of, Septimius, in a few years, arrived at the highest dignities of the state, and was constituted the city - judge, or prætor.

In the mean time Alcander not only felt the pain of being separated from his friend and his mistress, but a prosecution was also commenced against him by the relations of Hypatia, for having basely given up his bride, as was suggested, for money. His innocence of the crime laid to his charge, and even his eloquence in his own defence, were not able to withstand the influence of a powerful party. He was cast, and condemned to pay an enormous fine. However, being unable to raise so large a sum at the time appointed, his possessions were confiscated, he himself was

was stripped of the habit of freedom, exposed as a slave in the market-place, and sold to the highest bidder.

A merchant of Thrace becoming his purchaser, Alcander, with some other companions of distress, was carried into that region of desolation and sterility. His stated employment was to follow the herds of an imperious master, and his success in hunting was all that was allowed him to supply his precarious subsistence. Every morning waked him to a renewal of famine or toil, and every change of season served but to aggravate his unsheltered distress. After some years of bondage, however, an opportunity of escaping offered; he embraced it with ardour; so that travelling by night, and lodging in caverns by day, to shorten a long story, he at last arrived in Rome. The same day on which Alcander arrived, Septimius sat administering justice in the Forum, whither our wanderer came, expecting to be instantly known, and publicly acknowledged, by his former friend. Here he stood the whole day
amongst

amongst the crowd, watching the eyes of the judge, and expecting to be taken notice of; but he was so much altered by a long succession of hardships, that he continued unnoted among the rest; and, in the evening, when he was going up to the prætor's chair, he was brutally repulsed by the attending lictors. The attention of the poor is generally driven from one ungrateful object to another; for night coming on, he now found himself under a necessity of seeking a place to lie in, and yet knew not where to apply. All emaciated, and in rags as he was, none of the citizens would harbour so much wretchedness; and sleeping in the streets might be attended with interruption or danger: in short, he was obliged to take up his lodging in one of the tombs without the city, the usual retreat of guilt, poverty, and despair. In this mansion of horror, laying his head upon an inverted urn, he forgot his miseries for a while in sleep; and found, on his flinty couch, more ease than beds of down can supply to the guilty.

As

As he continued here, about midnight two robbers came to make this their retreat; but happening to disagree about the division of their plunder, one of them stabbed the other to the heart, and left him weltering in blood at the entrance. In these circumstances he was found next morning dead at the mouth of the vault. This naturally inducing a farther inquiry, an alarm was spread; the cave was examined; and Alcander being found, was immediately apprehended, and accused of robbery and murder. The circumstances against him were strong, and the wretchedness of his appearance confirmed suspicion. Misfortune and he were now so long acquainted, that he at last became regardless of life. He detested a world where he had found only ingratitude, falsehood and cruelty; he was determined to make no defence; and thus, lowering with resolution, he was dragged, bound with cords, before the tribunal of Septimius. As the proofs were positive against him, and he offered nothing in his own vindication, the judge was proceeding

ceeding to doom him to a most cruel and ignominious death, when the attention of the multitude was soon divided by another object. The robber, who had been really guilty, was apprehended felling his plunder, and, struck with a panic, had confessed his crime. He was brought bound to the same tribunal, and acquitted every other person of any partnership in his guilt. Alcander's innocence therefore appeared, but the sullen rashness of his conduct remained a wonder to the surrounding multitude; but their astonishment was still farther increased, when they saw their judge start from his tribunal to embrace the supposed criminal: Septimius recollected his friend and former benefactor, and hung upon his neck with tears of pity and of joy. Need the sequel be related? Alcander was acquitted; shared the friendship and honours of the principal citizens of Rome; lived afterwards in happiness and ease; and left it to be engraved on his tomb: That no circumstances are so desperate, which Providence may not relieve.



No. 12. On the importance and best Use of Time.

WE all of us complain of the shortness of time, saith Seneca, and yet have much more than we know what to do with. Our lives, says he, are spent either in doing nothing at all, or in doing nothing to the purpose, or in doing nothing that we ought to do: we are always complaining our days are few, and acting as though there would be no end of them. That noble philosopher has described our inconsistency with ourselves in this particular, by all those various turns of expression and thought which are peculiar to his writings.

I often consider mankind as wholly inconsistent with itself in a point that bears some affinity to the former. Though we seem grieved at the shortness of life in general, we are wishing every period of it

at an end. The minor longs to be at age, then to be a man of business, then to make up an estate, then to arrive at honours, then to retire. Thus, although the whole of life is allowed by every one to be short, the several divisions of it appear long and tedious. We are for lengthening our span in general, but would fain contract the parts of which it is composed. The usurer would be very well satisfied to have all the time annihilated that lies between the present moment and next quarter-day. The politician would be contented to lose three years in his life, could he place things in the posture which he fancies they will stand in after such a revolution of time. The lover would be glad to strike out of his existence all the moments that are to pass away before the happy meeting. Thus, as fast as our time runs, we should be very glad in most parts of our lives that it ran much faster than it does. Several hours of the day hang upon our hands, nay, we wish away whole years; and travel through time as through a country filled with many wild and empty wastes, which we would fain hurry

hurry over, that we may arrive at those several little settlements or imaginary points of rest which are dispersed up and down in it.

If we divide the life of most men into twenty parts, we shall find that at least nineteen of them are mere gaps and chasms, which are neither filled with pleasure nor business. I do not however include in this calculation the life of those men who are in a perpetual hurry of affairs, but of those only who are not always engaged in scenes of action; and I hope I shall not do an unacceptable piece of service to these persons if I point out to them certain methods for the filling up their empty spaces of life. The methods I shall propose to them are as follow.

The first is the exercise of virtue, in the most general acceptation of the world. That particular scheme which comprehends the social virtues, may give employment to the most industrious temper, and find a man in business more than the most active station of life. To advise the

ignorant ; relieve the needy , comfort the afflicted , are duties that fall in our way almost every day of our lives. A man has frequent opportunities of mitigating the fierceness of party ; of doing justice to the character of a deserving man ; of softening the envious ; quieting the angry , and rectifying the prejudiced ; which are all of them employments suited to a reasonable nature , and bring great satisfaction to the person who can busy himself in them with discretion.

There is another kind of virtue that may find employment for those retired hours in which we are altogether left to ourselves , and destitute of company and conversation ; I mean that intercourse and communication which every reasonable creature ought to maintain with the great Author of his being. The man who lives under an habitual sense of the divine presence , keeps up a perpetual chearfulness of temper , and enjoys every moment the satisfaction of thinking himself in company with his dearest and best of friends. The time never lies heavy upon him ; it is im-

impossible for him to be alone. His thoughts and passions are the most busied at such hours when those of other men are the most unactive; he no sooner steps out of the world but his heart burns with devotion, swells with hope, and triumphs in the consciousness of that presence which every where surrounds him; or, on the contrary, pours out its fears, its sorrows, its apprehensions, to the great supporter of its existence.

I have here only considered the necessity of a man's being virtuous, that he may have something to do; but if we consider further, that the exercise of virtue is not only an amusement for the time it lasts, but that its influence extends to those parts of our existence which lie beyond the grave, and that our whole Eternity is to take its colour from those hours which we here employ in virtue or in vice, the argument redoubles upon us, for putting in practice this method of passing away our time.

When a man has but a little stock to improve, and has opportunities of turning it all to good account, what shall we think of him if he suffers nineteen parts of it to lie dead, and perhaps employs even the twentieth to his ruin or disadvantage? But because the mind cannot be always in its fervors, nor strained up to a pitch of virtue, it is necessary to find out proper employments for it in its relaxations.

The next method therefore that I would propose to fill up our time, should be useful and innocent diversions. I must confess I think it is below reasonable creatures to be altogether conversant in such diversions as are merely innocent, and have nothing else to recommend them, but that there is no hurt in them. Whether any kind of gaming has even thus much to say for itself, I shall not determine; but I think it is very wonderful to see persons of the best sense passing away a dozen hours together in shuffling and dividing a pack of cards, with no other conversation but what is made up of a few
game

game-phrases, and no other ideas but those of black or red spots ranged together in different figures. Would not a man laugh to hear any one of this species complaining that life is short?

The stage might be made a perpetual source of the most noble and useful entertainments, were it under proper regulations.

But the mind never unbends itself so agreeably as in the conversation of a well-chosen friend. There is indeed no blessing of life that is any way comparable to the enjoyment of a discreet and virtuous friend. It eases and unloads the mind, clears and improves the understanding, engenders thoughts and knowledge, animates virtue and good resolution, soothes and allays the passions, and finds employment for most of the vacant hours of life.

Next to such an intimacy with a particular person, one would endeavour after a more general conversation with

such as are able to entertain and improve those with whom they converse, which are qualifications that seldom go asunder.

There are many other useful amusements of life, which one would endeavour to multiply, that one might on all occasions have recourse to something rather than suffer the mind to lie idle, or run adrift with any passion that chances to rise in it.

A man that has a taste in music, painting, or architecture, is like one that has another sense when compared with such as have no relish of those arts. The arts of the florist, the planter, the gardener, the husbandman, when they are only as accomplishments to the man of fortune, are great reliefs to a country life, and many ways useful to those who are possessed of them.

But of all the diversions of life, there is none so proper to fill up its empty spaces, as the reading of useful and entertaining authors. But this I shall only touch

touch upon, because it in some measure interferes with the third method, which I shall propose in another paper, for the employment of our dead unactive bodies, and which I shall only mention in general to be the pursuit of knowledge.

THE last method which I proposed for filling up those empty spaces of life which are so tedious and burdensome to idle people, is the employing ourselves in the pursuit of knowledge. I remember Mr. Boyle, speaking of a certain mineral, tells us, that a man may consume his whole life in the study of it, without arriving at the knowledge of all its qualities. The truth of it is, there is not a single science, or any branch of it, that might not furnish a man with business for life, though it were much longer than it is.

I shall not here engage on those beaten subjects of the usefulness of knowledge, nor of the pleasure and perfection it gives the mind, nor on the methods of attaining it, nor recommend any particular

branch of it, all which have been the topics of many other writers ; but shall indulge myself in a speculation that is more uncommon , and may therefore perhaps be more entertaining.

I have before shewn how the unemployed parts of life appear long and tedious, and shall here endeavour to shew how those parts of life which are exercised in study, reading, and the pursuits of knowledge, are long but not tedious, and by that means discover a method of lengthening our lives, and at the same time of turning all the parts of them to our advantage.

Mr. Locke observes, “That we get
“ the idea of time, or duration, by re-
“ flecting on that train of ideas which suc-
“ ceed one another in our minds: That
“ for this reason when we sleep soundly
“ without dreaming, we have no per-
“ ception of time, or the length of it,
“ whilst we sleep: and that the moment
“ wherein we leave off to think, until
“ the moment we begin to think again,
“ seems

“ seems to have no distance.” To which the author adds, “ and so I doubt not but “ it would be to a waking man, if it were possible for him to keep only one idea “ in his mind, without variation, and “ the succession of others ; and we see, “ that one who fixes his thoughts very “ intently on one thing, so as to take but “ little notice of the succession of ideas that “ pass in his mind whilst he is taken up “ with that earnest contemplation, lets “ slip out of his account a good part of that “ duration, and thinks that time shorter “ than it is.”

We might carry this thought further, and consider a man as, on one side, shortening his time by thinking on nothing, or but a few things ; so, on the other, as lengthening it, by employing his thoughts on many subjects, or by entertaining a quick and constant succession of ideas. Accordingly Monsieur Mallebranche, in his Inquiry after Truth, which was published several years before Mr. Locke's Essay on Human Understanding, tells us, that it is possible some creatures may

may think half an hour as long as we do a thousand years; or look upon that space of duration which we call a minute, as an hour, a week, a month, or a whole age.

This notion of Monsieur Mallebranche, is capable of some little explanation from what I have quoted out of Mr. Locke; for if our notion of time is produced by our reflecting on the succession of ideas in our mind, and this succession may be infinitely accelerated or retarded, it will follow, that different beings may have different notions of the same parts of duration, according as their ideas, which we suppose are equally distinct in each of them, follow one another in a greater or less degree of rapidity.

There is a famous passage in the Alcoran, which looks as if Mahomet had been possessed of the notion we are now speaking of. It is there said, that the angel Gabriel took Mahomet out of his bed one morning to give him a sight of all things in the seven heavens, in paradise, and

and in hell, which the prophet took a distinct view of; and after having held ninety thousand conferences with God, was brought back again to his bed. All this, says the Alcóran, was transacted in so small a space of time, that Mahomet at his return found his bed still warm, and took up an earthen pitcher, which was thrown down at the very instant that the angel Gabriel carried him away, before the water was all spilt.

There is a very pretty story in the Turkish Tales which relates to this passage of that famous impostor, and bears some affinity to the subject we are now upon. A sultan of Egypt, who was infidel, used to laugh at this circumstance in Mahomet's life, as what was altogether impossible and absurd: but conversing one day with a great doctor in the law, who had the gift of working miracles, the doctor told him he would quickly convince him of the truth of this passage in the history of Mahomet, if he would consent to do what he should desire of him. Upon this the sultan was directed to place himself by
an

an huge tub of water, which he did accordingly; and as he stood by he tub amidst a circle of his great men, the holy man bid him plunge his head into the water, and draw it up again: the king accordingly thrust his head into the water, and at the same time found himself at the foot of a mountain on a sea-shore. The king immediately began to rage against his doctor for this piece of treachery and witchcraft; but at length, knowing it was in vain to be angry, he set himself to think on proper methods for getting a livelihood in this strange country: accordingly he applied himself to some people whom he saw at work in a neighbouring wood: these people conducted him to a town that stood at a little distance from the wood, where, after some adventures, he married a woman of great beauty and fortune. He lived with this woman so long until he had by her seven sons and seven daughters; he was afterwards reduced to great want, and forced to think of plying in the streets as a porter for his livelihood. One day as he was walking alone by the sea-side, being seized with
many

many melancholy reflections upon his former and his present state of life, which had raised a fit of devotion in him, he threw off his clothes with a design to wash himself, according to the custom of the Mahometans, before he said his prayers.

After his first plunge into the sea, he no sooner raised his head above the water but he found himself standing by the side of the tub, with the great men of his court about him, and the holy man at his side. He immediately upbraided his teacher for having sent him on such a course of adventures, and betrayed him into so long a state of misery and servitude; but was wonderfully surprised when he heard that the state he talked of was only a dream and delusion; that he had not stirred from the place where he then stood; and that he had only dipped his head into the water, and immediately taken it out again.

The Mahometan Doctor took this occasion of instructing the sultan, that nothing was impossible with God; and that He, with whom a thousand years are but as one day, can, if he pleases, make a single day, nay a single moment, appear to any of his creatures as a thousand years.

I shall leave my reader to compare these Eastern fables with the notions of those two great Philosophers whom I have quoted in this paper; and shall only by way of application, desire him to consider how we may extend life beyond its natural dimensions, by applying ourselves diligently to the pursuits of knowledge.

The hours of a wise man are lengthened by his ideas, as those of a fool are by his passions: the time of the one is long, because he does not know what to do with it; so is that of the other, because he distinguishes every moment of it with useful or amusing thoughts; or in other words, because the one is always

always wishing it away, and the other always enjoying it.

How different is the view of past life, in the man who is grown old in knowledge and wisdom, from that of him who is grown old in ignorance and folly? The latter is like the owner of a barren country that fills his eye with the prospect of naked hills and plains, which produce nothing either profitable or ornamental; the other beholds a beautiful and spacious landscape divided into delightful gardens, green meadows, fruitful fields, and can scarce cast his eye on a single spot of his possessions, that is not covered with some beautiful plant or flower.



No. 13. The Advantage of Mediocrity. Hamet and Raschid, an Easter Tale.

AMONG many parallels which men of imagination have drawn between the natural and moral state of the world, it has been observed that happiness, as well as virtue, consists in mediocrity; that to avoid every extreme is necessary, even to him who has no other care than to pass through the present state with ease and safety; and that the middle path is the road of security, on either side of which are not only the pitfalls of vice, but the precipices of ruin.

Thus the maxim of Cleobulus the Lindian, "Mediocrity is best," has been long considered as an universal principle, extended through the whole compass of life and nature. The experience of every age seems to have given it new confirmation, and to shew that nothing, however

however specious or alluring, is pursued with propriety, or enjoyed with safety, beyond certain limits.

Even the gifts of nature, which may truly be considered as the most solid and durable of all terrestrial advantages, are found, when they exceed the middle point, to draw the possessor into many calamities, easily avoided by others that have been less bountifully enriched or adorned. We see every day women perish with infamy, by having been too willing to set their beauty to shew, and others, though not with equal guilt or misery, yet with very sharp remorse, languishing in decay, neglect, and obscurity, for having rated their youthful charms at too high a price. And, indeed, if the opinion of Bacon be thought to deserve much regard, very few sighs would be vented for eminent and superlative elegance of form; “for beautiful women,” says he, “are seldom of any great accomplishments, because they, for the most part, study behaviour rather than virtue.”

Health and vigour, and a happy constitution of the corporeal frame, are of absolute necessity to the enjoyment of the comforts, and to the performance of the duties of life, and requisite in yet a greater measure to the accomplishment of any thing illustrious or distinguished; yet even these, if we can judge by their apparent consequences, are sometimes not very beneficial to those on whom they are most liberally bestowed. They that frequent the chambers of the sick, will generally find the sharpest pains, and most stubborn maladies, among them whom confidence of the force of nature formerly betrayed to negligence and irregularity; and that superfluity of strength, which was at once their boast and their snare, has often, in the latter part of life, no other effect than that it continues them long in impotence and anguish.

These gifts of nature are, however, always blessings in themselves, and to be acknowledged with gratitude to him that gives them; since they are, in their regular and legitimate effects, productive
of

of happiness, and prove pernicious only by voluntary corruption, or idle negligence. And as there is little danger of pursuing them with too much ardour or anxiety, because no skill or diligence can hope to procure them, the uncertainty of their influence upon our lives is mentioned, not to depreciate their real value, but to repress the discontent and envy to which the want of them often gives occasion in those who do not enough suspect their own frailty, nor consider how much less is the calamity of not possessing great powers, than of not using them aright.

Of all those things that make us superior to others, there is none so much within the reach of our endeavours as riches, nor any thing more eagerly or constantly desired. Poverty is an evil always in our view, an evil complicated with so many circumstances of uneasiness and vexation, that every man is studious to avoid it. Some degree of riches is therefore required, that we may be exempt from the gripe of necessity; when

this purpose is once attained, we naturally wish for more, that the evil which is regarded with so much horror, may be yet at a greater distance from us; as he that has once felt or dreaded the paw of a savage, will not be at rest till they are parted by some barrier, which may take away all possibility of a second attack.

To this point, if fear be not unreasonably indulged, Cleobulus would, perhaps, not refuse to extend his mediocrity. But it almost always happens, that the man who grows rich, changes his notions of poverty, states his wants by some new measure, and from flying the enemy that pursued him, bends his endeavours to overtake those whom he sees before him. The power of gratifying his appetites increases their demands; a thousand wishes croud in upon him, importunate to be satisfied, and vanity and ambition open prospects to desire, which still grow wider, as they are more contemplated.

Thus

Thus in time want is enlarged without bounds; an eagerness for increase of possessions deluges the soul, and we sink into the gulphs of insatiability, only because we do not sufficiently consider, that all real need is very soon supplied, and all real danger of its invasion easily precluded; that the claims of vanity, being without limits, must be denied at last: and that the pain of repressing them is less pungent before they have been long accustomed to compliance.

Whosoever shall look heedfully upon those who are eminent for their riches, will not think their condition such as that he should hazard his quiet, and much less his virtue, to obtain it. For all that great wealth generally gives above a moderate fortune, is more room for the freaks of caprice, and more privilege for ignorance and vice, a quicker succession of flatteries, and a larger circle of voluptuousness.

There is one reason seldom remarked which makes riches less desirable.

Too much wealth is very frequently the occasion of poverty. He whom the wantonness of abundance has once softened, easily sinks into neglect of his affairs; and he that thinks he can afford to be negligent, is not far from being poor. He will soon be involved in perplexities, which his inexperience will render unfurmoutable; he will fly for help to those whose interest it is that he should be more distressed, and will be at last torn to pieces by the vulturs that always hover over fortunes in decay.

When the plains of India were burnt up by a long continuance of drought, Hamet and Raschid, two neighbouring shepherds, faint with thirst, stood at the common boundary of their grounds, with their flocks and herds panting round them, and in extremity of distress prayed for water. On a sudden the air was becalmed, the birds ceased to chirp, and the flocks to bleat. They turned their eyes every way, and saw a being of mighty stature advancing through the valley, whom they knew upon

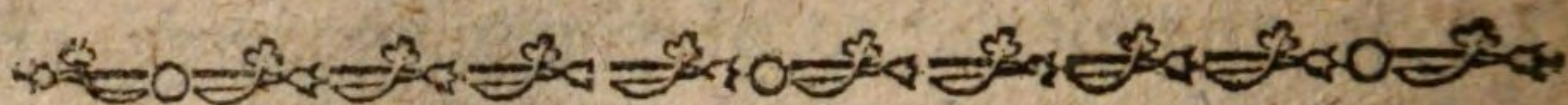
upon his nearer approach to be the Genius of distribution. In one hand he held the sheaves of plenty, and in the other the sabre of destruction. The shepherds stood trembling, and would have retired before him; but he called to them with a voice gentle as the breeze that plays in the evening among the spices of Sabæa; “Fly not from your benefactor, children of the dust! I am come to offer you gifts, which only your own folly can make vain. You here pray for water, and water I will bestow; let me know with how much you will be satisfied: speak not rashly; consider, that of whatever can be enjoyed by the body, excess is no less dangerous than scarcity. When you remember the pain of thirst, do not forget the danger of suffocation. Now, Hamet, tell me your request.”

“O Being, kind and beneficent, says Hamet, let thine eye pardon my confusion. I entreat a little brook, which in summer shall never be dry,

“ and in winter never overflow.” “ If
“ is granted,” replied the Genius; and
immediately he opened the ground with
his fabre, and a fountain bubbling up
under their feet scattered its rills over
the meadows; the flowers renewed
their fragrance, the trees spread a gree-
ner foliage, and the flocks and herds
quenched their thirst.

Then turning to Raschid, the Ge-
nius invited him likewise to offer his
petition. “ I request,” says Raschid,
“ that thou wilt turn the Ganges through
“ my grounds, with all his waters,
“ and all their inhabitants.” Hamet
was struck with the greatness of his
neighbour’s sentiments, and secretly re-
pined in his heart, that he had not ma-
de the same petition before him; when
the Genius spoke, “ Rash man, be not
“ insatiable! remember; to thee that is
“ nothing which thou canst not use; and
“ how are thy wants greater than the
“ wants of Hamet?” Raschid repeated
his desire, and pleased himself with the
mean appearance that Hamet would ma-
ke

ke in the presence of the proprietor of the Ganges. The Genius then retired towards the river, and the two shepherds stood waiting the event. As Raschid was looking with contempt upon his neighbour, on a sudden was heard the roar of torrents, and they found by the mighty stream that the mounds of the Ganges were broken. The flood rolled forward into the lands of Raschid, his plantations were torn up, his flocks overwhelmed, he was swept away before it, and a crocodile devoured him.



No. 14. On Justice.

THERE is no virtue so truly great and godlike as justice. Most of the other virtues are the virtues of created beings, or accommodated to our nature as we are men. Justice is that which is practised by God himself, and to be practised in its perfection by none but him. Omniscience and omnipotence are requisite for the full exertion of it: the one to discover every degree of uprightness or iniquity in thoughts, words and actions; the other to measure out and impart suitable rewards and punishments.

As to be perfectly just is an attribute in the divine nature, to be so to the utmost of our abilities is the glory of a man. Such an one who has the public administration in his hands, acts like the representative of his Maker, in recompensing the virtuous, and punishing the offender. By the extirpating of a criminal, he averts the
the

the judgments of heaven, when ready to fall upon an impious people; or, as my friend Cato expresses it much better, in a sentiment conformable to his character,

“ When by just vengeance impious mortals
perish,

“ The gods behold their punishment with
pleasure,

“ And lay th’ uplifted thunderbolt aside.”

When a nation once loses its regard to justice; when they do not look upon it as something venerable, holy, and inviolable; when any of them dare presume to lessen, affront, or terrify those who have the distribution of it in their hands; when a judge is capable of being influenced by any thing but law, or a cause may be recommended by any thing that is foreign to its own merits, we may venture to pronounce, that such a nation is hastening to its ruin.

For this reason, the best law that has ever passed in our days, is that which
con-

continues our judges in their post during their good behaviour, without leaving them to the mercy of such who in ill times might, by an undue influence over them, trouble and pervert the course of justice. I dare say, the extraordinary person who is now posted in the chief station of the law, would have been the same, had that act never passed; but it is a great satisfaction to all honest men, that while we see the greatest ornament of the profession in its highest post, we are sure he cannot hurt himself by that assiduous, regular, and impartial administration of justice, for which he is so universally celebrated by the whole kingdom. Such men are to be reckoned among the greatest national blessings; and should have that honour paid them, whilst they are yet living, which will not fail to crown their memory when dead.

I always rejoice when I see a tribunal filled with a man of an upright and inflexible temper, who, in the execution of his country's laws, can overcome all private fear, resentment, solicitation, and

and even pity itself. Whatever passion enters into a sentence or decision, so far will there be in it a tincture of injustice. In short, justice discards party, friendship, kindred; and is therefore always represented as blind, that we may suppose her thoughts are wholly intent on the equity of a cause, without being diverted or prejudiced by objects foreign to it.

I shall conclude this paper with a Persian story, which is very suitable to my present subject. It will not a little please the reader, if he has the same taste of it which I myself have.

As one of the Sultans lay encamped on the plains of Avala, a certain great man of the army entered by force into a peasant's house; and finding his wife very handsome, turned the good man out of his dwelling, and went to bed to her. The peasant complained the next morning to the Sultan, and desired redress; but was not able to point out the criminal. The Emperor, who was very much incensed at the injury done to the poor man, told

told him that probably the offender might give his wife another visit; and if he did, commanded him immediately to repair to his tent and acquaint him with it. Accordingly, within two or three days the officer entered again the peasant's house, and turned the owner out of doors; who thereupon applied himself to the imperial tent, as he was ordered. The Sultan went in person, with his guards, to the poor man's house, where he arrived about midnight. As the attendants carried each of them a flambeau in their hands, the Sultan, after having ordered all the lights to be put out, gave the word to enter the house, find out the criminal, and put him to death. This was immediately executed, and the corpse laid out upon the floor by the Emperor's command. He then bid every one light his flambeau, and stand about the dead body. The Sultan approaching it looked upon the face, and immediately fell upon his knees in prayer. Upon his rising up, he ordered the peasant to set before him whatever food he had in his house. The peasant brought out a great deal of coarse fare, of which

which the Emperor ate very heartily. The peasant seeing him in good humour, presumed to ask of him, why he had ordered the flambeaux to be put out before he had commanded the adulterer should be slain? why, upon their being lighted again, he looked upon the face of the dead body, and fell down in prayer? and why, after this, he had ordered meat to be set before him, of which he now ate so heartily? The Sultan being willing to gratify the curiosity of his host, answered him in this manner: “ Upon
“ hearing the greatness of the offence
“ which had been committed by one of
“ the army, I had reason to think it might
“ have been one of my own sons: for
“ who else would have been so audacious
“ and presuming? I gave orders there-
“ fore for the lights to be extinguished,
“ that I might not be led astray, by par-
“ tiality or compassion, from doing jus-
“ tice on the criminal. Upon the lighting
“ the flambeaux a second time, I looked
“ upon the face of the dead person, and,
“ to my unspeakable joy, found it was

“ not my son. It was for this reason
“ that I immediately fell upon my knees,
“ and gave thanks to God. As for my
“ eating heartily of the food you have
“ set before me, you will cease to
“ wonder at it, when you know that the
“ great anxiety of mind I have been
“ in upon this occasion, since the first
“ complaints you brought me, has hin-
“ dered my eating any thing from that
“ time until this very moment.”



No. 15. On the Love of Life.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind; and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me, that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity; and sensation assures me, that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either,

dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty ; some happiness, in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue ; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence then is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence, at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoils? Life would be insupportable to an old man, who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could

could only be prejudicial; and life acquires an imaginary value, in proportion as its real value is no more.

Our attachment to every object around us increases, in general, from the length of our acquaintance with it. “I would not chuse,” says a French philosopher, “to see an old post pulled up, with which I had been long acquainted.” A mind long habituated to a certain set of objects, insensibly becomes fond of seeing them; visits them from habit, and parts from them with reluctance: from hence proceeds the avarice of the old in every kind of possession; they love the world and all that it produces; they love life and all its advantages; not because it gives them pleasure, but because they have known it long.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison, during the preceding reigns, should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion,

there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows: "Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations, are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me then, O Chinyang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace: I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed; in that prison

“prison from whence you were pleased
“to release me.”

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to the earth, and embitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet, for all this, it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprize, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the

poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living; was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. "If life be, in youth, so displeasing," cried he to himself, "what will it appear when age comes on! if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable!" This thought embittered every reflection; till, at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprized, that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced

ced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live; and served that society by his future assiduity, which he basely injured by his desertion.



No. 16. The fondness of every man for his profession. The gradual improvement of manufactures.

IT is justly remarked by Horace, that, howsoever every man may complain occasionally of the hardships of his condition, he is seldom willing to change it for any other on the same level: for whether it be that he, who follows an employment, made choice of it at first on account of its suitableness to his inclination; or that when accident, or the determination of others, have placed him in a particular station, he, by endeavouring to reconcile himself to it, gets the custom of viewing it only on the fairest side; or whether every man thinks that class to which he belongs the most illustrious, me-

rely because he has honoured it with his name; it is certain that, whatever be the reason, most men have a very strong and active prejudice in favour of their own vocation, always working upon their minds, and influencing their behaviour.

This partiality is sufficiently visible in every rank of the human species; but it exerts itself more frequently and with greater force among those who have never learned to conceal their sentiments for reasons of policy, or to model their expressions by the laws of politeness; and therefore the chief contests of wit among artificers and handicraftsmen arise from a mutual endeavour to exalt one trade by depreciating another.

From the same principles are derived many consolations to alleviate the inconveniencies to which every calling is peculiarly exposed. A blacksmith was lately pleasing himself at his anvil, with observing that, though his trade was hot and footy, laborious and unhealthy, yet he
had

had the honour of living by his hammer, he got his bread like a man, and if his son should rise in the world, and keep his coach, nobody could reproach him that his father was a tailor.

A man, truly zealous for his fraternity, is never so irresistibly flattered, as when some rival calling is mentioned with contempt. Upon this principle a linen-draper boasted that he had got a new customer, whom he could safely trust, for he could have no doubt of his honesty, since it was known, from unquestionable authority, that he was now filing a bill in chancery to delay payment for the clothes which he had worn the last seven years; and he himself had heard him declare, in a publick coffeehouse, that he looked upon the whole generation of wollen-drapers to be such despicable wretches, that no gentleman ought to pay them.

It has been observed that physicians and lawyers are no friends to religion; and many conjectures have been formed to discover the reason of such a combination

tion between men who agree in nothing else, and who seem less to be affected, in their own provinces, by religious opinions, than any other part of the community. The truth is, very few of them have thought about religion; but they have all seen a parson, seen him in a habit different from their own, and therefore declared war against him. A young student from the inns of court, who has often attacked the curate of his father's parish with such arguments as his acquaintances could furnish, and returned to town without success, is now gone down with a resolution to destroy him; for he has learned at last how to manage a prig, and if he pretends to hold him again to syllogism, he has a catch in reserve, which neither logick nor metaphysicks can resist.

I laugh to think how your unshaken Cato
Will look aghast, when unforeseen de-
struction

Pours in upon him thus.

The

The malignity of soldiers and sailors against each other has been often experienced at the cost of their country; and, perhaps, no orders of men have an enmity of more acrimony, or longer continuance. When, upon our late successes at sea, some new regulations were concerted for establishing the rank of the naval commanders, a captain of foot very acutely remarked, that nothing was more absurd than to give any honorary rewards to seamen, “for honour, says he, ought only to be won by bravery, and all the world knows that in a sea-fight there is no danger, and therefore no evidence of courage.”

But although this general desire of aggrandizing themselves by raising their profession, betrays men to a thousand ridiculous and mischievous acts of supplantation and detraction, yet as almost all passions have their good as well as bad effects, it likewise excites ingenuity, and sometimes raises an honest and useful emulation of diligence. It may be observed in general that no trade had ever reached the

the excellence to which it is now improved, had its professors looked upon it with the eyes of indifferent spectators; the advances, from the first rude essays, must have been made by men who valued themselves for performances, for which scarce any other would be persuaded to esteem them.

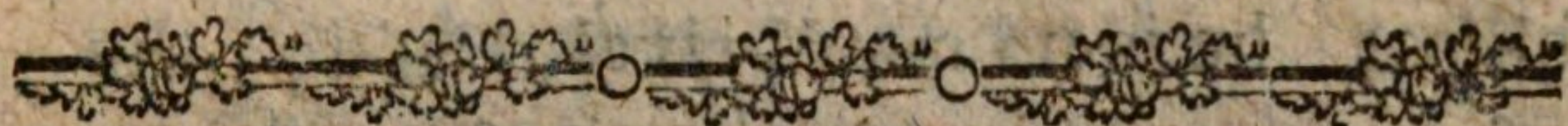
It is pleasing to contemplate a manufacture rising gradually from its first mean state by the successive labours of innumerable minds; to consider the first hollow trunk of an oak, in which, perhaps, the shepherd could scarce venture to cross a brook swelled with a shower, enlarged at last into a ship of war, attacking fortresses, terrifying nations, setting storms and billows at defiance, and visiting the remotest parts of the globe. And it might contribute to dispose us to a kinder regard for the labours of one another, if we were to consider from what unpromising beginnings the most useful productions of art have probably arisen. Who, when he saw the first sand or ashes, by a casual intenseness of heat melted into a metalline form, rugged

rugged with excrescences, and clouded with impurities, would have imagined, that in this shapeless lump lay concealed so many conveniencies of life, as would in time constitute a great part of the happiness of the world? Yet by some such fortuitous liquefaction was mankind taught to procure a body at once in a high degree solid and transparent, which might admit the light of the sun, and exclude the violence of the wind; which might extend the sight of the philosopher to new ranges of existence, and charm him at one time with the unbounded extent of the material creation, and at another with the endless subordination of animal life; and what is yet of more importance, might supply the decays of nature, and succour old age with subsidiary sight. Thus was the first artificer in glass employed, though without his own knowledge or expectation. He was facilitating and prolonging the enjoyment of light, enlarging the avenues of science, and conferring the highest and most lasting pleasures; he was enabling the student to contemplate
natu-

nature , and the beauty to behold herself.

This passion for the honour of a profession, like that for the grandeur of our own country, is to be regulated, not extinguished. Every man, from the highest to the lowest station, ought to warm his heart and animate his endeavours with the hopes of being useful to the world, by advancing the art which it is his lot to exercise; and for that end he must necessarily consider the whole extent of its application, and the whole weight of its importance. But let him not too readily imagine that another is ill employed, because, for want of fuller knowledge of his business, he is not able to comprehend its dignity. Every man ought to endeavour at eminence, not by pulling others down, but by raising himself, and enjoy the pleasure of his own superiority, whether imaginary or real, without interrupting others in the same felicity. The philosopher may very justly be delighted with the extent of his views, and the

the artificer with the readiness of his hands; but let one remember, that, without mechanical performances, refined speculation is an empty dream, and the other, that, without theoretical reasoning, dexterity is little more than a brute instinct.



No. 17. Incitement to enterprize and emulation. Some account of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON.

I HAVE sometimes heard it disputed in conversation, whether it be more laudable or desirable, that a man should think too highly or too meanly of himself: it is on all hands agreed to be best, that he should think rightly: but since a fallible being will always make some deviations from exact rectitude, it is not wholly useless to enquire towards which side it is safer to decline.

THE prejudices of mankind seem to favour him who errs by under-rating his own powers; he is considered as a modest and harmless member of society, not likely to break the peace by competition, to endeavour after such splendor of reputation as may dim the lustre of others, or to interrupt any in the enjoyment of themselves; he is no man's rival, and, therefore, may be every man's friend.

THE opinion which a man entertains of himself ought to be distinguished, in order to an accurate discussion of the question, as it relates to persons or to things. To think highly of ourselves in comparison with others, to assume by our own authority that precedence which none is willing to grant, must be always invidious and offensive; but to rate our powers high in proportion to things, and imagine ourselves equal to great undertakings, while we leave others in possession of the same abilities, cannot with equal justice provoke censure.

It must be confessed, that self-love may dispose us to decide too hastily in our own favour: but who is hurt by the mistake? If we are incited by this vain opinion to attempt more than we can perform, ours is the labour, and ours is the disgrace.

BUT he that dares to think well of himself, will not always prove to be mistaken; and the good effects of his confidence will then appear in great attempts and great performances: if he should not fully compleat his design, he will at least advance it so far as to leave an easier task for him that succeeds him; and even though he should wholly fail, he will fail with honour.

BUT from the opposite error, from torpid despondency can come no advantage; it is the frost of the soul, which binds up all its powers, and congeals life in perpetual sterility. He that has no hopes of success, will make no attempts; and where nothing is attempted, nothing can be done.

EVERY man should, therefore, endeavour to maintain in himself a favourable opinion of the powers of the human mind; which are perhaps, in every man, greater than they appear, and might, by diligent cultivation, be exalted to a degree beyond what their possessor presumes to believe. There is scarce any man but has found himself able, at the instigation of necessity, to do what in a state of leisure and deliberation he would have concluded impossible; and some of our species have signalized themselves by such achievements, as prove that there are few things above human hope.

It has been the policy of all nations to preserve, by some public monuments, the memory of those who have served their country by great exploits; there is the same reason for continuing or reviving the names of those, whose extensive abilities have dignified humanity. An honest emulation may be alike excited; and the philosopher's curiosity may be inflamed by a catalogue of the works of Boyle
or

or Bacon, as Themistocles was kept awake by the trophies of Miltiades.

AMONG the favourites of nature that have from time to time appeared in the world, enriched with various endowments and contrarieties of excellence, none seems to have been more exalted above the common rate of humanity, than the man known about two centuries ago by the appellation of the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON; of whose history, whatever we may suppress as surpassing credibility, yet we shall, upon incontestible authority, relate enough to rank him among prodigies.

“VIRTUE,” says Virgil, “is better accepted when it comes in a pleasing form:” the person of CRICHTON was eminently beautiful; but his beauty was consistent with such activity and strength, that in fencing he would spring at one bound the length of twenty feet upon his antagonist; and he used the sword in either hand with such force and dexterity, that scar-

ce any one had courage to engage him.

HAVING studied at St. Andrew's in Scotland, he went to Paris in his twenty-first year, and affixed on the gate of the college of Navarre a kind of challenge to the learned of that university to dispute with him on a certain day: offering to his opponents, whoever they should be, the choice of ten languages, and of all the faculties and sciences. On the day appointed three thousand auditors assembled, when four doctors of the church and fifty masters appeared against him; and one of his antagonists confesses, that the doctors were defeated; that he gave proofs of knowledge above the reach of man; and that a hundred years passed without food or sleep, would not be sufficient for the attainment of his learning. After a disputation of nine hours he was presented by the president and professors with a diamond and a purse of gold, and dismissed with repeated acclamations.

FROM

FROM Paris he went away to Rome, where he made the same challenge, and had in the presence of the pope and cardinals the same success. Afterwards he contracted at Venice an acquaintance with Aldus Manutius, by whom he was introduced to the learned of that city: then visited Padua, where he engaged in another public disputation, beginning his performance with an extemporal poem in praise of the city and the assembly then present, and concluding with an oration equally unpremeditated in commendation of ignorance.

HE afterwards published another challenge, in which he declared himself ready to detect the errors of Aristotle and all his commentators, either in the common forms of logic, or in any which his antagonists should propose of a hundred different kinds of verse.

THESE acquisitions of learning, however stupendous, were not gained at the expence of any pleasure which youth generally indulges, or by the omission of

any accomplishment in which it becomes a gentleman to excel: he practised in great perfection the arts of drawing and painting, he was an eminent performer in both vocal and instrumental music, he danced with uncommon gracefulness, and on the day after his disputation at Paris exhibited his skill in horsemanship before the court of France, where, at a public match of tilting, he bore away the ring upon his lance fifteen times together.

He excelled likewise in domestic games of less dignity and reputation; and in the interval between his challenge and disputation at Paris, he spent so much of his time at cards, dice, and tennis, that a lampoon was fixed upon the gate of the Sorbonne, directing those that would see this monster of erudition, to look for him at the tavern.

So extensive was his acquaintance with life and manners, that in an Italian comedy, composed by himself. and exhibited before the court of Mantua, he is
said

said to have personated fifteen different characters; in all which he might succeed without great difficulty, since he had such power of retention, that once hearing an oration of an hour, he would repeat it exactly, and in the recital follow the speaker through all his variety of tone and gesticulation.

NOR was his skill in arms less than in learning, or his courage inferior to his skill: there was a prize-fighter at Mantua, who travelling about the world, according to the barbarous custom of that age, as a general challenger, had defeated the most celebrated masters in many parts of Europe; and in Mantua, where he then resided, had killed three that appeared against him. The duke repented that he had granted him his protection; when CRICHTON, looking on his sanguinary success with indignation, offered to stake fifteen hundred pistoles, and mount the stage against him. The duke, with some reluctance, consented, and on the day fixed the combattants appeared: their weapon seems to have been single rapier,

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which

which was then newly introduced in Italy. The prize-fighter advanced with great violence and fierceness, and CRICHTON contented himself calmly to ward his passes, and suffered him to exhaust his vigour by his own fury. CRICHTON then became the assailant; and pressed upon him with such force and agility, that he thrust him thrice through the body, and saw him expire: he then divided the prize he had won among the widows whose husbands had been killed.

THE death of this wonderful man I should be willing to conceal, did I not know that every reader will inquire curiously after that fatal hour, which is common to all human beings, however distinguished from each other by nature or by fortune.

THE duke of Mantua having received so many proofs of his various merit, made him tutor to his son Vincenzio di Gonzaga, a prince of loose manners and turbulent disposition. On this occasion

occasion it was, that he composed the comedy in which he exhibited so many different characters with exact propriety. But his honour was of short continuance; for as he was one night in the time of Carnival rambling about the streets, with his guitar in his hand, he was attacked by six men masked. Neither his courage nor skill in this exigence deserted him; he opposed them with such activity and spirit, that he soon dispersed them, and disarmed their leader, who throwing off his mask, discovered himself to be the prince his pupil. CRICHTON falling on his knees, took his own sword by the point, and presented it to the prince; who immediately seized it, and instigated, as some say, by jealousy, according to others, only by drunken fury and brutal resentment, thrust him through the heart.

THUS was the ADMIRABLE CRICHTON brought into that state, in which
he

he could excel the meanest of mankind only by a few empty honours paid to his memory : the court of Mantua testified their esteem by a public mourning, the contemporary wits were profuse of their encomiums, and the palaces of Italy were adorned with pictures, representing him on horseback with a lance in one hand and a book in the other.



No. 18. Variety necessary to happiness. A winter scene.

AS providence has made the human soul an active being, always impatient for novelty, and struggling for something yet unenjoyed with unwearied progression, the world seems to have been eminently adapted to this disposition of the mind: it is formed to raise expectations by constant vicissitudes, and to obviate satiety by perpetual change.

Wherever we turn our eyes, we find something to revive our curiosity, and engage our attention. In the dusk of the morning we watch the rising of the sun, and see the day diversify the clouds, and open new prospects in its gradual advance. After a few hours, we see the shades lengthen, and the light decline, till the sky is resigned to a multitude of shining orbs different from each other in magnitude

de and splendour. The earth varies its appearance as we move upon it ; the woods offer their shades , and the fields their harvests ; the hill flatters with an extensive view , and the valley invites with shelter , fragrance , and flowers.

The poets have numbered among the felicities of the golden age , an exemption from the change of seasons , and perpetuity of spring ; but I am not certain that in this state of imaginary happiness they have made sufficient provision for that insatiable demand of new gratifications , which seems particularly to characterize the nature of man. Our sense of delight is in a great measure comparative , and arises at once from the sensations which we feel , and those which we remember : Thus ease after torment is pleasure for a time , and we are very agreeably recreated , when the body , chilled with the weather , is gradually recovering its natural tepidity ; but the joy ceases when we have forgot the cold , we must fall below ease again , if we desire to rise above it , and purchase new felicity by voluntary

luntary pain. It is therefore not unlikely that however the fancy may be amused with the description of regions in which no wind is heard but the gentle zephir, and no scenes are displayed but vallies enamelled with unfading flowers, and woods waving their perennial verdure, we should soon grow weary of uniformity, find our thoughts languish for want of other subjects, call on heaven for our wonted round of seasons, and think ourselves liberally recompensed for the inconveniences of summer and winter, by new perceptions of the calmness and mildness of the intermediate variations.

Every season has its particular power of striking the mind. The nakedness and asperity of the wintry world always fills the beholder with pensive and profound astonishment; as the variety of the scene is lessened, its grandeur is increased; and the mind is swelled at once by the mingled ideas of the present and the past, of the beauties which have vanished from the eyes, and the waste and desolation that are now before them.

It

It is observed by Milton, that he who neglects to visit the country in spring, and rejects the pleasures that are then in their first bloom and fragrance, is guilty of "fulleness against nature." If we allot different duties to different seasons, he may be charged with equal disobedience to the voice of nature, who looks on the bleak hills and leafless woods, without seriousness and awe. Spring is the season of gaiety, and winter of terror; in spring the heart of tranquillity dances to the melody of the groves, and the eye of benevolence sparkles at the sight of happiness and plenty: In the winter, compassion melts at universal calamity, and the tear of softness starts at the wailings of hunger, and the cries of the creation in distress.

Few minds have much inclination to indulge heaviness and sorrow, nor do I recommend them beyond the degree necessary to maintain in its full vigour that sympathy and tenderness, which, in a world of so much misery, is necessary to the ready discharge of our most important duties.

duties. The winter therefore is generally celebrated as the proper season for domestick merriment and gaiety. We are seldom invited by the votaries of pleasure to look abroad for any other purpose, than that we may shrink back with more satisfaction to our coverts, and when we have heard the howl of the tempest, and felt the gripe of the frost, congratulate each other with more gladness upon a close room, an easy chair, a large fire, and a smoking dinner.

Winter brings natural inducements to jollity and conversation. Differences, we know, are never so effectually laid asleep, as by some common calamity: An enemy unites all to whom he threatens danger. The rigour of winter brings generally to the same fire-side those, who, by the opposition of inclinations, or difference of employment, moved in various directions through the other parts of the year; and when they have met, and find it their mutual interest to remain together, they endear each other by mutual compliances, and often wish for the conti-

nuance of the social season, with all its bleakness and all its severities.

To the men of study and imagination the winter is generally the chief time of labour. Gloom and silence produce composure of mind, and concentration of ideas; and the privation of external pleasure naturally causes an effort to find entertainment within. This is the time in which those, whom literature enables to find amusements for themselves, have more than common convictions of their own happiness. When they are condemned by the elements to retirement, and debarred from most of the diversions which are called in to assist the flight of time, they can find new subjects of enquiry, and preserve themselves from that weariness which hangs always flagging upon the vacant mind.

It cannot indeed be expected of all to be poets and philosophers; it is necessary that the greater part of mankind should be employed in the minute business of common life; minute, indeed, not if
we

we consider its influence upon our happiness, but if we respect the abilities requisite to conduct it. These must necessarily be more dependent on accident for the means of spending agreeably those hours which their occupations leave unengaged, or nature obliges them to allow to relaxation. Yet even on these I would willingly impress such a sense of the value of time, as may incline them to find out for their careless hours amusements of more use and dignity than the common games, which not only weary the mind without improving it, but strengthen the passions of envy and avarice, and often lead to fraud and to profusion, to corruption and to ruin. It is unworthy of a reasonable being to spend any of the little time allotted us, without some tendency, either direct or oblique, to the end of our existence. And though every moment cannot be laid out on the formal and regular improvement of our knowledge, or in the stated practice of a moral or religious duty, yet none should be so spent as to exclude wisdom or virtue, or pass without possibility of qualifying us more

or less for the better employment of those which are to come.

It is scarcely possible to pass an hour in honest conversation, without being able when we rise from it, to please ourselves with having given or received some advantages; but a man may shuffle cards, or rattle dice, from noon to midnight, without tracing any new idea in his mind, or being able to recollect the day by any other token than his gain or loss, and a confused remembrance of agitated passions, and clamorous altercations.

However, as experience is of more weight than precept, any of my readers, who are contriving how to spend the dreary months before them, may consider which of their past amusements fills them now with the greatest satisfaction, and resolve to repeat those gratifications of which the pleasure is most durable.



No. 19. Imperceptible deviation to vice.
Moral use of punishment. Re-
monstrances of conscience univer-
sal. AMURATH, an eastern story.

BY which of the Indian sages of antiquity the following story was written, or whether the people of the East have any remote tradition upon which it is founded, is not known: but it was probably related in the first person, to give it an air of greater dignity, and render its influence more powerful: nor would it, perhaps, appear altogether incredible, to people among whom the Metempsychosis is an article of faith, and the visible agency of Superior Beings admitted without scruple.

Amurath, Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the disciple of adversity, records the wonders of his life: let those who presumptuously question the ways of Providence, blush in silence and

be wise; let the proud be humble and obtain honour; and let the sensual reform and be happy.

The Angel of death closed the eyes of the Sultan Abradin my father, and his empire descended to me in the eighteenth year of my age. At first my mind was awed to humility, and softened with grief; I was insensible to the splendor of dominion, I heard the addresses of flattery with disgust, and received the homage of dependent greatness with indifference. I had always regarded my father not only with love but reverence; and I was now perpetually recollecting instances of his tenderness, and reviewing the solemn scene, in which he recommended me to heaven in imperfect language, and grasped my hand in the agonies of death.

One evening, after having concealed myself all day in his chamber, I visited his grave: I prostrated myself on his tomb: sorrow overflowed my eyes, and devotion kindled in my bosom. I felt myself sudden-

suddenly smitten on the shoulder as with a rod; and looking up, I perceived a man whose eyes were piercing as light, and his beard whiter than snow. "I am," said he, "the Genius Syndarac, the friend of thy father Abradin, who was the fear of his enemies, and the desire of his people; whose smile diffused gladness like the lustre of the morning, and whose frown was dreadful as the gathering of a tempest: resign thyself to my influence, and thou shalt be like him." I bowed myself to the earth in token of gratitude and obedience, and he put a ring on the middle finger of my left hand, in which I perceived a ruby of a deep colour and uncommon brightness. "This ring," said he, "shall mark out to thee the boundaries of good and evil; that without weighing remote consequences, thou may'st know the nature and tendency of every action. Be attentive, therefore, to the silent admonition; and when the circle of gold shall by a sudden contraction press thy finger, and the ruby shall grow pale, desist immediately from what thou

“ shalt be doing , and mark down that
“ action in thy memory as a transgression
“ of the rule of right : keep my gift as a
“ pledge of happiness and honour , and
“ take it not off for a moment.” I received the ring with a sense of obligation which I strove to express, and an astonishment that compelled me to be silent. The Genius perceived my confusion, and turning from me with a smile of complacency, immediately disappeared.

During the first moon I was so cautious and circumspect , that the pleasure of reflecting that my ring had not once indicated a fault, was lessened by a doubt of its virtue. I applied myself to public business ; my melancholy decreased as my mind was diverted to other objects ; and lest the youth of my court should think that recreation was too long suspended , I appointed to hunt the lion. But though I went out to the sport rather to gratify others than myself , yet my usual ardour returned in the field ; I grew warm in the pursuit , I continued the chase , which was unsuccessful , too long,

long, and returned fatigued and disappointed.

As I entered the Seraglio, I was met by a little dog that had been my father's, who expressed his joy at my return by jumping round me, and endeavouring to reach my hand: but as I was not disposed to receive his caresses, I struck him in the fretfulness of my displeasure so severe a blow with my foot, that it left him scarce power to crawl away and hide himself under a sofa in a corner of the apartment. At this moment I felt the ring press my finger, and looking upon the ruby, I perceived the glow of its colour abated.

I was at first struck with surprize and regret; but surprize and regret quickly gave way to disdain. "Shall not the Sultan Amurath," said I, "to whom a
"thousand kings pay tribute, and in
"whose hand is the life of nations, shall
"not Amurath strike a dog that offends
"him, without being reproached for
"having transgressed the rule of right?"

My ring again pressed my finger, and the ruby became more pale: immediately the palace shook with a burst of thunder, and the Genius Syndarac again stood before me.

“ Amurath, ” said he, “ thou hast
“ offended against thy brother of the dust;
“ a being who, like thee, has received
“ from the ALMIGHTY a capacity of
“ pleasure and pain; pleasure which ca-
“ price is not allowed to suspend, and
“ pain which justice only has a right to
“ inflict. If thou art justified by power,
“ in afflicting inferior beings, I should be ju-
“ stified in afflicting thee: but my power yet
“ spares thee, because it is directed by
“ the laws of sovereign goodness, and
“ because thou mayest yet be reclaimed
“ by admonition. But yield not to the
“ impulse of quick resentment, nor in-
“ dulse in cruelty the forwardness of
“ disgust, lest by the laws of goodness
“ I be compelled to afflict thee; for he
“ that scorns reproof, must be re-
“ formed by punishment, or lost for
“ ever. ”

At

At the presence of Syndarac I was troubled, and his words covered me with confusion: I fell prostrate at his feet, and heard him pronounce with a milder accent, "Expect not henceforth that I should answer the demands of arrogance, or gratify the security of speculation: confide in my friendship, and trust implicitly to thy ring."

As the chace had produced so much infelicity, I did not repeat it; but invited my nobles to a banquet, and entertained them with dancing and music. I had given leave that all ceremony should be suspended, and that the company should treat me not as a sovereign but an equal, because the conversation would otherwise be encumbered or restrained; and I encouraged others to pleasantry, by indulging the luxuriancy of my own imagination. But though I affected to throw off the trappings of royalty, I had not sufficient magnanimity to despise them. I enjoyed the voluntary deference which was paid me, and was secretly offended at Alibeg my Visier, who endeavoured to prevail

prevail upon the assembly to enjoy the liberty that had been given them, and was himself an example of the conduct that he recommended. I singled out as the subject of my raillery, the man who alone deserved my approbation: he believed my condescension to be sincere, and imagined that he was securing my favour, by that behaviour which had incurred my displeasure; he was, therefore, grieved and confounded to perceive that I laboured to render him ridiculous and contemptible: I enjoyed his pain, and was elated at my success; but my attention was suddenly called to my ring, and I perceived the ruby change colour. I desisted for a moment; but some of my courtiers having discovered and seconded my intention, I felt my vanity and my resentment gratified; I endeavoured to wash away the remembrance of my ring with wine; my satire became more bitter, and Alibeg discovered yet greater distress. My ring again reproached me; but I still persevered: the Visier was at length roused to his defence; probably he had discovered and despised my weakness;

ness;

ness; his replies were so poignant, that I became outrageous, and descended from raillery to invective: at length, disguising the anguish of his mind with a smile, "Amurath," said he, "if the Sultan should know, that after having invited your friends to festivity and merriment, you had assumed his authority, and insulted those who were not aware that you disdained to be treated with the familiarity of friendship, you would certainly fall under his displeasure." The severity of this sarcasm, which was extorted by long provocation from a man warmed with wine, stung me with intolerable rage: I started up, and spurning him from the table was about to draw my poignard, when my attention was again called to my ring, and I perceived with some degree of regret, that the ruby had faded almost to a perfect white.

But instead of resolving to be more watchful against whatever might bring me under this silent reproof, I comforted myself, that the Genius would no more alarm me with his presence. The irregularities

larities of my conduct increased almost imperceptibly, and the intimations of my ring became proportionably more frequent though less forcible, till at last they were so familiar, that I scarce remarked when they were given and when they were suspended.

It was soon discovered that I was pleased with servility; servility, therefore, was practised, and I rewarded it sometimes with a pension and sometimes with a place. Thus the government of my kingdom was left to petty tyrants, who oppressed the people to enrich themselves. In the mean time I filled my Seraglio with women, among whom I abandoned myself to sensuality, without enjoying the pure delight of that love which arises from esteem. But I had not yet stained my hands with blood, nor dared to ridicule the laws which I neglected to fulfil.

My resentment against Alibeg, however unjust, was inflexible, and terminated in the most perfect hatred: I degraded

degraded him from his office; but I still kept him at court, that I might embitter his life by perpetual indignities, and practise against him new schemes of malevolence.

Selima, the daughter of this prince, had been intended by my father for my wife; and the marriage had been delayed only by his death; but the pleasure and the dignity that Alibeg would derive from this alliance, had now changed my purpose. Yet such was the beauty of Selima, that I gazed with desire; and such was her wit, that I listened with delight. I therefore resolved, that I would, if possible, seduce her to voluntary prostitution; and that when her beauty should yield to the charm of variety, I would dismiss her with marks of disgrace. But in this attempt I could not succeed; my solicitations were rejected, sometimes with tears and sometimes with reproach. I became every day more wretched, by seeking to bring calamity upon others; I considered my disappointment as the triumph

triumph of a slave, whom I wished but did not dare to destroy; and I regarded his daughter as the instrument of my dishonour. Thus the tenderness, which before had often shaken my purpose, was weakened; my desire of beauty became as selfish and as sordid an appetite as my desire of food: and as I had no hope of obtaining the complete gratification of my lust, and my revenge, I determined to enjoy Selima by force, as the only expedient to alleviate my torment.

She resided by my command in an apartment of the Seraglio, and I entered her chamber at midnight by a private door of which I had a key; but with inexpressible vexation I found it empty. To be thus disappointed in my last attempt, at the very moment in which I thought I had insured success, distracted me with rage; and instead of returning to my chamber, and concealing my design, I called for her women. They ran in pale and trembling: I demanded the lady; they gazed at me astonished and terrified, and then looking upon each other stood silent:

lent: I repeated my demand with fury and execration, and to enforce it, called aloud for the ministers of death: they then fell prostrate at my feet, and declared with one voice that they knew not where she was; that they had left her, when they were dismissed for the night, sitting on a sofa pensive and alone; and that no person had since to their knowledge passed in or out of her apartment.

IN this account, however incredible, they persisted without variation; and having filled the palace with alarm and confusion, I was obliged to retire without gaining any intelligence by what means I had been baffled, or on whom to turn my resentment. I reviewed the transactions of the night with anguish and regret, and bewildered myself among the innumerable possibilities that might have produced my disappointment. I remembered that the windows of Selima's apartment were open, and I imagined that she might that way have escaped into the gardens of the Seraglio. But why should she escape who had never been con-

finer? If she had designed to depart, she might have departed by day. Had she an assignation? and did she intend to return, without being known to have been absent? This supposition increased my torment; because, if it was true, Selima had granted to my slave, that which she had refused to me. But as all these conjectures were uncertain, I determined to make her absence a pretence to destroy her father.

In the morning I gave orders that he should be seized, and brought before me; but while I was yet speaking, he entered, and prostrating himself, thus anticipated my accusation: “May the Sultan
“Amurath, in whose wrath the angel
“of death goes forth, rejoice for ever in
“the smile of Heaven! Let the wretch-
“ed Alibeg perish; but let my lord re-
“member Selima with mercy: let him
“dismiss the slave in whom he ceases to
“delight.” I heard no more, but cried out, “Darest thou to mock me with a
“request, to dismiss the daughter whom
“thou hast stolen! thou whose life, that
“has

“ has been so often forfeited, I have yet
“ spared ! Restore her within one hour,
“ or affronted mercy shall give thee up.”
“ O !” said he, let not the mighty sove-
“ reign of the East sport with the misery
“ of the weak : if thou hast doomed us
“ to death, let us die together.”

Though I was now convinced that
Alibeg believed I had confined Selima,
and decreed her death, yet I resolved to
persist in requiring her at his hands ; and
therefore dismissed him with a repetition
of my command, to produce her within
an hour upon pain of death.

My ring, which, during this series
of events, had given perpetual intima-
tions of guilt, which were always disre-
garded, now pressed my finger so forc-
ibly, that it gave me great pain, and
compelled my notice. I immediately re-
tired, and gave way to the discontent
that swelled my bosom. “ How wretch-
“ ed a slave is Amurath to an invifible ty-
“ rant ! a being, whose malevolence or
“ envy has restrained me in the exercise

“ of my authority as a prince, and who-
“ se cunning has contrived perpetually to
“ insult me by intimating that every ac-
“ tion of my life is a crime! How long
“ shall I groan under this intolerable op-
“ pression! This accursed ring is the bad-
“ ge and the instrument of my subjection
“ and dishonour: he who gave it, is now,
“ perhaps, in some remote region of the
“ air; perhaps, he rolls some planet in
“ its orbit, agitates the southern ocean
“ with a tempest, or shakes some distant
“ region with an earthquake; but wher-
“ ever he is, he has surely a more im-
“ portant employ than to watch my con-
“ duct. Perhaps he has contrived this Ta-
“ lisman, only to restrain me from the
“ enjoyment of some good, which he
“ wishes to withhold. I feel that my de-
“ sires are controuled; and to gratify
“ these desires is to be happy.” As I
pronounced these words I drew off the
ring, and threw it to the ground with
disdain and indignation: immediately the
air grew dark; a cloud burst in thunder
over my head, and the eye of Syndarac
was upon me. I stood before him motion-
less

less and silent; horror thrilled in my veins, and my hair stood upright. I had neither power to deprecate his anger, nor to confess my faults. In his countenance there was a calm severity; and I heard him pronounce these words: "Thou hast
" now, as far as it is in thy own power,
" thrown off humanity and degraded thy
" being: thy form, therefore, shall
" no longer conceal thy nature, nor thy
" example render thy vices contagious."
He then touched me with his rod; and while the sound of his voice yet vibrated in my ears, I found myself in the midst of a desert, not in the form of a man but of a monster, with the fore-parts of my body like a wolf, and the hinder parts like a goat. I was still conscious to every event of my life, and my intellectual powers were continued, though my passions were irritated to frenzy. I now rolled in the sand in an agony not to be described; and now hastily traversed the desert, impelled only by the vain desire of flying from myself. I now bellowed with rage, and now howled in despair; this moment I breathed execration

against the Genius, and the next reproached myself for having forfeited his friendship.

By this violent agitation of mind and body, the powers of both were soon exhausted: I crawled into a den which I perceived near me, and immediately sunk down in a state of insensibility. I slept, but sleep, instead of prolonging, put an end to this interval of quiet. The Genius still terrified me with his presence; I heard his sentence repeated, and felt again all the horrors of my transformation. When I awaked, I was not refreshed: calamity, though it is compelled to admit slumber, can yet exclude rest. But I was now roused by hunger; for hunger like sleep is irresistible.

I went out in search of prey; and if I felt any alleviation of misery, beside the hope of satisfying my appetite, it was in the thought of tearing to pieces whatever I should meet, and inflicting some part of the evil which I endured; for though I regretted my punishment, I did not

not repent of my crimes : and as I imagined Syndarac would now neither mitigate nor encrease my sufferings, I was not restrained, either by hope or fear, from indulging my disposition to cruelty and revenge. But while I was thus meditating the destruction of others, I trembled lest by some stronger savage I should be destroyed myself.

In the midst of this variety of torment, I heard the cry of dogs, the trampling of horses, and the shouts of the hunters; and such is the love of life, however wretched, that my heart sunk within me at the sound. To hide myself was impossible, and I was too much enfeebled either to fly or resist. I stood still till they came up. At first they gazed at me with wonder; and doubted whether they should advance : but at length a slave threw a net over me, and I was dragged to the city.

I now entered the metropolis of my empire, amidst the noise and tumult of a rabble, who the day before would have

hid themselves at my presence. I heard the sound of music at a distance: the heralds approached, and Alibeg was proclaimed in my stead. I was now deserted by the multitude, whose curiosity was diverted by the pomp of the procession; and was conducted to the place where other savages are kept, which custom has considered as part of the regalia.

My keeper was a black slave whom I did not remember ever to have seen, and in whom it would indeed have been a fatal presumption to have stood before me. After he had given me food, and the vigour of nature was restored, he discovered in me such tokens of ferocity, that he suffered me to fast many hours before I was again fed. I was so enraged at this delay, that, forgetting my dependence, I roared horribly when he again approached me: so that he found it necessary to add blows to hunger, that he might gain such an ascendancy over me, as was suitable to his office. By this slave, therefore, I was alternately beaten and famished

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hed, till the fierceness of my disposition being suppressed by fear and languor, a milder temper insensibly stole upon me; and a demeanour that was begun by constraint, was continued by habit.

I was now treated with less severity, and strove to express something like gratitude, that might encourage my keeper to yet greater kindness. His vanity was flattered by my submission; and, to shew as well his courage as the success of his discipline, he ventured sometimes to caress me in the presence of those whose curiosity brought them to see me. A kind of friendship thus imperceptibly grew between us, and I felt some degree of the affection that I had feigned. It happened that a tiger, which had been lately taken, broke one day into my den, while my keeper was giving me my provision, and leaping upon him would instantly have torn him to pieces, if I had not seized the savage by the throat, and dragged him to the ground: the slave presently dispatched him with his dagger, and turned about to caress his deliverer; but

starting suddenly backward, he stood motionless with astonishment, perceiving that I was no longer a monster but a dog.

I was myself conscious of the change which had again passed upon me, and leaping out of my den, escaped from my confinement. This transformation I considered as a reward of my fidelity, and was perhaps never more happy than in the first moments of my escape; for I reflected, that as a dog my liberty was not only restored, but insured; I was no longer suspected of qualities which rendered me unfit for society; I had some faint resemblance of human virtue, which is not found in other animals, and therefore hoped to be more generally caressed. But it was not long before this joy subsided in the remembrance of that dignity from which I had fallen, and from which I was still at an immeasurable distance. Yet I lifted up my heart in gratitude to the Power, who had once more brought me within the circle of nature. As a
brute

brute I was more thankful for a mitigation of punishment, than as a king I had been for offers of the highest happiness and honour. And who, that is not taught by affliction, can justly estimate the bounties of Heaven?

As soon as the first tumult of my mind was past, I felt an irresistible inclination once more to visit the apartments of my Seraglio. I placed myself behind an Emir whom I knew to have been the friend of Alibeg, and was permitted to follow him into the presence. The persons and the place, the retrospection of my life which they produced, and the comparison of what I was with what I had been, almost overwhelmed me. I went unobserved into the garden, and lay down under the shade of an almond-tree, that I might indulge those reflections, which, though they oppressed me with melancholy, I did not wish to lose.

I had not been long in this place, before a little dog, which I knew to be
be

be the same that I spurned from me when he caressed me at my return from hunting, came and fawned at my feet. My heart now smote me, and I said to myself, "Dost thou know me under this disguise?" "Is thy fidelity to thy lord unshaken?" "Cut off as I am from the converse of mankind, hast thou preserved for me an affection, which I once so lightly esteemed, and requited with evil? This forgetfulness of injury, and this steady friendship, are they less than human, or are they more?" I was not prevented by these reflections from returning the caresses that I received; and Alibeg, who just then entered the garden, took notice of me, and ordered that I should not be turned out.

In the Seraglio I soon learned, that a body, which was thought to be mine, was found dead in the chamber; and that Alibeg had been chosen to succeed me, by the unanimous voice of the people: but I gained no intelligence of Selima, whose apartment I found in the possession of another, and for whom I had searched every

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ry part of the palace in vain. I became restless; every place was irksome; a desire to wander prevailed; and one evening I went out at the garden gate, and travelling till midnight, I lay down at the foot of a sycamore-tree, and slept.

In the morning I beheld, with surprise, a wall of marble that seemed to reach to heaven, and gates that were sculptured with every emblem of delight. Over the gate was inscribed in letters of gold: “Within this wall liberty is un-
“bounded, and felicity complete: Na-
“ture is not oppressed by the tyranny of
“religion, nor is pleasure awed by the
“frown of virtue. The gate is obedient
“to thy wish, whosoever thou art; en-
“ter therefore, and be happy.”

When I read this inscription, my bosom throbbed with tumultuous expectation: but my desire to enter was repressed by the reflection, that I had lost the form, in which alone I could gratify the appetites of a man. Desire and curiosity were

were notwithstanding predominant: the door immediately opened inward; I entered, and it closed after me.

BUT my ears were now stunned with the dissonance of riot, and my eye sickened at the contortions of misery: disease was visible in every countenance, however otherwise impressed with the character of rage, of drunkenness, or of lust. Rape and murder, revelling and strife, filled every street and every dwelling.

As my retreat was cut off, I went forward with timidity and circumspection; for I imagined, that I could no otherwise escape injury, than by eluding the notice of wretches, whose propensity to ill was restrained by no law, and I perceived too late, that to punish vice is to promote happiness.

It was now evening: and that I might pass the night in greater security, I quitted the public way, and perceiving a house that was incircled by a moat, I swam

I swam over to it, and chose an obscure corner of the area for my asylum. I heard from within the sound of dancing and music. but after a short interval, was alarmed with the menaces of rage, the shrieks of terror, and the wailings of distress. The window of the banqueting room flew open, and some venison was thrown out, which fell just at my feet. As I had eaten nothing since my departure from the Seraglio, I regarded this as a fortunate accident; and after the pleasure of an unexpected repast, I again lay down in expectation of the morning, with hope and fear; but in a short time, many persons rushed from the house with lights, and seemed solicitous to gather up the venison which had been thrown out; but not being able to find it, and at the same time perceiving me, they judged that I had devoured it. I was immediately seized and led into the house: but as I could not discover that I was the object either of malignity or kindness, I was in doubt what would be the issue of the event. It was not long before this doubt was resolved; for I soon learned from the

the

the discourse of those about me, that I was suspected to have eaten poison, which had been intended for another, and was secured, that the effect might either remove or confirm the suspicion. As it was not expected that the poison would immediately operate, I was locked up in a room by myself, where I reflected upon the cause and the event of my confinement, with inexpressible anguish, anxiety, and terror.

In this gloomy interval, a sudden light shone round me, and I found myself once more in the presence of the Genius. I crawled towards him trembling and confounded, but not utterly without hope. "Yet a few moments," said he, "and the Angel of Death shall teach thee, that the wants of nature cannot be supplied with safety, where the inordinate appetites of vice are not restrained. Thy hunger required food; but the lust and revenge of others have given thee poison." My blood grew chill as he spake; I discovered and abhorred my folly: but while I wished to
express

expres my contrition, I fell down in an agony: my eyes failed me, I shivered, was convulsed, and expired.

That spark of immaterial fire which no violence can quench, rose up from the dust which had thus been restored to the earth, and now animated the form of a dove. On this new state of existence I entered with inexpressible delight; I imagined that my wings were not only a pledge of safety, but of the favour of Syndarac, whom I was now more than ever solicitous to please. I flew immediately from the window, and turning towards the wall through which I had entered, I endeavoured to rise above it, that I might quit for ever a place in which guilt and wretchedness were complicated in every object, and which I now detested as much as before I had desired. But over this region a sulphureous vapour hovered like a thick cloud, which I had no sooner entered than I fell down panting for breath, and had scarce strength to keep my wings sufficiently extended to break my fall. It was now midnight, and I

alighted near the mouth of a cave, in which I thought there appeared some faint glimmerings of light. Into this place I entered without much apprehension; as it seemed rather to be the retreat of penitence, than the recess of luxury: but lest the noise of my wings should discover me to any hateful or mischievous inhabitant of this gloomy solitude, I entered in silence and upon my feet. As I went forward, the cave grew wider; and by the light of a lamp which was suspended from the roof, I discovered a hermit listening to a young lady, who seemed to be greatly affected with the events which she was relating. Of the hermit I had no knowledge; but the lady I discerned to be Selima. I was struck with amazement at this discovery; I remembered with the deepest contrition my attempts upon her virtue, and I now secretly rejoiced that she had rendered them ineffectual. I watched her lips with the utmost impatience of curiosity, and she continued her narrative.

“ I was

“ I was sitting on a sofa one evening
“ after I had been carested by Amurath,
“ and my imagination kindled as I mused.
“ Why, said I aloud, should I give up
“ the delights of love with the splendor of
“ royalty? Since the presumption of my
“ father has prevented my marriage, why
“ should I not accept the blessings that are
“ still offered? Why is desire restrained
“ by the dread of shame? and why is the
“ pride of virtue offended by the softness
“ of nature? Immediately a thick cloud
“ surrounded me; I felt myself lifted up
“ and conveyed through the air with in-
“ credible rapidity. I descended, the
“ cloud dissipated, and I found myself
“ sitting in an alcove, by the side of a
“ canal that encircled a stately edifice and
“ a spacious garden. I saw many persons
“ pass along; but discovered in all so-
“ mething either dissolute or wretched,
“ something that alarmed my fears, or
“ excited my pity. I suddenly perceived
“ many men with their swords drawn,
“ contending for a woman, who was for-
“ ced along irresistibly by the crowd,
“ which moved directly towards the pla-

“ ce in which I was sitting. I was terri-
“ fied, and looked round me with eager-
“ ness, to see where I could retreat for
“ safety. A person richly dressed per-
“ ceived my distress, and invited me in-
“ to the house which the canal surrounded.
“ Of this invitation I hastily accepted with
“ gratitude and joy : but I soon remark-
“ ed several incidents, which filled me
“ with new perplexity and apprehension.
“ I was welcomed to a place, in which
“ infamy and honour were equally un-
“ known; where every wish was indul-
“ ged without the violation of any law,
“ and where the will was therefore de-
“ termined only by appetite. I was pre-
“ sently surrounded by women, whose
“ behaviour covered me with blushes;
“ and though I rejected the caresses of the
“ person into whose power I was deliver-
“ ed, yet they became jealous of the di-
“ stinction with which he treated me: my
“ expostulations were not heard, and
“ my tears were treated with merriment:
“ preparations were made for revelling
“ and jollity; I was invited to join the
“ dance, and upon my refusal was enter-
“ tained

“ tained with music. In this dreadful si-
“ tuation, I sighed thus to myself: How
“ severe is that justice, which transports
“ those who form licentious wishes, to a
“ society in which they are indulged
“ without restraint! Who shall deliver
“ me from the effects of my own folly?
“ who shall defend me against the vices
“ of others? At this moment I was thus
“ encouraged by the voice of some invisi-
“ ble being: The friends of Virtue are
“ mighty; reject not their protection,
“ and thou art safe. As I renounced the
“ presumptuous wish which had once pol-
“ luted my mind, I exulted in this inti-
“ mation with an assurance of relief; and
“ when supper was set before me, I suf-
“ fered the principal lady to serve me
“ with some venison; but the friendly
“ voice having warned me that it was poi-
“ soned, I fell back in my seat and tur-
“ ned pale: the lady enquired earnestly
“ what had disordered me; but instead
“ of making a reply, I threw the veni-
“ son from the window, and declared
“ that she had intended my death. The
“ master of the table, who perceived

“ the lady to whom I spoke change coun-
“ tenance, was at once convinced, that
“ she had indeed attempted to poison me,
“ to preserve that interest which as a ri-
“ val she feared I should subvert. He rose
“ up in a rage, and commanded the ve-
“ nison to be produced; a dog that was
“ supposed to have eaten it was brought
“ in: but before the event could be
“ known, the tumult was become gene-
“ ral, and my rival, after having sud-
“ denly stabbed her patron, plunged
“ the same poignard in her own bo-
“ som.

“ In the midst of this confusion I
“ found means to escape, and wandered
“ through the city in search of some ob-
“ scure recess, where, if I received
“ not the assistance which I hoped, death
“ at least might secure my person from
“ violation, and close my eyes on those
“ scenes, which, wherever I turned,
“ filled me not only with disgust but with
“ horror. By that Benevolent Power,
“ who, as a preservative from misery,
“ has placed in us a secret and irresistible
“ dis-

“ disapprobation of vice , my feet have
“ been directed to thee , whose virtue
“ has participated in my distress , and
“ whose wisdom may effect my delive-
“ rance. ”

I gazed upon Selima , while I thus learned the ardour of that affection which I had abused , with sentiments that can never be conceived but when they are felt. I was touched with the most bitter remorse , for having produced one wish that could stain so amiable a mind ; and abhorred myself for having used the power which I derived from her tenderness , to effect her destruction. My fondness was not less ardent , but it was more chaste and tender ; desire was not extinguished , but it was almost absorbed in esteem. I felt a passion , to which , till now , I had been a stranger : and the moment Love was kindled in my breast , I resumed the form proper to the nature in which alone it can subsist , and Selima beheld Amurath at her feet. At my sudden and unexpected appearance , the colour faded from her cheeks , the powers of

O 4

life

life were suspended, and she sunk into my arms. I clasped her to my breast, and, looking towards the hermit for his assistance, I beheld in his stead the friendly Genius, who had taught me happiness by affliction. At the same instant Selima recovered. "Arise," said Syndarac, "and look round." We looked round; the darkness was suddenly dissipated, and we perceived ourselves in the road to Golconda, and the spires of the city sparkled before us. "Go," said he, "Amurath, henceforth the husband of Selima, and the father of thy people! I have revealed thy story to Alibeg in a vision; he expects thy return, and the chariots are come out to meet thee. Go, and I will proclaim before thee, Amurath the Sultan of the East, the judge of nations, the taught of heaven; Amurath, whose ring is equal to the ring of Solomon, returns to reign with wisdom, and diffuse felicity." I now lifted up my eyes, and beheld the chariots coming forward. We were received by Alibeg with sentiments which could not be uttered, and
by

by the people with the loudest acclamations: Syndarac proclaimed our return, in thunder that was heard through all the nations of my empire; and has prolonged my reign in prosperity and peace.

For the world I have written, and by the world let what I write be remembered: for to none who hear of the ring of Amurath, shall its influence be wanting. Of this, is not thy heart a witness, thou whose eye drinks instruction from my pen? Hast thou not a Monitor who reproaches thee in secret, when thy foot deviates from the paths of virtue? Neglect not the first whispers of this friend to thy soul; it is the voice of a greater than Syndarac, to resist whose influence is to invite destruction.



No. 20. On the USE of LANGUAGE.

THE manner in which most writers begin their treatises on the Use of Language, is generally thus: “ Language has been
“ granted to man, in order to discover
“ his wants and necessities, so as to have
“ them relieved by society. Whatever
“ we desire, whatever we wish, it is
“ but to cloath those desires or wishes in
“ words, in order to fruition; the principal use of language, therefore, say
“ they, is to express our wants, so as
“ to receive a speedy redress. ”

Such an account as this may serve to satisfy grammarians and rhetoricians well enough, but men who know the world, maintain very contrary maxims; they hold, and I think with some shew of reason, they hold, that he who best knows how to conceal his necessities and desires, is the most likely person to find redress, and that the true use of speech is

is not so much to express our wants as to conceal them.

When we reflect on the manner in which mankind generally confer their favours, we shall find that they who seem to want them least, are the very persons who most liberally share them. There is something so attractive in riches, that the large heap generally collects from the smaller; and the poor find as much pleasure in increasing the enormous mass, as the miser, who owns it, feels happiness in its increase. Nor is there in this any thing repugnant to the laws of true morality. Seneca himself allows, that in conferring benefits, the present should always be suited to the dignity of the receiver. Thus the rich receive large presents, and are thanked for accepting them. Men of middling stations are obliged to be content with presents something less, while the beggar, who may be truly said to want indeed, is well paid if a farthing rewards his warmest sollicitation.

Every

Every man who has seen the world, and has had his “ups and downs in life,” as the expression is, must have frequently experienced the truth of this doctrine, and must know that to have much, or to seem to have it, is the only way to have more. Ovid finely compares a man of broken fortune to a falling column; the lower it sinks, the greater weight it is obliged to sustain. Thus, when a man has no occasion to borrow, he finds numbers willing to lend him. Should he ask his friend to lend him an hundred pounds, it is possible, from the largeness of his demand, he may find credit for twenty; but should he humbly only sue for a trifle, it is two to one whether he might be trusted for two pence. A certain young fellow at George’s, whenever he had occasion to ask his friend for a guinea, used to prelude his request as if he wanted two hundred, and talked so familiarly of large sums, that none could ever think he wanted a small one. The same gentleman, whenever he wanted credit for a new suit from his taylor, always made the proposal in laced cloaths; for he found by experience,

perience, that if he appeared shabby on these occasions, Mr. Lynch had taken an oath against trusting; or what was every bit as bad, his foreman was out of the way, and would not be at home these two days.

There can be no inducement to reveal our wants, except to find pity, and by this means relief; but before a poor man opens his mind in such circumstances, he should first consider whether he is contented to lose the esteem of the person he solicits, and whether he is willing to give up friendship only to excite compassion. Pity and friendship are passions incompatible with each other, and it is impossible that both can reside in any breast for the smallest space, without impairing each other. Friendship is made up of esteem and pleasure; pity is composed of sorrow and contempt; the mind may for some time fluctuate between them, but it can never entertain both together.

Yet

Yet let it not be thought that I would exclude pity from the human mind. There is scarce any who are not in some degree possessed of this pleasing softness; but it is at best but a short-lived passion, and seldom affords distress more than a transitory assistance: With some it scarce lasts from the first impulse till the hand can be put into the pocket; with others it may continue for twice that space, and on some of extraordinary sensibility, I have seen it operate for half an hour. But, however, last as it will, it generally produces but beggarly effects; and where, from this motive we give an halfpenny, from others we give always pounds. In great distress we sometimes, it is true, feel the influence of tenderness strongly: when the same distress solicits a second time, we then feel with diminished sensibility, but like the repetition of an echo, every new impulse becomes weaker, till at last our sensations lose every mixture of sorrow, and degenerate into downright contempt.

Jack

Jack Spindle and I were old acquaintance; but he's gone. Jack was bred in a compting-house, and his father dying just as he was out of his time, left him an handsome fortune, and many friends to advise with. The restraint in which he had been brought up, had thrown a gloom upon his temper, which some regarded as an habitual prudence, and from such considerations, he had every day repeated offers of friendship. Those who had money, were ready to offer him their assistance that way; and they who had daughters, frequently, in the warmth of affection, advised him to marry. Jack, however, was in good circumstances; he wanted neither money, friends, nor a wife, and therefore modestly declined their proposals.

Some errors in the management of his affairs, and several losses in trade, soon brought Jack to a different way of thinking; and he at last thought it his best way to let his friends know that their offers were at length acceptable. His first address was therefore to a scrivener, who
had

had formerly made him frequent offers of money and friendship, at a time when, perhaps, he knew those offers would have been refused.

Jack, therefore, thought he might use his old friend without any ceremony, and as a man confident of not being refused, requested the use of an hundred guineas for a few days, as he just then had an occasion for money. "And pray, Mr. Spindle, replied the scrivener, do you want all this money?" "Want it, Sir," says the other, if I did not want it, I should not have asked it." I am sorry for that, says the friend; for those who want money when they come to borrow, will want money when they should come to pay. To say the truth, Mr. Spindle, money is money now-a-days. I believe it is all sunk in the bottom of the sea, for my part; and he that has got a little, is a fool if he does not keep what he has got."

Not quite disconcerted by this refusal, our adventurer was resolved to apply to another,

another, whom he knew to be the very best friend he had in the world. The gentleman whom he now addressed, received his proposal with all the affability that could be expected from generous friendship. "Let me see, you want an hundred guineas, and pray, dear Jack, would not fifty answer?" "If you have but fifty to spare, Sir, I must be contented." "Fifty to spare, I do not say that, for I believe I have but twenty about me." "Then I must borrow the other thirty from some other friend." "And pray, replied the friend, would it not be the best way to borrow the whole money from that other friend, and then one note will serve for all, you know. Lord, Mr. Spindle, make no ceremony with me at any time; you know I'm your friend, and when you chuse a bit of dinner or so. — You, Tom, see the gentleman down. You won't forget to dine with us now and then. Your very humble servant."

Distressed, but not discouraged at this treatment, he was at last resolved to find that assistance from love, which he could not have from friendship. Miss Jenny Dismal had a fortune in her own hands, and she had already made all the advances that her sex's modesty would permit. He made his proposal therefore with confidence, but soon perceived, "No bankrupt ever found the fair one kind." Miss Jenny and Master Billy Galloon were lately fallen deeply in love with each other, and the whole neighbourhood thought it would soon be a match.

Every day now began to strip Jack of his former finery; his cloaths flew piece by piece to the pawnbroker's, and he seemed at length equipped in the genuine mourning of antiquity. But still he thought himself secure from starving, the numberless invitations he had received to dine, even after his losses, were yet unanswered; he was therefore now resolved to accept of a dinner because he wanted one; and in this manner he actually lived among his friends

friends a whole week without being openly affronted. The last place I saw poor Jack, was at the Rev. Dr. Gosling's. He had, as he fancied, just nicked the time, for he came in as the cloth was laying. He took a chair without being desired, and talked for some time without being attended to. He assured the company, that nothing procured so good an appetite as a walk to White Conduit-house, where he had been that morning. He looked at the table-cloth, and praised the figure of the damask; talked of a feast where he had been the day before, but that the venison was over done. All this, however, procured the poor creature no invitation, and he was not yet sufficiently hardened to stay without being asked; wherefore, finding the gentleman of the house insensible to all his fetches, he thought proper, at last, to retire, and mend his appetite by a walk in the Park.

You then, O ye beggars of my acquaintance; whether in rags or lace; whether in Kent-street or the Mall; whether at the Smyrna or St. Giles's,

P 2

might

might I advise as a friend, never seem in want of the favour which you solicit. Apply to every passion but pity, for redress. You may find relief from vanity, from self-interest, or from avarice, but seldom from compassion. The very eloquence of a poor man is disgusting; and that mouth which is opened even for flattery, is seldom expected to close without a petition.

If then you would ward off the gripe of poverty, pretend to be a stranger to her, and she will at least use you with ceremony. Hear not my advice, but that of Offellus. If you be caught dining upon a halfpenny porringer of pease-soup and potatoes, praise the wholesomeness of your frugal repast. You may observe, that Dr. Cheyne has prescribed pease-broth for the gravel, hint that you are not one of those who are always making a god of your belly. If you are obliged to wear a flimsy stuff in the midst of winter, be the first to remark that stuffs are very much worn at Paris. If there be found some irreparable defects

fects in any part of your equipage, which cannot be concealed by all the arts of fitting cross-legged, coaxing, or darning, say, that neither you nor Sampson Gideon were ever very fond of dress. Or if you be a philosopher, hint that Plato or Seneca are the taylor's you choose to employ; assure the company that man ought to be content with a bare covering, since what now is so much the pride of some, was formerly our shame. Horace will give you a Latin sentence fit for the occasion,

Toga defendere frigus quamvis crassa
queat.

In short, however caught, do not give up, but ascribe to the frugality of your disposition what others might be apt to attribute to the narrowness of your circumstances, and appear rather to be a miser than a beggar. To be poor, and to seem poor, is a certain method never to rise. Pride in the great is hateful, in the wise it is ridiculous; beggarly

pride is the only sort of vanity I can excuse.



No. 21. On Dreaming.

THOUGH there are many authors, who have written on dreams, they have generally considered them only as revelations of what has already happened in distant parts of the world, or as prefages of what is to happen in future periods of time.

I shall consider this subject in another light, as dreams may give us some idea of the great excellency of a human soul, and some intimation of its independency on matter.

In the first place, our dreams are great instances of that activity which is natural to the human soul, and which it is not in the power of sleep to deaden or abate. When the man appears tired and worn

worn out with the labours of the day, this active part in his composition is still busied and unwearied. When the organs of sense want their due repose and necessary reparations, and the body is no longer able to keep pace with that spiritual substance to which it is united, the soul exerts herself in several faculties, and continues in action until her partner is again qualified to bear her company. In this case dreams look like the relaxations and amusements of the soul, when she is disincumbered of her machine; her sports and recreations, when she has laid her charge asleep.

In the second place, dreams are an instance of that agility and perfection which is natural to the faculties of the mind, when they are disengaged from the body. The soul is clogged and retarded in her operations, when she acts in conjunction with a companion that is so heavy and unwieldy in its motions. But in dreams it is wonderful to observe with what sprightliness and alacrity she exerts herself. The flow of speech make unpremeditated ha-

rangues, or converse readily in languages that they are but little acquainted with. The grave abound in pleasantries, the dull in repartees and points of wit. There is not a more painful action of the mind, than invention; yet in dreams it works with that ease and activity that we are not sensible when the faculty is employed. For instance, I believe every one, some time or other, dreams that he is reading papers, books, or letters; in which case the invention prompts so readily, that the mind is imposed upon, and mistakes its own suggestions for the compositions of another.

I shall under this head, quote a passage out of the "Religio Medici," in which the ingenious author gives an account of himself in his dreaming and his waking thoughts. "We
" are somewhat more than ourselves in
" our sleeps, and the slumber of the bo-
" dy seems to be but the waking of the
" soul. It is the ligation of sense, but the
" liberty of reason; and our waking con-
" ceptions do not match the fancies of our
" sleeps,

“ sleeps. At my nativity my ascendant
“ was the watery sign of Scorpio: I was
“ born in the planetary hour of Saturn:
“ and I think I have a piece of that leaden
“ planet in me. I am no way facetious,
“ nor disposed for the mirth and galliardi-
“ ze of company; yet in one dream I
“ can compose a whole comedy, behold
“ the action, apprehend the jests, and
“ laugh myself awake at the conceits the-
“ reof. Were my memory as faithful as
“ my reason is then fruitful, I would
“ never study but in my dreams; and
“ this time also would I choose for my de-
“ votions; but our grosser memories have
“ then so little hold of our abstracted un-
“ derstandings, that they forget the story, and
“ can only relate to our awakened souls a
“ confused and broken tale of that that has
“ passed. — Thus it is observed that men
“ sometimes, upon the hour of their de-
“ parture, do speak and reason above
“ themselves; for then the soul begin-
“ ning to be freed from the ligaments of
“ the body, begins to reason like her-
“ self, and to discourse in a strain above
“ mortality.”

We may likewise observe in the third place, that the passions affect the mind with greater strength when we are asleep, than when we are awake. Joy and sorrow give us more vigorous sensations of pain or pleasure at this time, than any other. Devotion likewise, as the excellent author above mentioned has hinted, is in a very particular manner heightened and inflamed, when it rises in the soul at a time that the body is thus laid at rest. Every man's experience will inform him in this matter, though it is very probable, that this may happen differently in different constitutions. I shall conclude this head with the two following problems, which I shall leave to the solution of my reader. Supposing a man always happy in his dreams, and miserable in his waking thoughts, and that his life was equally divided between them, whether would he be more happy or miserable? Were a man a king in his dreams, and a beggar awake, and dreamed as consequentially, and in as continued unbroken schemes as he thinks when awake, whether he would be in reality a king

king or a beggar, or rather whether he would not be both?

There is another circumstance, which methinks gives us a very high idea of the nature of the soul, in regard to what passes in dreams: I mean that innumerable multitude and variety of ideas which then arise in her. Were that active and watchful being only conscious of her own existence at such a time, what a painful solitude would her hours of sleep be! Were the soul sensible of her being alone in her sleeping moments, after the same manner that she is sensible of it while awake, the time would hang very heavy on her, as it often actually does when she dreams that she is in such solitude.

— — — — Semperque relinqui

Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur

Ire viam — —

VIRG. Æn. 4. ver. 466.

— — — — She seems alone

To wander in her sleep through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark. Dryden.

But

But this observation I only make by the way. What I would here remark, is that wonderful power in the soul, of producing her own company on these occasions. She converses with numberless beings of her own creation, and is transported into ten thousand scenes of her own raising. She is herself the theatre, the actor, and the beholder. This puts me in mind of a saying which I am infinitely pleased with, and which Plutarch ascribes to Heraclitus, “That all men
“whilst they are awake are in one com-
“mon world; but that each of them,
“when he is asleep, is in a world of his
“own.” The waking man is conversant in the world of nature; when he sleeps he retires to a private world that is particular to himself. There seems something in this consideration that intimates to us a natural grandeur and perfection in the soul, which is rather to be admired than explained.

I must not omit that argument for the excellency of the soul, which I have seen quoted out of Tertullian, namely, its
power

power of divining in dreams. That several such divinations have been made, none can question, who believes the holy writings, or who has but the least degree of a common historical faith; there being innumerable instances of this nature in several authors, both ancient and modern, sacred and profane. Whether such dark presages, such visions of the night proceed from any latent power in the soul, during this her state of abstraction, or from any communication with the Supreme Being, or from any operation of subordinate spirits, has been a great dispute among the learned; the matter of fact is, I think, incontestable, and has been looked upon as such by the greatest writers, who have been never suspected either of superstition or enthusiasm.

I do not suppose, that the soul in these instances is intirely loose and unfettered from the body; it is sufficient, if she is not so far sunk and immersed in matter, not intangled and perplexed in her operations, with such motions of blood and spirits, as when she actuates the machine in its waking hours. The corporeal
union

union is slackened enough to give the mind more play. The soul seems gathered within herself, and recovers that spring which is broke and weakened, when she operates more in concert with the body.

The speculations I have here made, if they are not arguments, they are at least strong intimations, not only of the excellency of a human soul, but of its independence on the body; and if they do not prove, do at least confirm these two great points, which are established by many other reasons that are altogether unanswerable.



No. 22. The Duty and Advantage of Activity.

THERE is a fault, which though common, wants a name. It is the very contrary to procrastination: as we lose the present hour by delaying from day to day to execute what we ought to do immediately; so most of us take occasion to sit still and throw away the time in our possession, by retrospect on what is past, imagining we have already acquitted ourselves, and established our characters in the sight of mankind. But when we thus put a value upon ourselves for what we have already done, any farther than to explain ourselves in order to assist our future conduct, that will give us an over-weening opinion of our merit to the prejudice of our present industry. The great rule, methinks, should be to manage the instant in which we stand, with fortitude, equanimity, and moderation, according to men's respective circumstances. If our past actions reproach

reproach us, they cannot be atoned for by our own severe reflexions so effectually as by a contrary behaviour. If they are praise-worthy, the memory of them is of no use but to act suitably to them. Thus a good present behaviour is an implicit repentance for any miscarriage in what is past; but present slackness will not be made up by past activity. Time has swallowed up all that we contemporaries did yesterday, as irrevocably as it has the actions of the antediluvians: but we are again awake, and what shall we do to-day, to-day, which passes while we are yet speaking? Shall we remember the folly of last night, or resolve upon the exercise of virtue to-morrow? Last night is certainly gone, and to-morrow may never arrive: this instant make use of. Can you oblige any man of honour and virtue? Do it immediately. Can you visit a sick friend? Will it revive him to see you enter, and suspend your own ease and pleasure to comfort his weakness, and hear the impertinencies of a wretch in pain? Do not stay to take coach, but be gone.

Your

Your mistress will bring sorrow, and your bottle madness: go to neither — — Such virtues and diversions as these are mentioned because they occur to all men. But every man is sufficiently convinced, that to suspend the use of the present moment, and resolve better for the future only, is an unpardonable folly. What I attempted to consider, was the mischief of setting such a value upon what is past, as to think we have done enough. Let a man have filled all the offices of life with the highest dignity until yesterday, and begin to live only to himself to-day, he must expect he will in the effects upon his reputation be considered as the man who died yesterday. The man, who distinguishes himself from the rest, stands in a press of people; those before him intercept his progress, and those behind him, if he does not urge on, will tread him down. Cæsar, of whom it was said, “that he thought nothing done while there was any thing left for him to do,” went on in performing the greatest exploits, without assuming to himself a privilege of taking rest upon the foundation of

the merit of his former actions. It was the manner of that glorious captain to write down what scenes he passed through, but it was rather to keep his affairs in method, and capable of a clear review in case they should be examined by others, than that he built a renown upon any thing that was past. I shall produce two fragments of his, to demonstrate, that it was his rule of life to support himself rather by what he should perform, than what he had done already. In the tablet which he wore about him the same year in which he obtained the battle of Pharsalia, there were found these loose notes for his own conduct: it is supposed, by the circumstances they alluded to, that they might be set down the evening of the same night.

“ My part is now but begun, and
“ my glory must be sustained by the use
“ I make of this victory ; otherwise my
“ loss will be greater than that of Pom-
“ pey. Our personal reputation will rise
“ or fall as we bear our respective fortu-
“ nes. All my private enemies among
“ the prisoners shall be spared. I will
“ forget

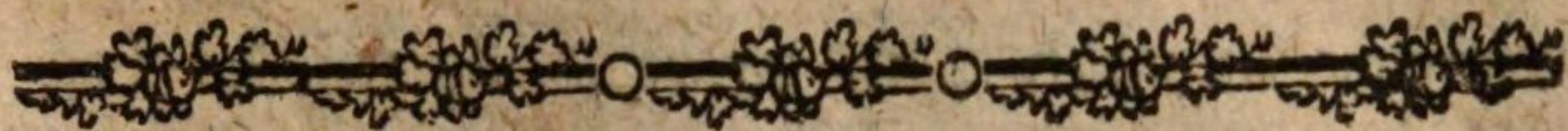
“ forget this, in order to obtain such
“ another day. Trebutius is ashamed to
“ see me: I will go to his tent and be re-
“ conciled in private. Give all the men
“ of honour, who take part with me,
“ the terms I offered before the battle.
“ Let them owe this to their friends who
“ have been long in my interests. Power
“ is weakened by the full use of it, but
“ extended by moderation. Galbinus is
“ proud, and will be servile in his pre-
“ sent fortune: let him wait. Send for
“ Stertinius: he is modest, and his vir-
“ tue is worth gaining. I have cooled
“ my heart with reflexion, and am fit to
“ rejoice with the army to-morrow. He
“ is a popular general who can expose
“ himself like a private man during a batt-
“ le; but he is more popular who can
“ rejoice but like a private man after a
“ victory. ”

What is particularly proper for the example of all who pretend to industry in the pursuit of honour and virtue, is, that this hero was more than ordinarily solicitous about his reputation, when a com-

mon mind would have thought itself in security, and given itself a loose to joy and triumph. But though this is a very great instance of his temper, I must confess I am more taken with his reflexions, when he retired to his closet in some disturbance upon the repeated ill omens of Calphurnia's dream the night before his death. The literal translation of that fragment shall conclude this paper.

“ Be it so then. If I am to die
“ to-morrow, that is what I am to do to-
“ morrow : it will not be then, be-
“ cause I am willing it should be then ;
“ nor shall I escape it, because I am
“ unwilling. It is in the Gods when,
“ but in myself how I shall die. If
“ Calphurnia's dreams are fumes of in-
“ digestion, how shall I behold the day
“ after to - morrow ? If they are from
“ the Gods, their admonition is not to
“ prepare me to escape from their de-
“ cree, but to meet it. I have lived
“ to a fulness of days and of glory :
“ what is there that Cæsar has not done
“ with as much honour as ancient he-
“ roes ?

“ roes ? Cæſar has not yet died; Cæſar
“ is prepared to die. ”



No. 23. On Discretion.

I HAVE often thought if the minds of men were laid open, we should ſee but little difference between that of the wiſe man and that of the fool. There are infinite reveries, numberleſs extravagancies, and a perpetual train of vanities which paſs through both. The great difference is, that the firſt knows how to pick and cull his thoughts for converſation, by ſuppreſſing ſome, and communicating others; whereas the other lets them all indifferently fly out in words. This fort of diſcretion, however, has no place in private converſation, between intimate friends. On ſuch occaſions the wiſeſt men very often talk like the weakeſt; for indeed the talking with a friend is nothing elſe but thinking aloud.

Tully has therefore very justly exposed a precept delivered by some ancient writers, that a man should live with his enemy in such a manner, as might leave him room to become his friend; and with his friend in such a manner, that if he became his enemy, it should not be in his power to hurt him. The first part of this rule, which regards our behaviour towards an enemy, is indeed very reasonable, as well as very prudential; but the latter part of it which regards our behaviour towards a friend, favours more of cunning than of discretion, and would cut a man off from the greatest pleasures of life, which are the freedoms of conversation with a bosom-friend. Besides that when a friend is turned into an enemy, and, as the son of Sirach calls him, a bewrayer of secrets, the world is just enough to accuse the perfidiousness of the friend, rather than the indiscretion of the person who confided in him.

Discretion does not only shew itself in words, but in all circumstances of action; and is like an underagent of Providence,
to

to guide and direct us in the ordinary concerns of life.

There are many more shining qualities in the mind of man, but there is none so useful as discretion; it is this indeed which gives a value to all the rest, which sets them at work in their proper times and places, and turns them to the advantage of the person who is possessed of them. Without it learning is pedantry, and wit impertinence; virtue itself looks like weakness; the best parts only qualify a man to be more sprightly in errors, and active to his own prejudice.

Nor does discretion only make a man the master of his own parts, but of other men's. The discreet man finds out the talents of those he converses with, and knows how to apply them to proper uses. Accordingly, if we look into particular communities and divisions of men, we may observe that it is the discreet man, not the witty, nor the learned, nor the brave, who guides the conversation, and gives measures to the society. A man

with great talents, but void of discretion, is like Polyphemus in the fable, strong and blind, endued with an irresistible force, which for want of sight is of no use to him.

Though a man has all other perfections, and wants discretion, he will be of no great consequence in the world; but if he has this single talent in perfection, and but a common share of others, he may do what he pleases in his particular station of life.

At the same time that I think discretion the most useful talent a man can be master of, I look upon cunning to be the accomplishment of little mean ungenerous minds. Discretion points out the noblest ends to us, and pursues the most proper and laudable methods of attaining them: cunning has only private selfish aims, and sticks at nothing which may make them succeed. Discretion has large and extended views, and like a well-formed eye, commands a whole horizon: cunning is a kind of short-sightedness, that discovers
the

the minuteſt objects which are near at hand, but is not able to diſcern things at a diſtance. Diſcretion, the more it is diſcovered, gives the greater authority to the perſon who poſſeſſes it: cunning, when it is once detected, loſes its force, and makes a man incapable of bringing about even thoſe events which he might have done, had he paſſed only for a plain man. Diſcretion is the perfection of reaſon, and a guide to us in all the duties of life; cunning is a kind of inſtinct, that only looks out after our immediate intereſt and welfare. Diſcretion is only found in men of ſtrong ſenſe and good underſtanding: cunning is often to be met with in brutes themſelves, and in perſons who are but the feweſt removes from them. In ſhort, cunning is only the mimic of diſcretion, and may paſs upon weak men, in the ſame manner as vivacity is often miſtaken for wit, and gravity for wiſdom.

The caſt of mind which is natural to a diſcreet man, makes him look forward into futurity, and conſider what will be

his condition millions of ages hence, as well as what it is a present. He knows that the misery or happiness which are reserved for him in another world, lose nothing of their reality by being placed at so great a distance from him. The objects do not appear little to him because they are remote. He considers that those pleasures and pains which lie hid in eternity, approach nearer to him every moment, and will be present with him in their full weight and measure, as much as those pains and pleasures which he feels at this very instant. For this reason he is careful to secure to himself that which is the proper happiness of his nature, and the ultimate design of his being. He carries his thoughts to the end of every action, and considers the most distant, as well as the most immediate effects of it. He supercedes every little prospect of gain and advantage which offers itself here, if he does not find it consistent with his views of an hereafter. In a word, his hopes are full of immortality, his schemes are large and glorious, and his conduct suitable to one who

who knows his true interest , and how to pursue it by proper methods.

I have, in this essay upon discretion, considered it both as an accomplishment and as a virtue , and have therefore described it in its full extent; not only as it is conversant about worldly affairs , but as it regards our whole existence; not only as it is the guide of a mortal creature , but as it is in general the director of a reasonable Being. It is in this light that discretion is represented by the wise man , who sometimes mentions it under the name of discretion , and sometimes under that of wisdom. It is indeed, as described in the latter part of this paper , the greatest wisdom, but at the same time in the power of every one to attain. Its advantages are infinite , but its acquisition easy; or to speak of her in the words of the apocryphal writer whom I quoted in my last Saturday's paper. "Wisdom is glorious, and never fadeth away, yet she is easily seen of them that love her, and found of such as seek her."

“ her. She preventeth them that desire her,
“ in making herself first known unto them.
“ He that seeketh her early, shall have
“ no great travel : for he shall find her
“ fitting at his doors. To think therefore
“ upon her is perfection of wisdom, and
“ whoſo watcheth for her ſhall quickly
“ be without care. For ſhe goeth about
“ ſeeking ſuch as are worthy of her,
“ ſheweth herſelf favourably unto them
“ in the ways, and meeteth them in eve-
“ ry thought. ”



No. 24. The Enjoyments of Humanity.

WHEN I look into the frame and constitution of my own mind, there is no part of it which I observe with greater satisfaction, than that tendernefs and concern which it bears for the good and happiness of mankind, My own circumstances are indeed so narrow and scanty, that I should taste but very little pleasure, could I receive it only from those enjoyments which are in my own possession; but by this great tincture of humanity, which I find in all my thoughts and reflexions, I am happier than any single person can be, with all the wealth, strength, beauty, and success, that can be conferred upon a mortal, if he only relishes such a proportion of these blessings as is vested in himself, and is his own private property. By this means, every man that does himself any real service, does me a kindness. I come in for
my

my share in all the good that happens to a man of merit and virtue, and partake of many gifts of fortune and power that I was never born to. There is nothing in particular in which I so much rejoice, as the deliverance of good and generous spirits out of dangers, difficulties, and distresses. And because the world does not supply instances of this kind to furnish out sufficient entertainments for such an humanity and benevolence of temper, I have ever delighted in reading the history of ages past, which draws together into a narrow compass the great occurrences and events, that are but thinly sown in those tracts of time which lie within our own knowledge and observation. When I see the life of a great man, who has deserved well of his country, after having struggled through all the oppositions of prejudice and envy, breaking out with lustre, and shining forth in all the splendor of success, I close my book, and am a happy man for a whole evening.

But since in history, events are of a mixed nature, and often happen alike to the

the worthless and the deserving, inso-
much that we frequently see a virtuous
man dying in the midst of disappointments
and calamities, and the vicious ending
their days in prosperity and peace; I lo-
ve to amuse myself with the accounts I
meet with in fabulous histories and fic-
tions: For in this kind of writings we
have always the pleasure of seeing vice
punished, and virtue rewarded. Indeed,
were we able to view a man in the whole
circle of his existence, we should have
the satisfaction of seeing it close with hap-
piness or misery, according to his proper
merit: But though our view of him is
interrupted by death before the finishing
of his adventures, if I may so speak, we
may be sure that the conclusion and cata-
strophe is altogether suitable to his beha-
viour. On the contrary, the whole
Being of a man, considered as a Hero,
or a knight-errant, is comprehended
within the limits of a poem or romance,
and therefore always ends to our satisfac-
tion; so that inventions of this kind are
like food and exercise to a good-natured
disposition, which they please and grati-
fy,

fy , at the same time that they nourish and strengthen. The greater the affliction is in which we see our favourites in these relations engaged, the greater is the pleasure we take in seeing them relieved.

Among the many feigned histories which I have met with in my reading, there is none in which the Hero's perplexity is greater, and the winding out of it more difficult, than that in a French author whose name I have forgot. It so happens , that the Hero's mistress was the sister of his most intimate friend , who for certain reasons was given out to be dead , while he was preparing to leave his country in quest of adventures. The Hero having heard of his friend's death, immediately repaired to his mistress, to condole with her, and comfort her. Upon his arrival in her garden, he discovered at a distance a man clasped in her arms, and embraced with the most endearing tenderness. What should he do? It did not consist with the gentleness of a knight-errant either to kill his mistress, or the
man

man whom she was pleased to favour. At the same time, it would have spoiled a romance, should he have laid violent hands on himself. In short, he immediately entered upon his adventures; and, after a long series of exploits, found out by degrees, that the person he saw in his mistress's arms was her own brother, taking leave of her before he left his country, and the embrace she gave him nothing else but the affectionate farewell of a sister: So that he had at once the two greatest satisfactions that could enter into the heart of man, in finding his friend alive, whom he thought dead; and his mistress faithful, whom he had believed inconstant.

There are indeed some disasters so very fatal, that it is impossible for any accidents to rectify them. Of this kind was that of poor Lucretia; and yet we see Ovid has found an expedient even in this case. He describes a beautiful and royal virgin walking on the sea-shore, where she was discovered by Neptune, and violated after a long and unsuccessful importunity.

tunity. To mitigate her sorrow, he offers her whatever she could wish for. Never certainly was the wit of woman more puzzled in finding out a stratagem to retrieve her honour. Had she desired to be changed into a stock or stone, a beast, fish, or fowl, she would have been a loser by it: Or had she desired to have been made a sea-nymph, or a goddess, her immortality would but have perpetuated her disgrace. Give me therefore, said she, such a shape as may make me incapable of suffering again the like calamity, or of being reproached for what I have already suffered. To be short, she was turned into a man, and, by that only means, avoided the danger and imputation she so much dreaded.

I was once myself in agonies of grief that are unutterable, and in so great a distraction of mind, that I thought myself even out of the possibility of receiving comfort. The occasion was as follows: When I was a youth in a part of the army which was then quartered at Dover, I fell in love with an agreeable young woman,

man , of a good family in those parts, and had the satisfaction of seeing my addresses kindly received, which occasioned the perplexity I am going to relate.

We were in a calm evening diverting ourselves upon the top of the cliff with the prospect of the sea, and trifling away the time in such little fondnesses as are most ridiculous to people in business, and most agreeable to those in love.

In the midst of these our innocent endearments, she snatched a paper of verses out of my hand , and ran away with them. I was following her , when on a sudden the ground, though at a considerable distance from the verge of the precipice, sunk under her, and threw her down from so prodigious a height upon such a range of rocks , as would have dashed her into ten thousand pieces, had her body been made of adamant. It is much easier for my reader to imagine my state of mind upon such an occasion, than for me to express it. I said to myself, it is not in the power of heaven to

relieve me! when I awaked, equally transported and astonished, to see myself drawn out of an affliction which, the very moment before, appeared to me altogether inextricable.

The impressions of grief and horror were so lively on this occasion, that while they lasted, they made me more miserable than I was at the real death of this beloved person, which happened a few months after, at a time when the match between us was concluded; inasmuch as the imaginary death was untimely, and I myself in a sort an accessory; whereas her real decease had at least these alleviations, of being natural and inevitable.

The memory of the dream I have related, still dwells so strongly upon me, that I can never read the description of Dover-cliff in Shakespear's Tragedy of King Lear, without a fresh sense of my escape. The prospect from the place is drawn with such proper incidents, that whoever can read it without growing giddy,

dy, must have a good head, or a very bad one.

Come on , Sir , here's the place; stand
still ! how fearful

And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low ?

The crows and choughs that wing the
midway air,

Show scarce as gross as beetles. Half
way down

Hangs one that gathers samphire—Dread-
ful trade !

Methinks he seems no bigger than his
head.

The fishermen that walk upon the beach,
Appear like mice, and yond' tall ancho-
ring bark

Diminish'd to her boat; her boat ! a buoy
Almost too small for sight. The mur-
muring surge,

That on th'unnumber'd idle pebbles beats,
Cannot be heard so high. I'll look no
more,

Left my brain turn.



No. 25. Story of a disabled Soldier.

N O observation is more common, and at the same time more true, than That one half of the world are ignorant how the other half lives. The misfortunes of the great are held up to engage our attention; are enlarged upon in tones of declamation; and the world is called upon to gaze at the noble sufferers; the great, under the pressure of calamity, are conscious of several others sympathizing with their distress; and have, at once, the comfort of admiration and pity.

There is nothing magnanimous in bearing misfortunes with fortitude, when the whole world is looking on: men in such circumstances will act bravely even from motives of vanity; but he who, in the vale of obscurity, can brave adversity; who, without friends to encourage, acquaintances to pity, or even without hope to alleviate, his misfortunes, can

can behave with tranquillity and indifference, is truly great: whether peasant or courtier, he deserves our admiration, and should be held up for our imitation and respect.

While the slightest inconveniencies of the great are magnified into calamities; while tragedy mouths out their sufferings in all the strains of eloquence, the miseries of the poor are entirely disregarded; and yet some of the lower ranks of people undergo more real hardships in one day than those of a more exalted station suffer in their whole lives. It is inconceivable what difficulties the meanest of our common sailors and soldiers endure without murmuring or regret; without passionately declaiming against Providence, or calling their fellows to be gazers on their intrepidity. Every day is to them a day of mercy, and yet they entertain their hard fate without repining.

With what indignation do I hear an Ovid, a Cicero, or a Rabutin, complain of their misfortunes and hardships,

whose greatest calamity was that of being unable to visit a certain spot of earth, to which they had foolishly attached an idea of happiness! Their distresses were pleasures, compared to what many of the adventuring poor every day endure without murmuring. They ate, drank, and slept; they had slaves to attend them, and were sure of subsistence for life: while many of their fellow-creatures are obliged to wander without a friend to comfort or assist them, and even without shelter from the severity of the season.

I have been led into these reflections from accidentally meeting, some days ago, a poor fellow, whom I knew when a boy, dressed in a sailor's jacket, and begging at one of the outlets of the town, with a wooden leg. I knew him to have been honest and industrious when in the country, and was curious to learn what had reduced him to his present situation. Wherefore, after giving him what I thought proper, I desired to know the history of his life and misfortunes, and the manner in which he was reduced to his

his present distress. The disabled soldier, for such he was, though dressed in a sailor's habit, scratching his head, and leaning on his crutch, put himself into an attitude to comply with my request, and gave me his history, as follows.

“ As for my misfortune, master, I
“ can't pretend to have gone through any
“ more than other folks; for, except
“ the loss of my limb, and my being ob-
“ liged to beg, I don't know any reason,
“ thank Heaven, that I have to com-
“ plain; there is Bill Tibbs, of our re-
“ giment, he has lost both his legs, and
“ an eye to boot; but, thank Heaven, it
“ is not so bad with me yet.

“ I was born in Shropshire, my fa-
“ ther was a labourer, and died when I
“ was five years old; so I was put upon
“ the parish. As he had been a wander-
“ ing sort of a man, the parishioners we-
“ re not able to tell to what parish I be-
“ longed, or where I was born, so they
“ sent me to another parish, and that
“ parish sent me to a third. I thought in

“ my heart, they kept sending me about
“ so long, that they would not let me be
“ born in any parish at all; but at last,
“ however, they fixed me. I had some
“ disposition to be a scholar, and was
“ resolved, at least, to know my let-
“ ters; but the master of the workhouse
“ put me to business as soon as I was able
“ to handle a mallet; and here I lived an
“ easy kind of life for five years. I only
“ wrought ten hours in the day, and
“ had my meat and drink provided for
“ my labour. It is true, I was not suf-
“ fered to stir out of the house, for fear,
“ as they said, I should run away; but
“ what of that, I had the liberty of the
“ whole house, and the yard before the
“ door, and that was enough for me. I
“ was then bound out to a farmer, where
“ I was up both early and late; but I
“ ate and drank well, and liked my bu-
“ siness well enough, till he died,
“ when I was obliged to provide for
“ myself; so I was resolved to go seek
“ my fortune.

“ In

“ In this manner I went from town
“ to town , worked when I could get
“ employment, and starved when I could
“ get none: when happening one day to
“ go through a field belonging to a justice
“ of peace , I spy’d a hare crossing the
“ path just before me ; and I believe the
“ devil put it in my head to fling my stick
“ at it : — well , what will you have
“ on’t? I killed the hare, and was brin-
“ ging it away , when the justice him-
“ self met me : he called me a poacher
“ and a villain ; and collaring me , de-
“ fired I would give an account of myself;
“ I fell upon my knees , begged his wor-
“ ship’s pardon, and began to give a full
“ account of all that I knew of my breed,
“ feed , and generation ; but, though
“ I gave a very true account, the justice
“ said I could give no account, so I was
“ indicted at sessions , found guilty of
“ being poor, and sent up to London to
“ Newgate , in order to be transported
“ as a vagabond.

“ People may say this and that of
“ being in jail ; but, for my part, I
“ found

“ found Newgate as agreeable a place as
“ ever I was in all my life. I had my
“ belly-full to eat and drink, and did no
“ work at all. This kind of life was too
“ good to last for ever; so I was taken
“ out of prison, after five months, put
“ on board a ship, and sent off, with
“ two hundred more, to the plantations.
“ We had but an indifferent passage: for,
“ being all confined in the hold, more
“ than a hundred of our people died for
“ want of sweet air: and those that re-
“ mained were sickly enough, God knows.
“ When we came a-shore, we were sold
“ to the planters, and I was bound for
“ seven years more. As I was no scholar,
“ for I did not know my letters, I was
“ obliged to work among the negroes;
“ and I served out my time, as in duty
“ bound to do.

“ When my time was expired, I
“ worked my passage home, and glad I
“ was to see Old England again, because
“ I loved my country. I was afraid,
“ however, that I should be indicted for
“ a vagabond once more, so did not
“ much

“ much care to do go down into the
“ country, but kept about the town,
“ and did little jobbs when I could get
“ them.

“ I was very happy in this manner
“ for some time, till one evening, co-
“ ming home from work, two men
“ knocked me down, and then desired
“ me to stand. They belonged to a press-
“ gang: I was carried before the justice,
“ and, as I could give no account of
“ myself, I had my choice left, whether
“ to go on board a man of war, or list
“ for a soldier: I chose the latter; and,
“ in this post of a gentleman, I served
“ two campaigns in Flanders, was at
“ the battles of Val and Fontenoy, and
“ received but one wound, through the
“ breast here; but the doctor of our regi-
“ ment soon made me well again.

“ When the peace came on, I was dis-
“ charged; and, as I could not work,
“ because my wound was sometimes trou-
“ ble-some, I listed for a land-man in the
“ East-India company's service. I have
“ fought

“ fought the French in six pitched battles;
“ and I verily believe, that, if I could
“ read or write, our captain would have
“ made me a corporal. But it was not
“ my good fortune to have any promo-
“ tion; for I soon fell sick, and so got
“ leave to return home again with forty
“ pounds in my pocket. This was at the
“ beginning of the present war, and I
“ hoped to be set on shore and to have
“ the pleasure of spending my money;
“ but the government wanted men, and
“ so I was pressed for a sailor before ever
“ I could set foot on shore.

“ The boatswain found me, as he
“ said, an obstinate fellow: he swore
“ he knew that I understood my business
“ well, but that I shammed Abraham,
“ to be idle: but, God knows, I knew
“ nothing of sea-business, and he beat
“ me, without considering what he was
“ about. I had still, however, my
“ forty pounds, and that was some
“ comfort to me under every beating;
“ and the money I might have had to
“ this

“ this day, but that our ship was taken
“ by the French, and so I lost all.

“ Our crew was carried into Brest,
“ and many of them died, because they
“ were not used to live in a jail; but,
“ for my part, it was nothing to me, for
“ I was seasoned. One night, as I was
“ asleep on the bed of boards, with a
“ warm blanket about me, for I always
“ loved to lie well, I was awakened by
“ the boatswain, who had a dark lan-
“ thorn in his hand. Jack, says he to me,
“ will you knock out the French centry’s
“ brains? I don’t care, says I, striving
“ to keep myself awake, if I lend a
“ hand. ‘Then follow me, says he, and
“ I hope we shall do business. So up I
“ got, and tied my blanket, which was
“ all the cloaths I had, about my middle,
“ and went with him to fight the
“ Frenchman. I hate the French, be-
“ cause they are all slaves, and wear
“ wooden shoes.

“ Though we had no arms, one
“ Englishman is able to beat five French
“ at

“ at any time ; so we went down to the
“ door , were both the centries were
“ posted , and rushing upon them , sei-
“ zed their arms in a moment , and kno-
“ cked them down. From thence nine of
“ us ran together to the quay , and sei-
“ zing the first boat we met , got out of
“ the harbour and put to sea. We had
“ not been here three days before we we-
“ re taken up by the Dorset privateer ,
“ who were glad of so many good hands ,
“ and we consented to run our chance.
“ However , we had not as much luck
“ as we expected. In three days we
“ fell in with the Pompadour privateer ,
“ of forty guns , while we had but
“ twenty - three ; so to it we went ,
“ yard - arm and yard - arm. The fight
“ lasted for three hours , and I verily
“ believe we should have taken the
“ Frenchman , had we but had some
“ more men left behind ; but , unfor-
“ tunately , we lost all our men just as
“ we were going to get the victory.

“ I was once more in the power of
“ the French , and I believe it would
“ have

“ have gone hard with me had I been
“ brought back to Brest; but, by good
“ fortune, we were retaken by the Vi-
“ per. I had almost forgot to tell you,
“ that, in that engagement, I was
“ wounded in two places: I lost four
“ fingers off the left hand, and my leg
“ was shot off. If I had the good for-
“ tune to have lost my leg and use of
“ my hand on board a king's ship, and
“ not a-board a privateer, I should ha-
“ ve been entitled to cloathing and main-
“ tenance during the rest of my life;
“ but that was not my chance: one
“ man is born with a silver spoon in his
“ mouth, and another with a wooden
“ ladle. However, blessed be God, I
“ enjoy good health, and will for ever
“ love liberty and Old England. Liber-
“ ty, property, and Old England, for
“ ever, huzza!”

Thus saying, he limped off, lea-
ving me in admiration of his intrepidi-
ty and content; nor could I avoid ac-
knowledging, that an habitual acquaint-

tance with misery serves better than philosophy to teach us to despise it.



No. 27. On Intrepidity in Death.

I AM very much pleased with a consolatory letter of Phalaris, to one who had lost a son that was a young man of great merit. The thought with which he comforts the afflicted father, is, to the best of my memory, as follows; that he should consider death had set a kind of seal upon his son's character, and placed him out of the reach of vice and infamy: that while he lived he was still within the possibility of falling away from virtue, and losing the fame of which he was possessed. Death only closes a man's reputation, and determines it as good or bad.

This, among other motives, may be one reason why we are naturally averse to the launching out into a man's praise
until

until his head is laid in the dust. Whilst he is capable of changing, we may be forced to retract our opinions. He may forfeit the esteem we have conceived of him, and some time or other appear to us under a different light from what he does at present. In short, as the life of any man cannot be called happy or unhappy, so neither can it be pronounced vicious or virtuous, before the conclusion of it.

It was upon this consideration, that Epaminondas, being asked whether Chabrias, Iphicrates, or he himself, deserved most to be esteemed? You must first see us die, saith he, before that question can be answered.

As there is not a more melancholy consideration to a good man than his being obnoxious to such a change, so there is nothing more glorious than to keep up an uniformity in his actions and preserve the beauty of his character to the last.

The end of a man's life is often compared to the winding up of a well-written play, where the principal persons still act in character, whatever the fate is which they undergo. There is scarce a great person in the Grecian or Roman history, whose death has not been remarked upon by some writer or other, and censured or applauded according to the genius or principles of the person who has descanted on it. Monsieur de St. Evremond is very particular in setting forth the constancy and courage of Petronius Arbiter during his last moments, and thinks he discovers in them a greater firmness of mind and resolution than in the death of Seneca, Cato, or Socrates. There is no question but this polite author's affectation of appearing singular in his remarks, and making discoveries which had escaped the observation of others, threw him into this course of reflexion. It was Petronius's merit, that he died in the same gaiety of temper in which he lived; but as his life was altogether loose and dissolute, the indifference which he shewed at the close of it is to be looked upon as a
piece

piece of natural carelessness and levity, rather than fortitude. The resolution of Socrates proceeded from very different motives, the consciousness of a well-spent life, and the prospect of a happy eternity. If the ingenious author abovementioned was so pleased with gaiety of humour in a dying man, he might have found a much nobler instance of it in our countryman Sir Thomas More.

This great and learned man was famous for enlivening his ordinary discourses with wit and pleasantry; and, as Erasmus tells him in an epistle dedicatory, acted in all parts of life like a second Democritus.

He died upon a point of religion, and is respected as a martyr by that side for which he suffered. That innocent mirth, which had been so conspicuous in his life, did not forsake him to the last: he maintained the same chearfulness of heart upon the scaffold, which he used to shew at his table; and upon laying his head on the block, gave instances of that good hu-

mour with which he had always entertained his friends in the most ordinary occurrences. His death was of a piece with his life. There was nothing in it new, forced, or affected. He did not look upon the severing his head from his body as a circumstance that ought to produce any change in the disposition of his mind; and as he died under a fixed and settled hope of immortality, he thought any unusual degree of sorrow and concern improper, on such an occasion as had nothing in it which could deject or terrify him.

There is no great danger of imitation from this example. Men's natural fears will be a sufficient guard against it. I shall only observe, that what was philosophy in this extraordinary man, would be frenzy in one who does not resemble him as well in the chearfulness of his temper, as in the sanctity of his life and manners.

I shall conclude this paper with the instance of a person who seems to me to have shewn more intrepidity and greatness of soul in his dying moments, than
what

what we meet with among any of the most celebrated Greeks and Romans. I met with this instance in the History of the Revolutions of Portugal, written by the Abbot de Vertot.

When Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, had invaded the territories of Muli Moluc, Emperor of Marocco, in order to dethrone him, and set his crown upon the head of his nephew, Moluc was wearing away with a distemper which he himself knew was incurable. However, he prepared for the reception of so formidable an enemy. He was indeed so far spent with his sickness, that he did not expect to live out the whole day, when the last decisive battle was given; but knowing the fatal consequences that would happen to his children and people, in case he should die before he put an end to that war, he commanded his principal officers, that if he died during the engagement, they should conceal his death from the army, and that they should ride up to the litter in which his corpse was carried, under pretence of receiving or-

ders from him as unusual. Before the battle begun, he was carried through all the ranks of his army in an open litter, as they stood drawn up in array, encouraging them to fight valiantly, in defence of their religion and country. Finding afterwards the battle to go against him, though he was very near his last agonies, he threw himself out of his litter, rallied his army, and led them on to the charge; which afterwards ended in a complete victory on the side of the Moors. He had no sooner brought his men to the engagement, but finding himself utterly spent, he was again replaced in his litter, where laying his finger on his mouth, to enjoin secrecy to his officers, who stood about him, he died a few moments after in that posture.



No. 27. Patience and Generosity, in Death.

AS the Spectator is in a kind a paper of news from the natural world, as others are from the busy and politic part of mankind, I shall translate the following letter written to an eminent French gentleman in this town from Paris, which gives us the exit of a heroine who is a pattern of patience and generosity.

" SIR, Paris, April 18, 1712.

“ IT is so many years since you left
“ your native country, that I am to tell you
“ the characters of your nearest relations as
“ much as if you were an utter stranger
“ to them. The occasion of this is to give
“ you an account of the death of Madam
“ de Villacerfe, whose departure out of
“ this life I know not whether a man of
“ your philosophy will call unfortunate
“ or not, since it was attended with so-
“ me circumstances as much to be desired

“ as to be lamented. She was her whole
“ life happy in an uninterrupted health,
“ and was always honoured for an even-
“ ness of temper and greatness of mind.
“ On the 10th instant that lady was taken
“ with an indisposition which confined her
“ to her chamber, but was such as was
“ too slight to make her take a sick bed,
“ and yet too grievous to admit of any sa-
“ tisfaction in being out of it. It is noto-
“ riously known that some years ago Mon-
“ sieur Festeau, one of the most confi-
“ derable surgeons in Paris, was despe-
“ rately in love with this lady: her qua-
“ lity placed her above any application to
“ her on the account of his passion: but
“ as a woman always has some regard to
“ the person whom she believes to be her
“ real admirer, she now took it in her
“ head (upon advice of her physicians to
“ lose some of her blood) to send for Mon-
“ sieur Festeau on that occasion. I hap-
“ pened to be there at that time, and my
“ near relation gave me the privilege to be
“ present. As soon as her arm was strip-
“ ped bare, and he began to press it in
“ order to raise the vein, his colour
“ changed,

“ changed, and I observed him seized
“ with a sudden tremor, which made
“ me take the liberty to speak of it to my
“ cousin with some apprehension: she
“ smiled, and said, she knew Mr. Fe-
“ steau had no inclination to do her injury.
“ He seemed to recover himself, and
“ smiling also proceeded in his work. Im-
“ mediately after the operation he cried
“ out, that he was the most unfortunate of
“ all men, for that he had opened an ar-
“ tery instead of a vein. It is as impossi-
“ ble to express the artist’s distraction as
“ the patient’s composure. I will not
“ dwell on little circumstances, but go
“ on to inform you, that within three
“ days time it was thought necessary to
“ take off her arm. She was so far from
“ using Festeau, as it would be natural
“ for one of a lower spirit to treat him,
“ that she would not let him be absent
“ from any consultation about her present
“ condition, and on every occasion asked
“ whether he was satisfied in the measu-
“ res that were taken about her. Before
“ this last operation she ordered her will
“ to be drawn, and after having been
“ about

“ about a quarter of an hour alone, she
“ bid the surgeons, of whom poor Fe-
“ steau was one, go on in their work.
“ I know not how to give you the terms
“ of art, but there appeared such symp-
“ toms after the amputation of her arm,
“ that it was visible she could not live four
“ and twenty hours. Her behaviour was
“ so magnanimous throughout this whole
“ affair, that I was particularly curious
“ in taking notice of what passed, as her
“ fate approached nearer and nearer, and
“ took notes of what she said to all about
“ her, particularly word for word what
“ she spoke to Mr. Festeau, which was
“ as follows:

“ Sir, you give me inexpressible
“ sorrow for the anguish with which I see
“ you overwhelmed. I am removed to all
“ intents and purposes from the interests
“ of human life, therefore I am to begin
“ to think like one wholly unconcerned
“ in it. I do not consider you as one by
“ whose error I have lost my life; no,
“ you are my benefactor as you have ha-
“ stened my entrance into a happy immor-
“ tality.

“ tality. This is my sense of this acci-
“ dent; but the world in which you live
“ may have thoughts of it to your disad-
“ vantage; I have therefore taken care
“ to provide for you in my will, and ha-
“ ve placed you above what you have
“ to fear from their ill-nature. ”

“ While this excellent woman spoke
“ these words, Festeau looked as if he
“ received a condemnation to die, instead
“ of a pension for his life. Madam de
“ Villacerfe lived till eight of the clock
“ the next night, and though she must
“ have laboured under the most exquisite
“ torments, she possessed her mind with
“ so wonderful a patience, that one may
“ rather say she ceased to breathe than she
“ died at that hour. You, who had not
“ the happiness to be personally known to
“ this lady, have nothing to do but to rejoy-
“ ce in the honour you had of being rela-
“ ted to so great merit; but we, who
“ have lost her conversation, cannot so
“ easily resign our own happiness by re-
“ flexion upon hers.

“ I am

“ I am , Sir , your affectionate kinsman ,

“ and most obedient , humble servant ,

“ Paul Regnaud. ”

There hardly can be a greater instance of an heroic mind , than the unprejudiced manner in which this lady weighed this misfortune. The regard of life itself could not make her overlook the contrition of the unhappy man , whose more than ordinary concern for her was all his guilt. It would certainly be of singular use to human society to have an exact account of this lady's ordinary conduct , which was crowned by so uncommon magnanimity. Such greatness was not to be acquired in the last article , nor is it to be doubted but it was a constant practice of all that is praise-worthy , which made her capable of beholding death , not as the dissolution , but consummation of her life.



No. 28. The best method for confuting Slander.

I HAVE been very often tempted to write invectives upon those who have detracted from my works, or spoken in derogation of my person, but I look upon it as a particular happiness, that I have always hindered my resentments from proceeding to this extremity. I once had gone through half a satire, but found so many motions of humanity rising in me towards the persons whom I had severely treated, that I threw it into the fire without ever finishing it. I have been angry enough to make several little epigrams and lampoons; and after having admired them a day or two, have likewise committed them to the flames. These I look upon as so many sacrifices to humanity, and have received much greater satisfaction from the suppressing such performances, than I could have done from any reputation they might have procured me,
or

or from any mortification they might have given my enemies, in case I had made them public. If a man has any talent in writing, it shews a good mind to forbear answering calumnies and reproaches in the same spirit of bitterness with which they are offered: but when a man has been at some pains in making suitable returns to an enemy, and has the instruments of revenge in his hands, to let drop his wrath, and stifle his resentments, seems to have something in it great and heroical. There is a particular merit in such a way of forgiving an enemy; and the more violent and unprovoked the offence has been, the greater still is the merit of him who thus forgives it.

I never met with a consideration that is more finely spun, and what has better pleased me, than one in Epictetus, which places an enemy in a new light, and gives us a view of him altogether different from that in which we are used to regard him. The sense of it is as follows: Does a man reproach thee for being proud or ill-natured,

tured, envious or conceited, ignorant or detracting? Consider with thyself whether his reproaches are true: if they are not, consider that thou art not the person whom he reproaches, but that he reviles an imaginary being, and perhaps loves what thou really art, though he hates what thou appearest to be. If his reproaches are true, if thou art the envious ill-natur'd man he takes thee for, give thyself another turn, become mild, affable and obliging, and his reproaches of thee naturally cease: his reproaches may indeed continue, but thou art no longer the person whom he reproaches.

I often apply this rule to myself; and when I hear of a satirical speech or writing that is aimed at me, I examine my own heart, whether I deserve it or not. If I bring in a verdict against myself, I endeavour to rectify my conduct for the future in those particulars which have drawn the censure upon me; but if the whole invective be grounded upon a falsehood, I trouble myself no further about it, and look upon my name at the head of

it to signify no more than one of those fictitious names made use of by an author to introduce an imaginary character. Why should a man be sensible of the sting of a reproach who is a stranger to the guilt that is implied in it? or subject himself to the penalty, when he knows he has never committed the crime? This is a piece of fortitude, which every one owes to his own innocence, and without which it is impossible for a man of any merit or figure to live at peace with himself in a country that abounds with wit and liberty.

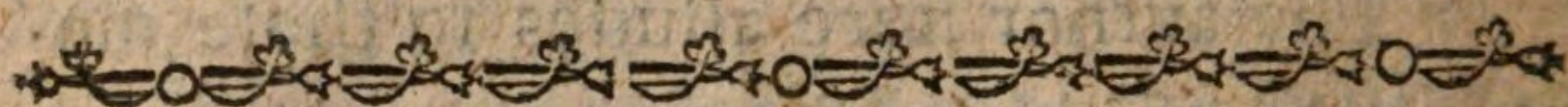
The famous Monsieur Balzac, in a letter to the chancellor of France, who had prevented the publication of a book against him, has the following words which are a lively picture of the greatness of mind so visible in the works of that author. “ If it was a new thing, it may be
“ I should not be displeased with the suppression of the first libel that should abuse me; but since there are enough of
“ them to make a small library, I am secretly pleased to see the number increased, and take delight in raising a heap
“ of

“ of stones that envy has cast at me with-
“ out doing me any harm.”

The author here alludes to those monuments of the eastern nations, which were mountains of stones raised upon the dead body by travellers, that used to cast every one his stone upon it as they passed by. It is certain that no monument is so glorious as one which is thus raised by the hands of envy. For my part, I admire an author for such a temper of mind as enables him to bear an undeserved reproach without resentment, more than for all the wit of any of the finest satirical reply.

I shall conclude with the fable of Boccalini's traveller, who was so pestered with the noise of grasshoppers in his ears, that he alighted from his horse in great wrath to kill them all. This, says the author, was troubling himself to no manner of purpose: had he pursued his journey without taking notice of them, the troublesome insects would have died of

themselves in a very few weeks, and he would have suffered nothing from them.



No. 29. On Constancy.

SOME years since I was engaged with a coach - full of friends to take a journey as far as the Land's End. We were very well pleased with one another the first day; every one endeavouring to recommend himself by his good humour, and complaisance to the rest of the company. This good correspondence did not last long; one of our party was soured the very first evening, by a plate of butter which had not been melted to his mind, and which spoiled his temper to such a degree, that he continued upon the fret to the end of our journey. A second fell off from his good humour the next morning, for no other reason, that I could imagine, but because I chanced to step into the coach before him, and place myself on the shady side. This, however, was but my own private guess;

guess; for he did not mention a word of it, nor indeed of any thing else, for three days following. The rest of our company held out very near half the way, when on a sudden Mr. Sprightly fell a sleep; and instead of endeavouring to divert and oblige us, as he had hitherto done, carried himself with an unconcerned, careless, drowsy behaviour, until we came to our last stage. There were three of us who still held up our heads, and did all we could to make our journey agreeable; but, to my shame be it spoken, about three miles on this side Exeter, I was taken with an unaccountable fit of fullness, that hung upon me for above threescore miles; whether it were for want of respect, or from an accidental tread upon my foot, or from a foolish maid's calling me "The old Gentleman," I cannot tell. In short, there was but one who kept his good humour to the Land's End.

There was another coach that went along with us, in which I likewise observed, that there were many secret jealousies, heart-burnings, and animosities: For

when we joined companies at night, I could not but take notice that the passengers neglected their own company, and studied how to make themselves esteemed by us, who were altogether strangers to them; until at length they grew so well acquainted with us, that they liked us as little as they did one another. When I reflect upon this journey, I often fancy it to be a picture of human life, in respect to the several friendships, contracts, and alliances, that are made and dissolved in the several periods of it. The most delightful and most lasting engagements are generally those which pass between man and woman; and yet upon what trifles are they weakened, or entirely broken? Sometimes the parties fly asunder even in the midst of courtship, and sometimes grow cool in the very honey-month. Some separate before the first child, and some after the fifth; others continue good until thirty, others until forty; while some few, whose Souls are of an happier make, and better fitted to one another, travel on together to the end of their journey in a continual

tinual intercourse of kind offices, and mutual endearments.

When we therefore choose our companions for life, if we hope to keep both them and ourselves in good humour to the last stage of it, we must be extremely careful in the choice we make, as well as in the conduct on our part. When the persons to whom we join ourselves can stand an examination, and bear the scrutiny; when they mend upon our acquaintance with them, and discover new beauties, the more we search into their characters, our love will naturally rise in proportion to their perfections.

But because there are very few possessed of such accomplishments of body and mind, we ought to look after those qualifications, both in ourselves and others, which are indispensibly necessary towards this happy union, and which are in the power of every one to acquire, or at least to cultivate and improve. These, in my opinion, are cheerfulness and constancy. A cheerful temper, joined with innocence,

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ce,

ce, will make beauty attractive, knowledge delightful, and wit good-natured. It will lighten sickness, poverty, and affliction; convert ignorance into an amiable simplicity, and render deformity itself agreeable.

Constancy is natural to persons of even tempers and uniform dispositions; and may be acquired by those of the greatest fickleness, violence, and passion, who consider seriously the terms of union on which they come together, the mutual interest in which they are engaged, with all the motives that ought to incite their tenderness and compassion towards those, who have their dependence upon them, and are embarked with them for life in the same state of happiness or misery. Constancy, when it grows in the mind upon considerations of this nature, becomes a moral virtue, and a kind of good-nature, that is not subject to any change of health, age, fortune, or any of those accidents, which are apt to unsettle the best dispositions, that are founded rather in constitution than in reason. Where such a Constancy

stancy as this is wanting, the most inflamed passion may fall away into coldness and indifference, and the most melting tenderness degenerate into hatred and aversion. I shall conclude this Paper with a story, that is very well known in the North of England.

About thirty years ago, a packet-boat that had several passengers on board was cast away upon a rock, and in so great danger of sinking, that all who were in it endeavoured to save themselves as well as they could; though only those who could swim well had a bare possibility of doing it. Among the passengers there were two women of fashion, who, seeing themselves in such a disconsolate condition, begged of their husbands not to leave them. One of them chose rather to die with his wife, than to forsake her; the other, though he was moved with the utmost compassion for his wife, told her, that for the good of their children, it was better one of them should live, than both perish. By a great piece of good luck, next to a miracle, when one of our good men had

taken the last and long farewell in order to save himself, and the other held in his arms the person that was dearer to him than life, the ship was preserved. It is with a secret sorrow and vexation of mind that I must tell the sequel of the story, and let my reader know, that this faithful pair who were ready to have died in each other's arms, about three years after their escape, upon some trifling disgust grew to a coldness at first, and at length fell out to such a degree, that they left one another, and parted for ever. The other couple lived together in an uninterrupted friendship and felicity; and what was remarkable, the husband, whom the shipwreck had like to have separated from his wife, died a few months after her, not being able to survive the loss of her.

I must confess, there is something in the changeableness and inconstancy of human nature, that very often both dejects and terrifies me. Whatever I am at present, I tremble to think what I may be.

While

While I find this principle in me, how can I assure myself that I shall be always true to my God, my friend, or myself? In short, without Constancy, there is neither love, friendship, or virtue, in the world.



No. 30. The history of Abouzaid, the son of Morad.

AMONG the emirs and visiers, the sons of valour and of wisdom, that stand at the corners of the Indian throne, to assist the counsels or conduct the wars of the posterity of Timur, the first place was long held by Morad the son of Hanuth. Morad having signalized himself in many battles and sieges, was rewarded with the government of a province, from which the fame of his wisdom and moderation was wafted to the pinnacles of Agra, by the prayers of those whom his administration made happy. The emperor called him into his presence, and gave into his hand the
keys

keys of riches, and the sabre of command. The voice of Morad was heard from the cliffs of Taurus to the Indian ocean, every tongue faltered in his presence, and every eye was cast down before him.

Morad lived many years in prosperity; every day increased his wealth, and extended his influence. The sages repeated his maxims, the captains of thousands waited his commands. Competition withdrew into the cavern of envy, and discontent trembled at her own murmurs. But human greatness is short and transitory, as the odour of incense in the fire. The sun grew weary of gilding the palaces of Morad, the clouds of sorrow gathered round his head, and the tempest of hatred roared about his dwelling.

Morad saw ruin hastily approaching. The first that forsook him were his poets; their example was followed by all those whom he had rewarded for contributing to his pleasures, and only a few, whose virtue had entitled them to favour, were now to be seen in his hall or chambers. He

He felt his danger, and prostrated himself at the foot of the throne. His accusers were confident and loud, his friends stood contented with frigid neutrality, and the voice of truth was overborn by clamour. He was divested of his power, deprived of his acquisitions, and condemned to pass the rest of his life on his hereditary estate.

Morad had been so long accustomed to crouds and business, supplicants and flattery, that he knew not how to fill up his hours in solitude; he saw with regret the sun rise to force on his eye a new day for which he had no use; and envied the savage that wanders in the desert, because he has no time vacant from the calls of nature, but is always chasing his prey, or sleeping in his den.

His discontent in time vitiated his constitution, and a slow disease seized upon him. He refused physick, neglected exercise, and lay down on his couch peevish and restless, rather afraid to die than desirous to live. His domesticks, for a time,

me, redoubled their assiduities; but finding that no officiousness could soothe, nor exactness satisfy, they soon gave way to negligence and sloth, and he that once commanded nations, often languished in his chamber without an attendant.

In this melancholy state, he commanded messengers to recall his eldest son Abouzaid from the army. Abouzaid was alarmed at the account of his father's sickness, and hastened by long journeys to his place of residence. Morad was yet living, and felt his strength return at the embraces of his son, then commanding him to sit down at his bedside, "Abouzaid," says he, "thy father has no more to hope or fear
"from the inhabitants of the earth, the
"cold hand of the angel of death is now upon him, and the voracious grave is howling for his prey. Hear therefore the
"precepts of ancient experience, let not
"my last instructions issue forth in vain.
"Thou hast seen me happy and calamitous, thou hast beheld my exaltation
"and my fall. My power is in the hands
"of my enemies, my treasures have re-
"warded

“warded my accusers; but my inheritance the clemency of the emperor has spared, and my wisdom his anger could not take away. Cast thine eyes round thee, whatever thou beholdest will, in a few hours, be thine; apply thine ear to my dictates, and these possessions will promote thy happiness. Aspire not to publick honours, enter not the palaces of kings; thy wealth will set thee above insult, let thy moderation keep thee below envy. Content thyself with private dignity, diffuse thy riches among thy friends, let every day extend thy beneficence, and suffer not thy heart to be at rest till thou art loved by all to whom thou art known. In the height of my power, I said to defamation, Who will hear thee? and to artifice, What canst thou perform? But, my son, despise not thou the malice of the weakest: remember that venom supplies the want of strength, and that the lion may perish by the puncture of an asp.”

Morad

Morad expired in a few hours. Abouzaid, after the months of mourning, determined to regulate his conduct by his father's precepts, and cultivate the love of mankind by every art of kindness and endearment. He wisely considered, that domestick happiness was first to be secured, and that none have so much power of doing good or hurt, as those who are present in the hour of negligence, hear the bursts of thoughtless merriment, and observe the starts of unguarded passion. He therefore augmented the pay of all his attendants, and requited every exertion of uncommon diligence by supernumerary gratuities. While he congratulated himself upon the fidelity and affection of his family, he was in the night alarmed with robbers, who being pursued and taken, declared that they had been admitted by one of his servants; the servant immediately confessed, that he unbarred the door, because another not more worthy of confidence was entrusted with the keys.

Abouzaid

Abouzaid was thus convinced that a dependant could not easily be made a friend ; and that while many were soliciting for the first rank of favour, all those would be alienated whom he disappointed. He therefore resolved to associate with a few equal companions selected from among the chief men of the province. With these he lived happily for a time, till familiarity set them free from restraint, and every man thought himself at liberty to indulge his own caprice, and advance his own opinions. They then disturbed each other with contrariety of inclinations, and difference of sentiments, and Abouzaid was necessitated to offend one party by concurrence, or both by indifference.

He afterwards determined to avoid a close union with beings so discordant in their nature, and to diffuse himself in a larger circle. He practised the smile of universal courtesy, and invited all to his table, but admitted none to his retirements. Many who had been rejected in his choice of friendship, now refused to accept his acquaintance ; and of those

whom plenty and magnificence drew to his table, every one pressed forward toward intimacy, thought himself overlooked in the croud, and murmured because he was not distinguished above the rest. By degrees all made advances and all resented repulse. The table was then covered with delicacies in vain; the musick sounded in empty rooms; and Abouzaid was left to form in solitude some new scheme of pleasure or security.

Resolving now to try the force of gratitude, he enquired for men of science, whose merit was obscured by poverty. His house was soon crouded with poets, sculptors, painters, and designers, who wantoned in unexperienced plenty, and employed their powers in celebration of their patron. But in a short time they forgot the distress from which they had been rescued, and began to consider their deliverer as a wretch of narrow capacity, who was growing great by works which he could not perform, and whom they overpaid by condescending to accept his bounties. Abouzaid heard their murmurs
and

and dismissed them, and from that hour continued blind to colours, and deaf to panegyrick.

As the sons of art departed, muttering threats of perpetual infamy, Abouzaid, who stood at the gate, called to him Hamet the poet. "Hamet," said he "thy
" ingratitude has put an end to my hopes
" and experiments: I have now learned
" the vanity of those labours that wish to
" be rewarded by human benevolence; I
" shall henceforth do good, and avoid
" evil, without respect to the opinion of
" men; and resolve to solicit only the ap-
" probation of that Being whom alone we
" are sure to please by endeavouring to
" please him."



No. 51. On Friendship.

ONE would think that the larger the company is in which we are engaged, the greater variety of thoughts and subjects would be started in discourse; but, instead of this, we find that conversation is never so much straitened and confined as in numerous assemblies. When a multitude meet together upon any subject of discourse, their debates are taken up chiefly with forms and general positions; nay, if we come into a more contracted assembly of men and women, the talk generally runs upon the weather, fashions, news, and the like public topics. In proportion as conversation gets into clubs and knots of friends, it descends into particulars, and grows more free and communicative: but the most open, instructive, and unreserved discourse, is that which passes between two persons who are familiar and intimate friends. On these occasions, a man gives a loose to every passion and every thought that

that is uppermost, discovers his most retired opinions of persons and things, tries the beauty and strength of his sentiments, and exposes his whole soul to the examination of his friend.

Tully was the first who observed, that friendship improves happiness and abates misery, by the doubling of our joy and dividing of our grief; a thought in which he hath been followed by all the essayers upon friendship, that have written since his time. Sir Francis Bacon has finely described other advantages, or, as he calls them, fruits of friendship; and indeed there is no subject of morality which has been better handled and more exhausted than this. Among the several fine things which have been spoken of it, I shall beg leave to quote some out of a very ancient author, whose book would be regarded by our modern wits as one of the most shining tracts of morality that is extant, if it appeared under the name of a Confucius, or of any celebrated Grecian philosopher: I mean the little apocryphal treatise entitled: The wisdom of the Son

of Sirach. How finely has he described the art of making friends, by an obliging and affable behaviour; and laid down that precept which a late excellent author has delivered as his own: “That
“ we should have many well-wishers, but
“ few friends?” “Sweet language will
“ multiply friends; and a fair-speaking
“ tongue will increase kind greetings. Be
“ in peace with many, nevertheless have
“ but one counsellor of a thousand.” With
what prudence does he caution us in the
choice of our friends; and with what strokes
of nature, I could almost say of humour,
has he described the behaviour of a treacherous
and self-interested friend?
“ If thou wouldst get a friend, prove him
“ first, and be not hasty to credit him: for
“ some man is a friend for his own occasion,
“ and will not abide in the day of
“ thy trouble. And there is a friend,
“ who being turned to enmity and strife,
“ will discover thy reproach.” Again,
“ Some friend is a companion at the table,
“ and will not continue in the day of thy
“ affliction: but in thy prosperity he will
“ be as thyself, and will be bold over thy
“ ser-

“servants. If thou be brought low he
“will be against thee, and hide himself
“from thy face.” What can be more
strong and pointed than the following ver-
se? “Separate thyself from thine ene-
“mies, and take heed of thy friends.”
In the next words he particularizes one of
those fruits of friendship which is descri-
bed at length by the two famous authors
above-mentioned, and falls into a general
elogium of friendship, which is very just
as well as very sublime. “A faithful
“friend is a strong defence; and he that
“hath found such an one, hath found a
“treasure. Nothing doth countervail a
“faithful friend, and his excellency is un-
“valuable. A faithful friend is the me-
“decine of life; and they that fear the
“Lord shall find him. Whoso feareth the
“Lord shall direct his friendship aright;
“for as he is, so shall his neighbour,” that
is, his friend, “be also.” I do not re-
member to have met with any saying that
has pleased me more than that of a friend’s
being the medecine of life, to express the
efficacy of friendship in healing the pains and
anguish that naturally cleave to our existen-

ce in this world ; and am wonderfully pleased with the turn in the last sentence. That a virtuous man shall as a blessing meet with a friend who is as virtuous as himself. There is another saying in the same author , which would have been very much admired in an heathen writer ; “ Forfake not an old friend , for the new “ is not comparable to him : a new friend “ is as new wine ; when it is old thou shalt “ drink it with pleasure. ” With what strength of allusion, and force of thought, he has described the breaches and violations of friendship ? “ Who so casteth “ a stone at the birds frayeth them away “ and he that upbraideth his friend, break- “ eth friendship. Tho’ thou drawest a “ sword at a friend , yet despair not ; “ for there may be a returning to fa- “ vour : if thou hast opened thy mouth “ against thy friend, fear not ; for there “ may be a reconciliation ; except for “ upbraiding, or pride , or disclosing of “ secrets, or a treacherous wound ; for , “ for these things every friend will de- “ part. ” We may observe in this, and several other precepts in this author, those

those little familiar instances and illustrations which are so much admired in the moral writings of Horace and Epictetus. There are very beautiful instances of this nature in the following passages, which are likewise written upon the same subject: “Whofo discovereth secrets, lo-
“seth his credit, and shall never find a
“friend to his mind. Love thy friend,
“and be faithful unto him; but if thou
“bewrayest his secrets, follow no more
“after him: for as a man hath destroy-
“ed his enemy, so hast thou lost the
“heart of thy friend; as one that letteth a
“bird go out of his hand, so hast thou
“let thy friend go, and shalt not get
“him again; follow after him no more,
“for he is too far off; he is as a roe
“escaped out of the snare. As for a
“wound, it may be bound up, and af-
“ter reviling there may be reconcilia-
“tion; but he that bewrayeth secrets,
“is without hope.”

Among the several qualifications of a good friend, this wise man has very justly singled out constancy and faithfulness as

Hast so much wit, and mirth, and spleen
about thee,

There is no living with thee, nor with-
out thee.

It is very unlucky for a man to be entangled in a friendship with one, who by these changes and vicissitudes of humour is sometimes amiable and sometimes odious: and as most men are at some times in an admirable frame and disposition of mind, it should be one of the greatest tasks of wisdom to keep ourselves well when we are so, and never to go out of that which is the agreeable part of our character.



No. 32. On Superstition.

GOING yesterday to dine with an old acquaintance, I had the misfortune to find his whole family very much dejected. Upon asking him the occasion of it, he told me that his wife had dreamt a strange dream the night before, which they were afraid portended some misfortune to themselves or to their children. At her coming into the room I observed a settled melancholy in her countenance, which I should have been troubled for, had I not heard from whence it proceeded. We were no sooner sat down, but after having looked upon me a little while, "My dear, says she, turning to her husband, you may now see the stranger that was in the candle last night." Soon after this, as they began to talk of family affairs, a little boy at the lower end of the table told her, that he was to go into join-hand on Thursday. "Thursday! says she, no, child, if it please God, you shall not begin upon
" Chil-

“ Childermass-day; tell your writing-ma-
“ ster that Friday will be soon enough. ”
I was reflecting with myself on the oddness
of her fancy, and wondering that any bo-
dy would establish it as a rule to lose a day
in every week. In the midst of these my
mufings, she desired me to reach her a litt-
le salt upon the point of my knife, which
I did in such a trepidation and hurry of
obedience that I let it drop by the way;
at which she immediately startled, and
said it fell towards her. Upon this I look-
ed very blank; and, observing the con-
cern of the whole table, began to consider
myself, with some confusion, as a person
that had brought a disaster upon the fami-
ly. The lady, however, recovering her-
self after a little space, said to her hus-
band, with a sigh, “ My dear, misfortu-
“ nes never come single. ” My friend,
I found, acted but a under-part at his ta-
ble, and being a man of more good-nature
than understanding, thinks himself obli-
ged to fall in with all the passions and hu-
mours of his yoke-fellow: “ Do not you
“ remember, child, says she, that the
“ pigeon-house fell the very afternoon that
“ our

“ our careless wench spilt the salt upon
“ the table? Yes, says he, my dear, and
“ the next post brought us an account of
“ the battle of Almanza. ” The reader
may guess at the figure I made after ha-
ving done all this mischief. I dispatched
my dinner as soon as I could, with my
usual taciturnity; when, to my utter con-
fusion, the Lady seeing me quitting my
knife and fork, and laying them across one
another upon the plate, desired me that I
would humour her so far as to take them
out of that figure, and place them side by
side. What the absurdity was which I
had committed I did not know, but I sup-
pose there was some traditionary supersti-
tion in it; and therefore, in obedience to
the lady of the house, I disposed of my
knife and fork in two parallel lines, which
is the figure I shall always lay them in
for the future, tho’ I do not know any rea-
son for it.

It is not difficult for a man to see that
a person has conceived an aversion to him.
For my own part, I quickly found, by
the Lady’s looks, that she regarded me
as a

as a very odd kind of fellow, with an unfortunate aspect. For which reason I took my leave immediately after dinner, and withdrew to my own lodgings. Upon my return home, I fell into a profound contemplation on the evils that attend these superstitious follies of mankind; how they subject us to imaginary afflictions, and additional sorrows, that do not properly come within our lot. As if the natural calamities of life were not sufficient for it, we turn the most indifferent circumstances into misfortunes, and suffer as much from trifling accidents, as from real evils. I have known the shooting of a star spoil a night's rest; and have seen a man in love grow pale and lose his appetite, upon the plucking of a merry-thought. A screech-owl at midnight has alarmed a family more than a band of robbers; nay, the voice of a cricket hath struck more terror than the roaring of a lion. There is nothing so inconsiderable, which may not appear dreadful to an imagination that is filled with omens and prognosticks. A rusty nail, or a crooked pin, shoot up into prodigies.

I re-

I remember I was once in a mixt assembly, that was full of noise and mirth, when on a sudden an old woman unluckily observed there were thirteen of us in company. This remark struck a panic terror into several who were present, inso-much that one or two of the Ladies were going to leave the room; but a friend of mine taking notice that one of our female companions was big with child, affirmed there were fourteen in the room, and that, instead of portending one of the company should die, it plainly foretold one of them should be born. Had not my friend found out this expedient to break the omen, I question not but half the women in the company would have fallen sick that very night.

An old maid, that is troubled with the vapours, produces infinite disturbances of this kind among her friends and neighbours. I know a maiden aunt, of a great family, who is one of these antiquated Sybils, that forbodes and prophesies from one end of the year to the other. She is always seeing apparitions, and hearing death-

deathwatches; and was the other day almost frightened out of her wits by the great house-dog, that howled in the stable at a time when she lay ill of the tooth-ach. Such an extravagant cast of mind engages multitudes of people not only in impertinent terrors, but in supernumerary duties of life; and arises from that fear and ignorance which are natural to the soul of man. The horror with which we entertain the thoughts of death (or indeed of any future evil) and the uncertainty of its approach, fill a melancholy mind with innumerable apprehensions and suspicions, and consequently dispose it to the observation of groundless prodigies and predictions. For as it is the chief concern of wise men to retrench the evils of life by the reasonings of philosophy; it is the employment of fools to multiply them by the sentiments of superstition.

For my own part, I should be very much troubled were I endowed with this divining quality, though it should inform me truly of every thing that can befall me. I would not anticipate the relish of any

happiness, nor feel the weight of any misery, before it actually arrives.

I know but one way of fortifying my soul against these gloomy presages and terrors of mind, and that is, by securing to myself the friendship and protection of that Being who disposes of events, and governs futurity. He sees at one view, the whole thread of my existence, not only that part of it which I have already passed through, but that which runs forward into all the depths of eternity. When I lay me down to sleep, I recommend myself to his care; when I awake, I give myself up to his direction. Amidst all the evils that threaten me, I will look up to him for help, and question not but he will either avert them, or turn them to my advantage. Though I know neither the time nor the manner of the death I am to die, I am not at all solicitous about it; because I am sure that he knows them both, and that he will not fail to comfort and support me under them.

No. 33. A Parallel between ALEXANDER
and BAGSHOT.

MAN, though as a rational being he has thought fit to stile himself the lord of the creation, is yet frequently the voluntary slave of prejudice and custom; the most general opinions are often absurd, and the prevailing principles of action ridiculous.

It may, however, be allowed, that if in these instances reason always appeared, to be overborne by the importunity of appetite; if the future was sacrificed to the present, and hope renounced only for possession; there would not be much cause for wonder: but that man should draw absurd conclusions, contrary to his immediate interest; that he should, even at the risque of life, gratify those vices in some, which in others he punishes with a gibbet or a wheel, is in the highest degree astonishing;

X 2

nishing; and is such an instance of the weakness of our reason, and the fallibility of our judgment, as should incline us to accept with gratitude of that guidance which is from above.

But if it is strange, that one man has been immortalized as a God, and another put to death as a felon, for actions which have the same motive and the same tendency, merely because they were circumstantially different; it is yet more strange, that this difference has always been such as increases the absurdity; and that the action which exposes a man to infamy and death, wants only greater aggravation of guilt, and more extensive and pernicious effects, to render him the object of veneration and applause.

Bagshot, the robber, having lost the booty of a week among his associates at hazard, loaded his pistols, mounted his horse, and took the Kentish road, with a resolution not to return till he had recruited his purse. Within a few miles of London, just as he heard a village clock strike

strike nine, he met two gentlemen in a post-chaise, which he stopped. One of the gentlemen immediately presented a pistol, and at the same time a servant rode up armed with a blunderbuss. The robber, perceiving that he should be vigorously opposed, turned off from the chaise and discharged a pistol at the servant who instantly fell dead from his horse. The gentlemen had now leaped from the chaise: but the foremost receiving a blow on his head with the stock of the pistol that had been just fired, reeled back a few paces: the other having fired at the murderer without success, attempted to dismount him, and succeeded; but while they were grappling with each other, the villain drew a knife, and stabbed his antagonist to the heart. He then, with the calm intrepidity of a hero who is familiar with danger, proceeded to rifle the pockets of the dead; and the survivor having recovered from the blow, and being imperiously commanded to deliver, was now obliged to comply. When the victor had thus obtained the pecuniary reward of his prowess, he determined to lose no part of

the glory, which, as conqueror, was now in his power: turning, therefore, to the unhappy gentleman, whom he had plundered, he condescended to insult him with the applause of conscious superiority; he told him, that he had never robbed any persons who behaved better; and as a tribute due to the merit of the dead, and as a token of his esteem for the living, he generously threw him back a shilling to prevent his being stopped at the turnpike.

He now remounted his horse, and set off towards London: but at the turnpike, a coach that was paying the toll obstructed his way; and by the light of the flambeau that was behind it, he discovered that his coat was much stained with blood; this discovery threw him into such confusion, that he attempted to rush by; he was, however, prevented; and his appearance giving great reason to suspect his motive, he was seized and detained.

In the coach were two ladies, and a little boy about five years old. The ladies were

were greatly alarmed, when they heard that a person was taken who was supposed to have just committed a robbery and a murder: they asked many questions with great eagerness; but their enquiries were little regarded, till a gentleman rode up, who seeing their distress, offered his assistance. The elder of the two ladies acquainted him, that her husband Sir Harry Freeman was upon the road in his return from Gravesend, where he had been to receive an only son upon his arrival from India, after an absence of near six years; that herself and her daughter-in-law were come out to meet them, but were terrified with the apprehension that they might have been stopped by the man who had just been taken into custody. Their attention was now suddenly called to the other side of the coach by the child, who cried out in a transport of joy, "There is
" my grand-papa. " This was indeed the survivor of the three who had been attacked by Bagshot: he was mounted on his servant's horse, and rode slowly by the side of the chaise, in which he had just placed the body of his son, whose counte-

nance was disfigured with blood, and whose features were still impressed with the agonies of death. Who can express the grief, horror, and despair, with which a father exhibited this spectacle to a mother and a wife, who expected a son and a husband, with all the tenderness and ardour of conjugal and parental affection! who had long regretted his absence, who had anticipated the joy of his return, and were impatient to put into his arms a pledge of his love which he had never seen!

I will not attempt to describe that distress, which tears would not have suffered me to behold: let it suffice, that such was its effect upon those who were present, that the murderer was not without difficulty conducted alive to the prison; and I am confident, that few who read this story, would have heard with regret that he was torn to pieces by the way.

But before they congratulate themselves upon a sense, which always distinguishes right and wrong by spontaneous approbation

bation and censure; let them tell me, with what sentiments they read of a youthful monarch, who at the head of an army in which every man became a hero by his example, passed over mountains and deserts, in search of new territories to invade, and new potentates to conquer; who routed armies which could scarce be numbered, and took cities which weere deemed impregnable. Do they not follow him in the path of slaughter with horrid complacency? and when they see him deluge the peaceful fields of industrious simplicity with blood, and leave them desolate to the widow and the orphan of the possessor, do they not grow frantic in his praise, and concur to deify the mortal who could conquer only for glory, and return the kingdoms that he won?

To these questions, I am confident the greater part of mankind must answer in the affirmative; and yet nothing can be more absurd than their different apprehensions of the Hero and the Thief.

The conduct of Bagshot and Alexander had in general the same motives, and the same tendency; they both fought a private gratification at the expence of others; and every circumstance in which they differ, is greatly in favour of Bagshot.

Bagshot, when he had lost his last shilling, had lost the power of gratifying every appetite whether criminal or innocent; and the recovery of this power, was the object of his expedition.

Alexander, when he set out to conquer the world, possessed all that Bagshot hoped to acquire, and more; all his appetites and passions were gratified, as far as the gratification of them was possible; and as the force of temptation is always supposed proportionably to extenuate guilt, Alexander's guilt was evidently greater than Bagshot's, because it cannot be pretended that his temptation was equal.

But though Alexander could not equally increase the means of his own happiness,
yet

yet he produced much more dreadful and extensive evil to society in the attempt. Bagshot killed two men; and I have related the murder and its consequences, with such particulars as usually rouse that sensibility, which often lies torpid during narratives of general calamity. Alexander, perhaps, destroyed a million: and whoever reflects, that each individual of this number had some tender attachments which were broken by his death; some parent or wife, with whom he mingled tears in the parting embrace, and who longed with fond solicitude for his return; or, perhaps, some infant whom his labour was to feed, and his vigilance to protect; will see, that Alexander was more the pest of society than Bagshot, and more deserved a gibbet in the proportion of a million to one.

It may, perhaps, be thought absurd, to enquire into the virtues of Bagshot's character; and yet virtue has never been thought incompatible with that of Alexander. Alexander, we are told, gave proof of his greatness of mind, by his contempt
of

of danger ; but as Bagshot's danger was equally voluntary and imminent , there ought to be no doubt but that his mind was equally great. Alexander , indeed , gave back the kingdoms that he won ; but after the conquest of a kingdom , what remained for Alexander to give ? To a prince , whose country he had invaded with unprovoked hostility , and from whom he had violently wrested the blessings of peace , he gave a dominion over the widows and orphans of those he had slain , the tinsel of dependent greatness , and the badge of royal subjection. And does not Bagshot deserve equal honour , for throwing back a shilling to the man , whose person he had insulted , and whose son he had stabbed to the heart ? Alexander did not ravish or massacre the women whom he found in the tent of Darius : neither did honest Bagshot kill the gentleman whom he had plundered , when he was no longer able to resist.

If Bagshot , then , is justly dragged to prison , amidst the tumult of rage , menaces , and execrations ; let Alexander ,
whom

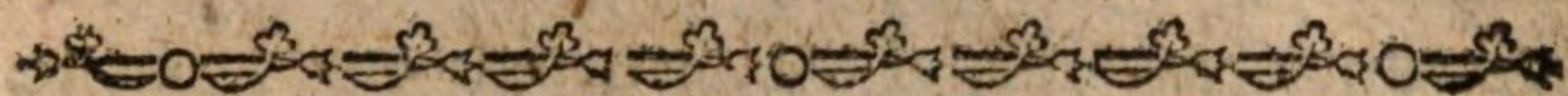
whom the lords of reason have extolled for ages, be no longer thought worthy of a triumph.

As the acquisition of honour is frequently a motive to the risque of life, it is of great importance to confer it only upon virtue; and as honour is conferred by the public voice, it is of equal moment to strip those vices of their disguise which have been mistaken for virtue. The wretches who compose the army of a tyrant, are associated by folly in the service of rapine and murder; and that men should imagine they were deserving honour by the massacre of each other, merely to flatter ambition with a new title, is, perhaps, as inscrutable a mystery as any that has perplexed reason, and as gross an absurdity as any that has disgraced it. It is not, indeed, so much to punish vice, as to prevent misery, that I wish to see it always branded with infamy: for even the successes of vice terminate in the anguish of disappointment. To Alexander, the fruit of all his conquests was tears; and whoever goes about to gratify intemperate

rate wishes, will labour to as little purpose as he who should attempt to fill a sieve with water.

I was accidentally led to pursue my subject in this train, by the sight of an historical chart, in which the rise, the progress, the declension, and duration of empire, are represented by the arrangement of different colours; and in which, not only extent, but duration is rendered a sensible object. The Grecian empire, which is distinguished by a deep red, is a long but narrow line; because, tho' Alexander marked the world with his colour from Macedonia to Egypt, yet the colours peculiar to the hereditary potentates whom he dispossessed, again took place upon his death: and indeed, the question, whose name shall be connected with a particular country as its king; is, to those who hazard life in the decision, as trifling, as whether a small spot in a chart shall be stained with red or yellow. That man should be permitted to decide such questions by means so dreadful, is a reflection under which he only can rejoice,

ce, who believes that GOD only reigns; and can appropriate the promise, that all things shall work together for good.



No. 34. The History of Santon Barfisa.

THERE is a kind of apophthegm, which I have frequently met with in my reading, to this purpose, "That there are
" few, if any books, out of which a man
" of learning may not extract something
" for his use." I have often experienced the truth of this maxim, when calling in at my bookseller's, I have taken the book next to my hand off the counter, to employ the minutes I have been obliged to linger away there, in waiting for one friend or other. Yesterday when I came there, the Turkish Tales happened to ly in my way. Upon opening of that amusing author, I happened to dip upon a short tale, which gave me a great many serious reflections. The very same fable may fall into the hands of a great many
men

men of wit and pleasure, who, it is probable, will read it with their usual levity; but since it may as probably divert and instruct a great many persons of plain and virtuous minds, I shall make no scruple of making it the entertainment of this day's paper. The moral to be drawn from it is entirely Christian, and is so very obvious, that I shall leave to every reader the pleasure of picking it out for himself. I shall only promise, to obviate any offence that may be taken, that a great many notions in the Mahometan religion are borrowed from the Holy Scriptures.

The HISTORY of SANTON BARSISA.

THERE was formerly a Santon whose name was Barsisa, who for the space of an hundred years very fervently applied himself to prayer: and scarce ever went out of the grotto in which he made his residence, for fear of exposing himself to the danger of offending God. He fasted in the day-time, and watched in the night. All the inhabitants of the country had such a
great

great veneration for him, and so highly valued his prayers, that they commonly applied to him when they had any favour to beg of Heaven. When he made vows for the health of a sick person, the patient was immediately cured.

It happened that the daughter of the king of that country fell into a dangerous distemper, the cause of which the physicians could not discover, yet they continued prescribing remedies by guess; but instead of helping the princess, they only augmented her disease. In the mean time, the king was inconsolable; for he passionately loved his daughter; wherefore one day, finding all human assistance vain, he declared it as his opinion, that the princess ought to be sent to the Santon Barfisa.

All the Beys applauded his sentiment, and the king's officers conducted her to the Santon; who, notwithstanding his frozen age, could not see such a beauty without being sensibly moved. He gazed on her with pleasure; and the

devil taking this opportunity, whispered in his ear thus; “ O Santon ! don’t let
“ slip such a fortunate minute: tell the
“ King’s servants, that it is requisite for
“ the princess to pass this night in the
“ grotto, to see whether it will please
“ God to cure her; that you will put
“ up a prayer for her, and that they
“ need only come to fetch her to-mor-
“ row. ”

How weak is man! The Santon followed the devil’s advice, and did what he suggested to him. But the officers, before they would yield to leave the princess, sent one of their number to know the king’s pleasure. The monarch, who had an entire confidence in Barsisa, never in the least scrupled the trusting of his daughter with him. “ I consent, ” said he, “ that she stay with that holy man, and
“ that he keep her as long as he pleases:
“ I am wholly satisfied on that head. ”

When the officers had received the king’s answer, they all retired, and the princess remained alone with the hermit.

Night

Night being come, the devil presented himself to the Santon, saying, "Canst thou
" let slip so favourable an opportunity with
" so charming a creature? Fear not her
" telling of the violence you offer her; if
" she were even so indiscreet as to reveal
" it, who will believe her? The court,
" the city, and all the world, are too
" much prepossessed in your favour, to
" give any credit to such a report. You
" may do any thing unpunished, when
" armed by the great reputation for wisdom,
" which you have acquired." The
unfortunate Barfisa was so weak as to hearken to the enemy of mankind. He approached the princess, took her into his arms, and in a moment cancelled a virtue of an hundred years duration.

He had no sooner perpetrated his crime, than a thousand avenging horrors haunted him night and day. He thus accosts the devil: "O wretch!" says he,
" it is thou which hast destroyed me!
" thou hast encompassed me for a whole
" age, and endeavoured to seduce me;
" and now at last thou hast gained thy end."

“ Oh Santon! ” answered the devil, “ do
“ not reproach me with the pleasure thou
“ hast enjoyed. Thou mayest repent: but
“ what is unhappy for thee, is, that the
“ princess is impregnated, and thy sin will
“ become public: thou wilt become the
“ laughing-stock of those who admire and
“ reverence thee at present, and the
“ king will put thee to an ignominious
“ death. ”

Barfisa, terrified by this discourse, says to the devil: “ What shall I do to
“ prevent the publication of my shame? ”
“ To hinder the knowledge of your crime,
“ me, you ought to commit a fresh one, ”
answered the devil. “ Kill the princess,
“ bury her at the corner of the grotto,
“ and when the king’s messengers come
“ to-morrow, tell them you have cured
“ her, and that she went from the grotto
“ very early in the morning: they will
“ believe you, and search for her all over
“ the city and country; and the King her
“ father will be in great pain for her, but
“ after several vain searches it will wear
“ off. ”

The

The hermit, abandoned by God, pursuant to this advice, killed the princess, buried her in a corner of the grotto, and the next day told the officers what the devil bid him say. They made diligent enquiry for the king's daughter; but not being able to hear of her, they despaired of finding her, when the devil told them, that all their search for the princess was vain; and relating what had passed betwixt her and the Santon, he told them the place where she was interred. The officers immediately went to the grotto, seized Barfisa, and found the princess's body in the place to which the devil had directed them; whereupon they took up the corpse, and carried that and the Santon to the palace.

When the king saw his daughter dead, and was informed of the whole event, he broke out into tears and bitter lamentations; and assembling the doctors, he laid the Santon's crime before them, and asked their advice how he should be punished. All the doctors condemned him to death; upon which the king ordered him to be

Y 3 hanged.

hanged. Accordingly, a gibbet was erected; the hermit went up the ladder, and, when he was going to be turned off, the devil whispered in his ear these words: “ O Santon! if you will worship me, I
“ will extricate you out of this difficulty,
“ and transport you two thousand leagues
“ from hence, into a country where you
“ shall be revered by men, as much as
“ you were before this adventure.” “ I
“ am content,” says Barfisa; “ deliver
“ me, and I will worship thee.” “ Give
“ me first a sign of adoration,” replies the devil. Whereupon the Santon howed his head, and said, “ I give myself to you.” The devil then raising his voice, said, “ O
“ Barfisa, I am satisfied; I have obtained
“ what I desired.” And with these words, spitting in his face, he disappeared; and the deluded Santon was hanged.



N^o. 35. The Character and History of Louisa
and Mary, a Fact.

“ SIR,

HAVING read over your paper in which
“ you recommend the pursuits of wisdom
“ and knowledge to those of the fair sex,
“ who have much time lying upon their
“ hands, and, among other motives, ma-
“ ke use of this, that several women, thus
“ accomplished, have raised themselves
“ by it to considerable posts of honour and
“ fortune: I shall beg leave to give you an
“ instance of this kind, which many now
“ living can testify the truth of, and
“ which I can assure you is matter of
“ fact.

“ About twelve years ago I was fa-
“ miliarly acquainted with a gentleman,
“ who was in a post that brought him a
“ yearly revenue, sufficient to live very
“ handsomely upon. He had a wife, and

“ no child but a daughter, whom he bred
“ up, as I thought, too high for one that
“ could expect no other fortune than such
“ a one as her father could raise out of the
“ income of his place; which, as they
“ managed it, was scarce sufficient for
“ their ordinary expences. Miss Betty
“ had always the best sort of clothes, and
“ was hardly allowed to keep company
“ but with those above her rank; so that it
“ was no wonder she grew proud and haugh-
“ ty towards those she looked upon as her
“ inferiors. There lived by them a barber
“ who had a daughter about Miss’s age,
“ that could speak French, had read se-
“ veral books at her leisure hours, and
“ was a perfect mistress of her needle, and
“ in all kinds of female manufacture. She
“ was at the same time a pretty, modest,
“ witty girl. She was hired to come to
“ Miss an hour or two every day, to
“ talk French with her, and teach her to
“ work; but Miss always treated her
“ with great contempt; and when Molly
“ gave her any advice, rejected it with
“ scorn.

“ About

“ About the same time several young
“ fellows made their addressees to Miss
“ Betty, who had indeed a great deal of
“ wit and beauty, had they not been in-
“ fected with so much vanity and self-con-
“ ceit. Among the rest was a plain sober
“ young man, who loved her almost to
“ distraction. His passion was the com-
“ mon talk of the neighbourhood: who
“ used to be oftendiscouraging of Mr. T——’s
“ angel, for that was the name he alwa-
“ gave her in ordinary conversation. As
“ his circumstances were very indifferent,
“ he being a younger brother, Mrs. Betty
“ rejected him with disdain: insomuch
“ that the young man, as is usual among
“ those who are crossed in love, put him-
“ self aboard the fleet, with a resolution
“ to seek his fortune, and forget his mis-
“ tress. This was very happy for him;
“ for in a very few years, being concer-
“ ned in several captures, he brought ho-
“ me with him an estate of about twelve
“ thousand pounds.

“ Mean while days and years went
“ on, Miss lived high, and learned but
“ little,

“ little, most of her time being employed
“ in reading plays and practising to dance,
“ in which she arrived at great perfection.
“ When of a sudden, at a change of mini-
“ stry, her father lost his place, and was
“ forced to leave London, where he could
“ no longer live upon the foot he had for-
“ merly done. Not many years after, I
“ was told the poor gentleman was dead,
“ and had left his widow and daughter in
“ a very desolate condition, but I could
“ not learn where to find them, though
“ I made what inquiry I could; and I
“ must own, I immediately suspected their
“ pride would not suffer them to be seen or
“ relieved by any of their former acquain-
“ tance. I had left inquiring after them
“ for some years, when I happened, not
“ long ago, as I was asking at a house for
“ a gentleman I had some business with,
“ to be led into a parlour by a handsome
“ young woman, who I presently fancied
“ was that very daughter I had so long
“ sought in vain. My suspicion increased,
“ when I observed her to blush at the sight
“ of me, and to avoid, as much as possi-
“ ble, looking upon, or speaking to me.
“ Madam,

“ Madam, said I, are not you Mrs. Such-
“ a one? At which words the tears ran
“ down her cheeks, and she would fain
“ have retired without giving me an an-
“ swer; but I stopped her, and being to
“ wait a while for the gentleman I was to
“ speak to, I resolved not to lose this op-
“ portunity of satisfying my curiosity. I
“ could not well discern by her dress,
“ which was genteel, though not fine,
“ whether she was the mistress of the hou-
“ se, or only a servant: But supposing her
“ to be the first, I am glad, Madam, said
“ I, after having long enquired after you,
“ to have so happily met with you, and
“ to find you mistress of so fine a place.
“ These words were like to have spoiled
“ all, and threw her into such a disor-
“ der, that it was some time before she
“ could recover herself; but as soon as she
“ was able to speak, Sir, said she, you
“ are mistaken, I am but a servant. Her
“ voice fell in these last words, and she
“ burst again into tears. I was sorry to
“ have occasioned in her so much grief
“ and confusion, and said what I could to
“ comfort her. Alas, Sir, said she, my
“ condition

“ condition is much better than I deserve.
“ I have the kindest and best of women
“ for mistrefs. She is wife to the gentle-
“ man you come to speak withal. You
“ know her very well, and have often
“ seen her with me. To make my story
“ short, I found that my late friend’s
“ daughter was now a fervant to the bar-
“ ber’s daughter whom she had formerly
“ treated so disdainfully. The gentleman,
“ at whose house I now was, fell in love
“ with Moll, and being master of a great for-
“ tune, married her, and lives with her as
“ happily, and as much to his fatisfac-
“ tion as he could desire. He treats her
“ with all the friendship and respect possi-
“ ble, but not with more than her beha-
“ viour and good qualities deserve. And
“ it was with a great deal of pleasure I
“ heard her maid dwell so long upon her
“ commendation. She informed me, that
“ after her father’s death, her mother and
“ she lived for a while together in great po-
“ verty. But her mother’s spirits could
“ not bear the thoughts of asking relief of
“ any of her own, or her husbands ac-
“ quaintance; so that they retired from
“ all

“ all their friends , until they were
“ providentially discovered by this new-
“ married woman , who heaped on them
“ favours upon favours. Her mother died
“ shortly after , who , while she lived ,
“ was better pleased to see her daughter a
“ beggar , than a servant ; but being freed
“ by her death , she was taken into this
“ gentlewoman’s family , where she now
“ lived , though much more like a friend
“ or a companion , than like a servant.

“ I went home full of this strange ad-
“ venture ; and about a week after , chan-
“ cing to be in company with Mr. T. the
“ rejected lover , whom I mentioned in the
“ beginning of my letter , I told him the
“ whole story of his angel , not question-
“ ing but he would feel , on this occasion ,
“ the usual pleasure of a resenting lover ,
“ when he hears that Fortune has aveng-
“ ed him of the cruelty of his mistress.
“ As I was recounting to him at large the-
“ se several particulars , I observed that
“ he covered his face with his hand , and
“ that his breast heaved as though it would
“ have bursted , which I took at first to ha-
“ ve been a fit of laughter ; but upon lift-
“ ing

“ing up his head, I saw his eyes all red
“with weeping. He forced a smile at the
“end of my story, and we parted.

“About a fortnight after I received
“from him the following letter:

“Dear Sir,

“I AM infinitely obliged to you for
“bringing me news of my angel. I have
“since married her ; and think the low
“circumstances she was reduced to, a pie-
“ce of good luck to both of us, since it
“has quite removed that little pride and
“vanity, which was the only part of her
“character that I disliked, and given me
“an opportunity of shewing her the con-
“stant and sincere affection which I pro-
“fessed to her in the time of her prosperity.

“Yours, R. T.”



No. 36. Natural and adventitious excellence, less desirable than virtue. Almerine and Shelimah: A fairy tale.

IN those remote times when, by the intervention of Fairies, men received good and evil, which succeeding generations could expect only from natural causes, Soliman, a mighty prince, reigned over a thousand provinces in the distant regions of the east. It is recorded of Soliman, that he had no favourite; but among the principal nobles of his court was Omaraddin.

Omaraddin had two daughters, Almerine and Shelimah. At the birth of Almerine, the fairy Elfarina had presided: and, in compliance with the importunate and reiterated request of the parents, had endowed her with every natural excellence both of body and mind, and decreed that

that “ she should be sought in marriage by
“ a sovereign prince.”

When the wife of Omaraddin was pregnant with Shelimah, the fairy Elfarina was again invoked; at which Farimina, another power of the aërial kingdom, was offended. Farimina was inexorable and cruel; the number of her votaries, therefore, was few. Elfarina was placable and benevolent; and Fairies of this character were observed to be superior in power, whether because it is the nature of vice to defeat its own purpose, or whether the calm and equal tenor of a virtuous mind prevents those mistakes, which are committed in the tumult and precipitation of outrageous malevolence. But Farimina, from whatever cause, resolved that her influence should not be wanting; she, therefore, as far as she was able, precluded the influence of Elfarina, by first pronouncing the incantation which determined the fortune of the infant, whom she discovered by divination to be a girl. Farimina, that the innocent object of her malice might be despised by others, and perpetually em-

employed in tormenting herself, decreed,
“ that her person should be rendered hideous by every species of deformity,
“ and that all her wishes should spontaneously produce an opposite effect.”

The parents dreaded the birth of the infant under this malediction, with which Elfarina had acquainted them, and which she could not reverse. The moment they beheld it, they were solicitous only to conceal it from the world; they considered the complicated deformity of unhappy Shelimah, as some reproach to themselves; and as they could not hope to change her appearance, they did not find themselves interested in her felicity. They made no request to Elfarina, that she would by any intellectual endowment alleviate miseries which they should not participate, but seemed content that a being so hideous should suffer perpetual disappointment; and, indeed, they concurred to injure an infant which they could not behold with complacency, by sending her with only one attendant to a remote castle which stood on the confines of a wood.

Elfarina, however, did not thus forsake innocence in distress; but to counterbalance the evils of obscurity, neglect, and ugliness, she decreed, that “to the
“ taste of Shelimah the coarsest food should
“ be the most exquisite dainty; that the
“ rags which covered her, should in her
“ estimation be equal to cloth of gold; that
“ she should prize a palace less than a cottage; and that in these circumstances love should be a stranger to her breast.”

To prevent the vexation which would arise from the continual disappointment of her wishes, appeared at first to be more difficult; but this was at length perfectly effected by endowing her with Content.

While Shelimah was immured in a remote castle, neglected and forgotten, every city in the dominions of Soliman contributed to decorate the person, or cultivate the mind of Almerine. The house of her father was the resort of all who excelled in learning of whatever class: and as the wit of Almerine was equal to her beauty, her knowledge was soon equal to her wit.

Thus

Thus accomplished, she became the object of universal admiration; every heart throbbed at her approach, every tongue was silent when she spoke: at the glance of her eye every cheek was covered with blushes of diffidence or desire, and at her command every foot became swift as that of the roe. But Almerine, whom ambition was thus jealous to obey, who was revered by hoary wisdom, and beloved by youthful beauty, was perhaps the most wretched of her sex. Perpetual adulation had made her haughty and fierce; her penetration and delicacy rendered almost every object offensive; she was disgusted with imperfections which others could not discover; her breast was corroded by detestation, when others were softened by pity; she lost the sweetness of sleep by the want of exercise, and the relish of food by continual luxury: but her life became yet more wretched, by her sensibility of that passion, on which the happiness of life is believed chiefly to depend.

Nourassin, the physician of Soliman, was of noble birth, and celebrated for his skill through all the East. He had just attained the meridian of life; his person was graceful, and his manner soft and insinuating. Among many others, by whom Almerine had been taught to investigate nature, Nourassin had acquainted her with the qualities of trees and herbs. Of him she learned, how an innumerable progeny are contained in the parent plant; how they expand and quicken by degrees; how from the same soil each imbibes a different juice, which rising from the root hardens into branches above, swells into leaves, and flowers, and fruits, infinitely various in colour, and taste, and smell: of power to repel diseases, or precipitate the stroke of death.

Whether by the caprice which is common to violent passions, or whether by some potion which Nourassin found means to administer to his scholar, is not known; but of Nourassin she became enamoured to the most romantic excess. The pleasure with which she had before reflected

reflected on the decree of the Fairy, “ that
“ she should be sought in marriage by a
“ sovereign prince,” was now at an end.
It was the custom of the nobles to present
their daughters to the king, when they
entered their eighteenth year; an event
which Almerine had often anticipated
with impatience and hope, but now wis-
hed to prevent with solicitude and terror.
The period, urged forward, like every
thing future, with silent and irresistible
rapidity, at length arrived. The curiosi-
ty of Soliman had been raised, as well by
accidental encomiums, as by the artifi-
ces of Omaraddin, who now hastened to gra-
tify it with the utmost anxiety and pertur-
bation: he discovered the confusion of his
daughter, and imagined that it was pro-
duced like his own, by the uncertainty
and importance of an event, which would
be determined before the day should be
passed. He endeavoured to give her a
peaceful confidence in the promise of the
Fairy, which he wanted himself; and
perceived, with regret, that her distress
rather increased than diminished: this in-
cident, however, as he had no suspicion

of the cause, only rendered him more impatient of delay; and Almerine, covered with ornaments by which art and nature were exhausted, was, however, reluctant, introduced to the king.

Soliman was now in his thirtieth year. He had sat ten years upon the throne, and for the steadiness of his virtue had been surnamed the Just. He had hitherto considered the gratification of appetite as a low enjoyment, allotted to weakness and obscurity; and the exercise of heroic virtue, as the superior felicity of eminence and power. He had as yet taken no wife; nor had he immured in his palace a multitude of unhappy beauties, in whom desire had no choice, and affection no object, to be successively forsaken after unresisted violation, and at last sink into the grave without having answered any nobler purpose, than sometimes to have gratified the caprice of a tyrant, whom they saw at no other season, and whose presence could raise no passion more remote from detestation than fear.

Such

Such was Soliman; who, having gazed some moments upon Almerine with silent admiration, rose up, and turning to the princes who stood round him, “To-morrow,” said he, “I will grant the request which you have so often repeated, and place a beauty upon my throne, by whom I may transmit my dominion to posterity: to-morrow, the daughter of Omaraddin shall be my wife.”

The joy with which Omaraddin heard this declaration, was abated by the effect which it produced upon Almerine: who, after some ineffectual struggles with the passions which agitated her mind, threw herself into the arms of her women, and burst into tears. Soliman immediately dismissed his attendants; and taking her in his arms, enquired the cause of her distress: this, however, was a secret, which neither her pride nor her fear would suffer her to reveal. She continued silent and inconsolable; and Soliman, though he secretly suspected some other attachment yet appeared to be satisfied with the sug-

gestions of her father , that her emotion was only such as is common to the sex upon any great and unexpected event. He desisted from farther importunity , and commanded that her women should remove her to a private apartment of the palace, and that she should be attended by his physician Nourassin.

NOURASSIN, who had already learned what had happened , found his despair relieved by this opportunity of another interview. The lovers, however, were restrained from condolence and consolation , by the presence of the women who could not be dismissed: but Nourassin put a small vial into the hand of Almerine as he departed, and told her, that it contained a cordial, which, if administered in time, would infallibly restore the cheerfulness and vigour that she had lost. These words were heard by the attendants, though they were understood only by Almerine; she readily comprehended, that the potion she had received was poison, which would relieve her from her languor and melancholy by removing the cause,

cause, if it could be given to the king before her marriage was compleated. After Nourassin was gone, she sat ruminating on the infelicity of her situation, and the dreadful events of the morrow, till the night was far spent; and then, exhausted with perturbation and watching, she sunk down on the sofa, and fell into a deep sleep.

The king, whose rest had been interrupted by the effects which the beauty of Almerine had produced upon his mind, rose at the dawn of day; and sending for her principal attendant who had been ordered to watch in her chamber, eagerly enquired what had been her behaviour, and whether she had recovered from her surprise. He was acquainted, that she had lately fallen asleep; and that a cordial had been left by Nourassin, which he affirmed would, if not too long delayed, suddenly recover her from languor and dejection, and which, notwithstanding, she had neglected to take. Soliman derived new hopes from this intelligence; and that she might meet him at the hour of marriage,

ge, with the chearful vivacity which the cordial of Nourassin would inspire, he ordered that it should, without asking her any question, be mixed with whatever she first drank in the morning.

Almerine, in whose blood the long-continued tumult of her mind had produced a feverish heat, awaked parched with thirst, and called eagerly for sherbet: her attendant, having first emptied the vial into the bowl, as she had been commanded by the king, presented it to her, and she drank it off. As soon as she had recollected the horrid business of the day, she missed the vial, and in a few moments she learned how it had been applied. The sudden terror which now seized her, hastened the effect of the poison; and she felt already the fire kindled in her veins, by which in a few hours she would be destroyed. Her disorder was now apparent, though the cause was not suspected: Nourassin was again introduced, and acquainted with the mistake; an antidote was immediately prepared and administered; and Almerine waited the event in agonies of
body

body and mind, which are not to be described. The internal commotion every instant increased; sudden and intolerable heat and cold succeeded each other; and in less than an hour, she was covered with a leprosy; her hair fell, her head swelled, and every feature in her countenance was distorted. Nourassin, who was doubtful of the event, had withdrawn to conceal his confusion; and Almerine, not knowing that these dreadful appearances were the presages of recovery, and shewed that the fatal effects of the poison were expelled from the citadel of life, conceived her dissolution to be near, and in the agony of remorse and terror earnestly requested to see the king. Soliman hastily entered her apartment, and beheld the ruins of her beauty with astonishment, which every moment increased, while she discovered the mischief which had been intended against him, and which had now fallen upon her own head.

Soliman, after he had recovered from his astonishment, retired to his own apartment; and in this interval of recollection

lection he soon discovered that the desire of beauty had seduced him from the path of justice, and that he ought to have dismissed the person whose affections he believed to have another object. He did not, therefore, take away the life of Nourrassin for a crime, to which he himself had furnished the temptation; but as some punishment was necessary as a sanction to the laws, he condemned him to perpetual banishment. He commanded that Almerine should be sent back to her father, that her life might be a memorial of his folly; and he determined, if possible, to atone by a second marriage for the errors of the first. He considered, how he might enforce and illustrate some general precept; which would contribute more to the felicity of his people, than leaving them a sovereign of his own blood; and at length he determined to publish this proclamation, throughout all the provinces of his empire: “Soliman, whose judgment has been perverted, and whose life endangered, by the influence and the treachery of unrivalled beauty, is now resolved to place equal deformity
“ upon

“ upon his throne; that, when this event
“ is recorded, the world may know, that
“ by Vice beauty became yet more odi-
“ ous than ugliness; and learn, like Soli-
“ man, to despise that excellence, which,
“ without Virtue, is only a specious evil,
“ the reproach of the possessor, and the
“ snare of others. ”.

Shelimah, during these events, experienced a very different fortune. She remained, till she was thirteen years of age, in the castle; and it happened that, about this time, the person to whose care she had been committed, after a short sickness died. Shelimah imagined that she slept; but perceiving that all attempts to awaken her were ineffectual, and her stock of provisions being exhausted, she found means to open the wicket, and wander alone into the wood. She satisfied her hunger with such berries and wild fruits as she found, and at night, not being able to find her way back, she lay down under a thicket and slept. Here she was awaked early in the morning by a peasant, whose compassion happened to be proof against deformity.

ty. The man asked her many questions; but her answers rather increasng than gratifying his curiosity, he set her before him on his beast, and carried her to his house in the next village, at the distance of about six leagues. - In his family she was the jest of some, and the pity of others; she was employed in the meanest offices, and her figure produced her the name of Goblin. But amidst all the disadvantages of her situation, she enjoyed the utmost felicity of food and rest; as she formed no wishes, she suffered no disappointment; her body was healthful, and her mind at peace.

In this station she had continued four years, when the heralds appeared in the village with the proclamation of Soliman. Shelimah ran out with others to gaze at the parade; she listened to the proclamation with great attention, and, when it was ended, she perceived that the eyes of the multitude were fixed upon her. One of the horsemen at the same time alighted, and with great ceremony intreated her to enter a chariot which was in
the

the retinue, telling her, that she was without doubt the person whom Nature and Soliman had destined to be their queen. Shelimah replied with a smile, that she had no desire to be great; "but," said she, "if your proclamation be true, I should rejoice to be the instrument of such admonition to mankind; and, upon this condition, I wish that I were indeed the most deformed of my species." The moment this wish was uttered, the spell of Farimina produced the contrary effect: her skin, which was scaly and yellow, became smooth and white, her stature was perceived gradually to increase, her neck rose like a pillar of ivory, her bosom expanded, and her waist became less; her hair, which before was thin and of a dirty red, was now black as the feathers of the raven, and flowed in large ringlets on her shoulders; the most exquisite sensibility now sparkled in her eye, her cheeks were tinged with the blushes of the morning, and her lips moistened with the dew; every limb was perfect, and every motion was graceful. A white robe was thrown over her by an invisible hand; the crowd

crowd fell back in astonishment, and gazed with insatiable curiosity upon such beauty as before they had never seen. Shelimah was not less astonished than the crowd: she stood a while with her eyes fixed upon the ground; and finding her confusion increase, would have retired in silence; but she was prevented by the heralds, who having with much importunity prevailed upon her to enter the chariot, returned with her to the metropolis, presented her to Soliman, and related the prodigy.

Soliman looked round upon the assembly, in doubt whether to prosecute or relinquish his purpose; when Abbaran, a hoary sage, who had presided in the council of his father, came forward, and placing his forehead on the footstool of the throne; “Let the King,” said he, “accept the reward of virtue, and take Shelimah to his bed. In what age, and in what nation, shall not the beauty of Shelimah be honoured? to whom will it be transmitted alone? Will not the story of the wife of Soliman descend with her name?”

“ name? will it not be known, that thy
“ desire of beauty was not gratified, till
“ it had been subdued? that by an iniqui-
“ tous purpose beauty became hideous,
“ and by a virtuous wish deformity became
“ fair?”

Soliman, who had fixed his eyes upon Shelimah, discovered a mixture of joy and confusion in her countenance, which determined his choice, and was an earnest of his felicity; for at that moment, Love, who, during her state of deformity, had been excluded by the fairy Elfarina's interdiction, took possession of her breast.

The nuptial ceremony was not long delayed, and Elfarina honoured it with her presence. When she departed, she bestowed on both her benediction; and put into the hand of Shelimah a scroll of vellum, on which was this inscription in letters of gold:

“ Remember, Shelimah, the fate of
“ Almerine, who still lives the reproach

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Aa

“ of

“ of parental folly, of degraded beauty,
“ and perverted sense. Remember Al-
“ merine; and let her example and thy
“ own experience teach thee, that wit
“ and beauty, learning, affluence, and
“ honour, are not essential to human fe-
“ licity; with these she was wretched,
“ and without them thou wast happy.
“ The advantages which I have hither-
“ to bestowed, must now be obtained
“ by an effort of thy own: that which
“ gives relish to the coarsest food, is
“ Temperance; the apparel and the
“ dwelling of a peasant and a prince,
“ are equal in the estimation of Hu-
“ mility; and the torment of ineffectual
“ desires is prevented, by the resigna-
“ tion of Piety to the will of Heaven;
“ advantages which are in the power
“ of every wretch, who repines at the
“ unequal distribution of good and evil,
“ and imputes to Nature the effects of
“ his own folly.”.

The King, to whom Shelimah com-
municated these precepts of the Fairy
cau-

caused them to be transcribed, and with an account of the events which had produced them distributed over all his dominions. Precepts which were thus enforced, had an immediate and extensive influence; and the happiness of Soliman and of Shelimah was thus communicated to the multitudes whom they governed.



No. 37. Happiness, in a great Measure, dependant on Constitution.

WHEN I reflect on the unambitious retirement in which I passed the earlier part of my life in the country, I cannot avoid feeling some pain in thinking that those happy days are never to return. In that retreat all nature seemed capable of affording pleasure; I then made no refinements on happiness, but could be pleased with the most awkward efforts of rustic mirth; thought cross-purposes the highest stretch

of human wit, and questions and commands the most rational amusement for spending the evening. Happy, could so charming an illusion still continue. I find age and knowledge only contribute to sour our dispositions. My present enjoyments may be more refined, but they are infinitely less pleasing. The pleasure Garrick gives, can no way compare to that I have received from a country wag, who imitated a quaker's sermon. The music of Matei is dissonance to what I felt when our old dairy-maid sung me into tears with Johnny Armstrong's Last Good Night, or the Cruelty of Barbara Allen.

Writers of every age have endeavoured to shew that pleasure is in us, and not in the objects offered for our amusement. If the soul be happily disposed, every thing becomes a subject of entertainment, and distress will almost want a name. Every occurrence passes in review like the figures of a procession; some may be awkward, others ill dressed; but none but a fool is for this enraged with the master of the ceremonies.

I re-

I remember to have once seen a slave in a fortification in Flanders, who appeared no way touched with his situation. He was maimed, deformed, and chained, obliged to toil from the appearance of day 'till night-fall, and condemned to this for life; yet, with all these circumstances of apparent wretchedness, he sung, would have danced, but that he wanted a leg, and appeared the merriest, happiest man of all the garrison. What a practical philosopher was here; an happy constitution supplied philosophy, and though seemingly destitute of wisdom, he was really wise. No reading or study had contributed to disenchant the fairy land around him. Every thing furnished him with an opportunity of mirth; and though some thought him from his insensibility a fool, he was such an ideot as philosophers might wish in vain to imitate.

They, who like him, can place themselves on that side of the world in which every thing appears in a ridiculous or pleasing light, will find something in every occurrence to excite their good humour.

The most calamitous events, either to themselves or others, can bring no new affliction; the whole world is to them a theatre, on which comedies only are acted. All the bustle of heroism, or the rants of ambition, serve only to heighten the absurdity of the scene, and make the humour more poignant. They feel, in short, as little anguish at their own distresses, or the complaints of others, as the undertaker, though dressed in black, feels sorrow at a funeral.

Of all the men I ever read of, the famous Cardinal De Retz possessed this happiness of temper in the highest degree. As he was a man of galantry, and despised all that wore the pedantic appearance of philosophy, wherever pleasure was to be found, he was generally foremost to raise the auction. Being an universal admirer of the fair sex, when he found one lady cruel, he generally fell in love with another, from whom he expected a more favourable reception: If she too rejected his addresses, he never thought of retiring into desarts, or pining in hopeless distress.

He

He persuaded himself, that instead of loving the lady, he only fancied he had loved her, and so all was well again. When fortune wore her angriest look, when he at last fell into the power of his most deadly enemy Cardinal Mazarine, and was confined a close prisoner in the castle of Valenciennes, he never attempted to support his distress by wisdom or philosophy, for he pretended to neither. He laughed at himself and his persecutor, and seemed infinitely pleased at his new situation. In this mansion of distress, though secluded from his friends, though denied all the amusements, and even the conveniencies of life, teased every hour by the impertinence of wretches who were employed to guard him, he still retained his good humour, laughed at all their little spite, and carried the jest so far as to be revenged, by writing the life of his goaler.

All that philosophy can teach, is to be stubborn or sullen under misfortunes. The Cardinal's example will instruct us to be merry in circumstances of the highest affliction. It matters not whether our good

humour be construed by others into insensibility, or even ideotism; it is happiness to ourselves, and none but a fool would measure his satisfaction by what the world thinks of it.

Dick Wildgoose was one of the happiest silly fellows I ever knew. He was of the number of those good-natured creatures that are said to do no harm to any but themselves. Whenever Dick fell into any misery, he usually called it seeing life. If his head was broke by a chairman, or his pocket picked by a sharper, he comforted himself by imitating the Hibernian dialect of the one, or the more fashionable cant of the other. Nothing came amiss to Dick. His inattention to money matters had incensed his father to such a degree, that all the intercession of friends in his favour, was fruitless. The old gentleman was on his deathbed. The whole family, and Dick among the number, gathered around him. I leave my second son Andrew, said the expiring miser, my whole estate, and desire him to be frugal. Andrew, in a sorrowful tone, as is usual on these

these occasions, "Prayed heaven to prolong his life and health to enjoy it himself." I recommend Simon, my third son, to the care of his elder brother, and leave him beside four thousand pounds. Ah! father, cried Simon, (in great affliction to be sure) "May heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." At last, turning to poor Dick; as for you, you have always been a sad dog, you'll never come to good, you'll never be rich, I'll leave you a shilling to buy an halter. Ah! father, cries Dick, without any emotion, "May heaven give you life and health to enjoy it yourself." This was all the trouble the loss of fortune gave this thoughtless imprudent creature. However, the tendernefs of an uncle recompenced the neglect of a father; and Dick is now not only excessively good-humoured, but competently rich.

The world, in short, may cry out at a bankrupt who appears at a ball; at an author who laughs at the public which pronounces him a dunce; at a general who smiles at the reproach of the

vulgar, or the lady who keeps her good humour in spite of scandal; but such is the wisest behaviour they can possibly assume; it is certainly a better way to oppose calamity by dissipation, than to take up the arms of reason or resolution to oppose it: By the first method we forget our miseries, by the last we only conceal them from others; by struggling with misfortunes, we are sure to receive some wounds in the conflict. The only method to come off victorious, is by running away.



No. 38. An Examination of the Nature of Pity.

PITY has been generally considered as the passion of gentle, benevolent, and virtuous minds; although it is acknowledged to produce only such a participation of the calamity of others, as upon the whole is pleasing to ourselves.

As a tender participation of foreign distress, it has been urged to prove, that man is endowed with social affections, which, however forcible, are wholly disinterested; and as a pleasing sensation, it has been deemed an example of unmixed selfishness and malignity. It has been resolved into that power of imagination, by which we apply the misfortunes of others to ourselves: we have been said to pity no longer than we fancy ourselves to suffer, and to be pleased only by reflecting that our sufferings are not real; thus indulging

dulging a dream of distress, from which we can awake whenever we please, to exult in our security, and enjoy the comparison of the fiction with truth.

I shall not perplex my readers with the subtilties of a debate, in which human nature has, with equal zeal and plausibility, been exalted and degraded. It is sufficient for my purpose to remark, that Pity is generally understood to be that passion, which is excited by the sufferings of persons with whom we have no tender connection, and with whose welfare the stronger passions have not united our felicity; for no man would call the anguish of a mother, whose infant was torn from her breast and left to be devoured in a desert, by the name of Pity; although the sentiment of a stranger, who should drop a silent tear at the relation, which yet might the next hour be forgotten, could not otherwise be justly denominated.

If Pity, therefore, is absorbed in another passion, when our love of those
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that suffer is strong: Pity is rather an evidence of the weakness than the strength of that general philanthropy, for which some have so eagerly contended, with which they have flattered the pride and veiled the vices of mankind, and which they have affirmed to be alone sufficient to recommend them to the favour of Heaven, to atone for the indulgence of every appetite and the neglect of every duty.

If human benevolence was absolutely pure and social, it would not be necessary to relate the ravages of a pestilence or a famine with minute and discriminating circumstances to rouse our sensibility: we should certainly deplore irremediable calamity, and participate temporary distress, without any mixture of delight: that deceitful sorrow, in which pleasure is so well known to be predominant, that invention has been busied for ages in contriving tales of fictitious sufferance for no other end than to excite it, would be changed into honest commiseration, in which pain would be unmixed, and
which,

which, therefore, we should wish to lose.

Soon after the fatal battle of Fontenoy, a young gentleman, who came over with the officer that brought the express, being expected at the house of a friend, a numerous company of gentlemen and ladies were assembled to hear an account of the action from an eye-witness.

The gentleman, as every man is flattered by commanding attention, was easily prevailed upon to gratify the company, as soon as they were seated, and the first ceremonies past. He described the march of many thousands of their countrymen into a field, where batteries had been concealed on each side, which in a moment strewed the ground with mangled limbs, and carcases that almost floated in blood, and obstructed the path of those who followed to the slaughter. He related, how often the decreasing multitude returned to the mouth of the canon; how suddenly they were rallied, and how suddenly broken; he repeated the list of officers

cers who had fallen undistinguished in the carnage, men whose eminence rendered their names universally known, their influence extensive, and their attachments numerous; and he hinted the fatal effects which this defeat might produce to the nation, by turning the success of the war against us. But the company, however amused by the relation, appeared not to be affected by the event: they were still attentive to every trifling punctilio of ceremony, usual among well-bred persons; they bowed with a graceful simper to a lady who sneezed, mutually presented each other with snuff, shook their heads and changed their posture at proper intervals, asked some questions which tended to produce a more minute detail of such circumstances of horror as had been lightly touched; and having at last remarked that the Roman patriot regretted that the brave could die but once, the conversation soon became general, and a motion was made to divide into parties at whist. But just as they were about to comply, the gentleman again engaged their attention. I forgot, said he, to relate one particular
which

which, however, deserves to be remembered. The captain of a company, whose name I cannot now recollect, had, just before his corps was ordered to embark, married a young lady to whom he had been long tenderly attached, and who, contrary to the advice of all her friends, and the exhortations, persuasion, and entreaty of her husband, insisted to go abroad with him, and share his fortune at all events. If he should be wounded, she said that she might hasten his recovery, and alleviate his pain, by such attendance as strangers cannot be hired to pay; if he should be taken prisoner, she might, perhaps, be permitted to shorten the tedious hours of captivity which solitude would protract; and if he should die, that it would be better for her to know it with certainty and speed, than to wait at a distance with anxiety and suspense, tormented by doubtful and contradictory reports, and at last believing it possible, that if she had been present, her assiduity and tenderness might have preserved his life. The captain, though he was not convinced by her reasoning, was yet overcome by

by the importunate eloquence of her love; he consented to her request, and they embarked together.

The head-quarters of the Duke of Cumberland were at Bruffoel, from whence they removed the evening before the battle to Monbray, a village within musquet-shot of the enemy's lines, where the captain, who commanded in the left wing, was encamped.

Their parting in the morning was short. She looked after him, till he could no longer be distinguished from others; and as soon as the firing began, she went back pale and trembling, and sat down expecting the event in an agony of impatience, anxiety, and terror. She soon learned from stragglers and fugitives, that the slaughter was dreadful, and the victory hopeless. She did not, however, yet despair; she hoped, that the captain might return among the few that should remain: but soon after the retreat, this hope was cut off, and she was informed that he fell in the first charge, and was left among the

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dead. She was restrained by those about her from rushing in the phrenzy of desperation to the field of battle, of which the enemy was still possessed: but the tumult of her mind having abated, and her grief become more calm during the night, she ordered the servant to attend her at break of day; and as leave had been given to bury the dead, she went herself to seek the remains of her husband, that she might honour them with the last rites, and pour the tears of conjugal affection upon his grave. They wandered about among the dying and the dead, gazing on every distorted countenance, and looking round with irresolution and amazement on a scene, which those who stripped had left tenfold more a sight of horror than those who had slain. From this sight she was at last turning with confusion and despair; but was stopped by the cries of a favourite spaniel, who had followed her without being perceived. He was standing at some distance in the field; and the moment she saw him, she conceived the strongest assurance that he had found his master. She hastened instantly to the place, without regarding

garding any other object ; and stooping over the corpse by which he stood , she found it so disfigured with wounds and besmeared with blood , that the features were not to be known : but as she was weeping in the anguish of suspense , she discovered hanging on the wrist the remains of a ruffle , round which there was a slight border of her own work. Thus suddenly to have discovered , and in such dreadful circumstances , that which she had sought , quite overwhelmed her , and she sunk down on the body. By the assistance of the servant she was recovered to sensibility , but not to reason : she was seized at once with convulsions and madness ; and a few hours after she was carried back to the village she expired.

Those , who had heard the fate of whole battalions without pity , and the loss of a battle , by which their country would probably suffer irreparable damage , without concern , listened to a tale of private distress with uninterrupted attention. All regard to each other was for a while suspended ; tears by degrees overflowed

every eye, and every bosom became susceptible of Pity: but the whole circle paused with evident regret, when the narrative was at an end; and would have been glad, that such another could have been told to continue their entertainment. Such was the Benevolence of Pity! But a lady who had taken the opportunity of a very slight acquaintance to satisfy her curiosity, was touched with much deeper distress; and fainting in the struggle to conceal the emotions of her mind, fell back in her chair: an accident which was not sooner discovered, because every eye had been fixed upon the speaker, and all attention monopolized by the story. Every one, however, was ready to afford her assistance; and it was soon discovered, that she was mother to the lady whose distress had afforded so much virtuous pleasure to the company. It was not possible to tell another story, which would revive the same sensations; and if it had, the world could not have bribed her to have heard it. Her affection to the sufferer was too strong to permit her, on this occasion, to enjoy the luxury of Pity, and applaud her benevolence

lence for sensations which shewed its defects. It would, indeed, be happy for us, if we were to exist only in this state of imperfection, that a greater share of sensibility is not allowed us; but if the mole, in the kindness of Unerring Wisdom, is permitted scarce to distinguish light from darkness, the mole should not, surely, be praised for the perspicacity of its sight.

Let us distinguish that malignity, which others confound with Benevolence, and applaud as Virtue; let that imperfection of nature, which is adapted to an imperfect state, teach us humility; and fix our dependence upon Him, who has promised to “create in us a new heart and “a right spirit;” and to receive us to that place, where our love of others, however ardent, can only increase our felicity; because in that place there will be no object, but such as Perfect Benevolence can contemplate with delight.



No. 39. The history of Almamoulin the son of Nouradin.

IN the reign of Jenghiz Can, conqueror of the east, in the city of Samarcand, lived Nouradin the merchant, renowned throughout all the regions of India for the extent of his commerce, and the integrity of his dealings. His warehouses were filled with all the commodities of the remotest nations; every rarity of nature, every curiosity of art, whatever was valuable, whatever was useful, hastened to his hand. The streets were crowded with his carriages; the sea was covered with his ships; the streams of Oxus were wearied with conveyance, and every breeze of the sky wafted wealth to Nouradin.

At length Nouradin felt himself seized with a slow malady, which he first endeavoured to divert by application, and afterwards to relieve by luxury and indulgence;

gence; but finding his strength every day less, he was at last terrified, and called for help upon the sages of physick; they filled his apartments with alexipharmicks, restoratives, and essential virtues; the pearls of the ocean were dissolved, the spices of Arabia were distilled, and all the powers of nature were employed, to give new spirits to his nerves, and new balsam to his blood. Nouradin was for some time amused with promises, invigorated with cordials, or soothed with anodynes; but the disease preyed upon his vitals, and he soon discovered with indignation, that health was not to be bought. He was confined to his chamber, deserted by his physicians, and rarely visited by his friends; but his unwillingness to die flattered him long with hopes of life.

At length, having passed the night in tedious languor, he called to him Almamoulin, his only son; and dismissing his attendants, "My son," says he, "behold
" here the weakness and fragility of man;
" look backward a few days, thy
" father was great and happy, fresh
Bb 4 " as

“ as the vernal rose, and strong as the ce-
“ dar of the mountain; the nations of Asia
“ drank his dews, and art and commerce
“ delighted in his shade. Malevolence
“ beheld me, and sighed: His root, she
“ cried, is fixed in the depths; it is wate-
“ red by the fountains of Oxus; it sends
“ out branches afar, and bids defiance to
“ the blast; prudence reclines against his
“ trunk, and prosperity dances on his top.
“ Now, Almamoulin, look upon me wi-
“ thering and prostrate; look upon me
“ and attend. I have trafficked, I have
“ prospered, I have rioted in gain; my
“ house is splendid, my servants are nu-
“ merous; yet I displayed only a small
“ part of my riches; the rest, which I
“ was hindered from enjoying by the fear
“ of raising envy, or tempting rapacity, I
“ have piled in towers, I have buried in
“ caverns, I have hidden in secret repo-
“ sitories, which this scroll will discover.
“ My purpose was, after ten months mo-
“ re spent in commerce, to have with-
“ drawn my wealth to a safer country; to
“ have given seven years to delight and
“ festivity, and the remaining part of my
“ days

“ days to solitude and repentance; but the
“ hand of death is upon me; a frigorigick
“ torpor encroaches upon my veins; I am
“ now leaving the produce of my toil,
“ which it must be thy business to enjoy
“ with wisdom.” The thought of leaving
his wealth filled Nouradin with such grief,
that he fell into convulsions, became deli-
rious, and expired.

Almamoulin, who loved his father,
was touched a while with honest sorrow,
and sat two hours in profound meditation,
without perusing the paper which he held
in his hand. He then retired to his own
chamber, as overborn with affliction,
and there read the inventory of his new
possessions, which swelled his heart with
such transports, that he no longer lamented
his father's death. He was now sufficient-
ly composed to order a funeral of modest
magnificence, suitable at once to the rank
of Nouradin's profession, and the reputa-
tion of his wealth. The two next
nights he spent in visiting the tower
and the caverns, and found the trea-

tures greater to his eye than to his imagination.

Almamoulin had been bred to the practice of exact frugality, and had often looked with envy on the finery and expences of other young men: he therefore believed, that happiness was now in his power, since he could obtain all of which he had hitherto been accustomed to regret the want. He resolved to give a loose to his desires, to revel in enjoyment, and feel pain or uneasiness no more.

He immediately procured a splendid equipage, dressed his servants in rich embroidery, and covered his horses with golden caparisons. He showered down silver on the populace, and suffered their acclamations to swell him with insolence. The nobles saw him with anger, the wise men of the state combined against him, the leaders of armies threatened his destruction. Almamoulin was informed of his danger: he put on the robe of mourning in the presence of his enemies, and
appea-

appeased them with gold , and gems , and supplication.

He then sought to strengthen himself, by an alliance with the princes of Tartary, and offered the price of kingdoms, for a wife of noble birth. His suit was generally rejected , and his presents refused ; but a princess of Astracan once condescended to admit him to her presence. She received him sitting on a throne, attired in the robe of royalty, and shining with the jewels of Golconda ; command sparkled in her eyes , and dignity towered on her forehead. Almamoulin approached and trembled. . . . She saw his confusion, and disdained him: How, says she, dares the wretch hope my obedience, who thus shrinks at my glance? Retire, and enjoy thy riches in sordid ostentation; thou wast born to be wealthy, but never canst be great.

He then contracted his desires to more private and domestick pleasures. He built palaces, he laid out gardens, he changed the face of the land, he transplanted forests, he levelled mountains, opened prospects
into

into distant regions, poured fountains from the tops of turrets, and rolled rivers through new channels.

These amusements pleased him for a time; but languor and weariness soon invaded him. His bowers lost their fragrance, and the waters murmured without notice. He purchased large tracts of land in distant provinces, adorned them with houses of pleasure, and diversified them with accommodations for different seasons. Change of place at first relieved his satiety, but all the novelties of situation were soon exhausted; he found his heart vacant, and his desires, for want of external objects, ravaging himself.

He therefore returned to Samarcand, and set open his doors to those whom idleness sends out in search of pleasure. His tables were always covered with delicacies; wines of every vintage sparkled in his bowls, and his lamps scattered perfumes. The sound of the lute, and the voice of the singer, chased away sadness; every hour was crowded with pleasure; and

and the day ended and began with feasts and dances, and revelry and merriment. Almamoulin cried out, "I have at last found the use of riches; I am surrounded by companions, who view my greatness without envy; and I enjoy at once the raptures of popularity, and the safety of an obscure station. What trouble can he feel, whom all are studious to please, that they may be repaid with pleasure? What danger can he dread, to whom every man is a friend?"

Such were the thoughts of Almamoulin, as he looked down from a gallery upon the gay assembly, regaling at his expence; but in the midst of this soliloquy, an officer of justice entered the house, and, in the form of legal citation, summoned Almamoulin to appear before the emperor. The guests stood awhile aghast, then stole imperceptibly away, and he was led off without a single voice to witness his integrity. He now found one of his most frequent visitants accusing him of treason in hopes of sharing his confiscation; yet, unpatronized and unsupported, he cleared

cleared himself by the openness of innocence, and the consistence of truth; he was dismissed with honour, and his accuser perished in prison.

Almamoulin now perceived with how little reason he had hoped for justice or fidelity from those who live only to gratify their senses; and, being now weary with vain experiments upon life and fruitless researches after felicity, he had recourse to a sage, who, after spending his youth in travel and observation, had retired from all human cares, to a small habitation on the banks of Oxus, where he conversed only with such as solicited his counsel. “ Brother,” said the philosopher, “ thou hast suffered thy reason to be deluded by idle hopes, and fallacious appearances. Having long looked with desire upon riches, thou hadst taught thyself to think them more valuable than nature designed them, and to expect from them, what experience has now taught thee, that they cannot give. That they do not confer wisdom, thou mayest be convinced, by considering at
“ how

“ how dear a price they tempted thee,
“ upon thy first entrance into the world,
“ to purchase the empty sound of vulgar
“ acclamation. That they cannot bestow
“ fortitude or magnanimity, that man
“ may be certain, who stood trembling at
“ Afracan, before a being not naturally
“ superior to himself. That they will
“ not supply unexhausted pleasure, the
“ recollection of forsaken palaces, and ne-
“ glected gardens, will easily inform thee.
“ That they rarely purchase friends, thou
“ didst soon discover, when thou wert
“ left to stand the trial uncountenanced
“ and alone. Yet think not riches use-
“ less; there are purposes, to which a
“ wise man may be delighted to apply
“ them; they may, by a rational distri-
“ bution to those who want them, ease
“ the pains of helpless disease, still the
“ throbs of restless anxiety, relieve in-
“ nocence from oppression, and raise im-
“ becility to cheerfulness and vigour.
“ This they will enable thee to per-
“ form, and this will afford the only
“ happiness ordained for our present sta-
“ te,

“ te , the confidence of divine favour,
“ and the hope of future rewards.”



No. 40. On the trades of London.

THAT familiarity produces neglect, has been long observed. The effect of all external objects, however great or splendid, ceases with their novelty ; the courtier stands without emotion in the royal presence ; the rustic tramples under his foot the beauties of the spring, with little attention to their colour or their fragrance ; and the inhabitant of the coast darts his eye upon the immense diffusion of waters, without awe, wonder, or terror.

Those who have past much of their lives in this great city, look upon its opulence and its multitudes, its extent and variety, with cold indifference ; but an inhabitant of the remoter parts of the kingdom is immediately distinguished by a
kind

kind of dissipated curiosity, a busy endeavour to divide his attention amongst a thousand objects, and a wild confusion of astonishment and alarm.

The attention of a new-comer is generally first struck by the multiplicity of cries that stun him in the streets, and the variety of merchandise and manufactures which the shopkeepers expose on every hand; and he is apt, by unwary bursts of admiration, to excite the merriment and contempt of those who mistake the use of their eyes for effects of their understanding, and confound accidental knowledge with just reasoning.

But, surely, these are subjects on which any man may without reproach employ his meditations: the innumerable occupations, among which the thousands that swarm in the streets of London are distributed, may furnish employment to minds of every cast, and capacities of every degree. He that contemplates the extent of this wonderful city, finds it difficult to conceive, by what method plenty

is maintained in our markets, and how the inhabitants are regularly supplied with the necessaries of life; but when he examines the shops and warehouses, sees the immense stores of every kind of merchandise piled up for sale, and runs over all the manufactures of art and products of nature, which are every where attracting his eye and soliciting his purse, he will be inclined to conclude, that such quantities cannot easily be exhausted, and that part of mankind must soon stand still for want of employment, till the wares already provided shall be worn out and destroyed.

As Socrates was passing through the fair at Athens, and casting his eyes over the shops and customers, "how many things
"are here," says he, "that I do not
"want!" The same sentiment is every moment rising in the mind of him that walks the streets of London, however inferior in philosophy to Socrates: he beholds a thousand shops crowded with goods, of which he can scarcely tell the use, and which, therefore, he is apt to
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consider as of no value; and, indeed, many of the arts by which families are supported, and wealth is heaped together, are of that minute and superfluous kind, which nothing but experience could evince possible to be prosecuted with advantage, and which, as the world might easily want, it could scarcely be expected to encourage.

But so it is, that custom, curiosity, or wantonness, supplies every art with patrons, and finds purchasers for every manufacture; the world is so adjusted, that not only bread, but riches may be obtained without great abilities, or arduous performances: the most unskilful hand and unenlightened mind have sufficient incitements to industry; for he that is resolutely busy, can scarcely be in want. There is, indeed, no employment, however despicable, from which a man may not promise himself more than competence, when he sees thousands and myriads raised to dignity, by no other merit than that of contributing to supply their neighbours with the means of sucking smoke through

a tube of clay; and others raising contributions upon those, whose elegance disdains the grossness of smoky luxury, by grinding the same materials into a powder that may at once gratify and impair the smell.

Not only by these popular and modish trifles, but by a thousand unheeded and evanescent kinds of business, are the multitudes of this city preserved from idleness, and consequently from want. In the endless variety of tastes and circumstances that diversify mankind, nothing is so superfluous, but that some one desires it; or so common, but that some one is compelled to buy it. As nothing is useless but because it is in improper hands, what is thrown away by one is gathered up by another; and the refuse of part of mankind furnishes a subordinate class with the materials necessary to their support.

When I look round upon those who are thus variously exerting their qualifications, I cannot but admire the secret concatenation of society, that links together
the

the great and the mean, the illustrious and the obscure; and consider with benevolent satisfaction, that no man, unless his body or mind be totally disabled, has need to suffer the mortification of seeing himself useless or burthenfome to the community: he that will diligently labour, in whatever occupation, will deserve the sustenance which he obtains, and the protection which he enjoys; and may lie down every night with the pleasing consciousness, of having contributed something to the happiness of life.

Contempt and admiration are equally incident to narrow minds: he whose comprehension can take in the whole subordination of mankind, and whose perspicacity can pierce to the real state of things through the thin veils of fortune or of fashion, will discover meanness in the highest stations, and dignity in the meanest; and find that no man can become venerable but by virtue, or contemptible but by wickedness.

In the midst of this universal hurry, no man ought to be so little influenced by example, or so void of honest emulation, as to stand a lazy spectator of incessant labour; or please himself with the mean happiness of a drone, while the active swarms are buzzing about him: no man is without some quality, by the due application of which he might deserve well of the world; and whoever he be that has but little in his power, should be in haste to do that little, lest he be confounded with him that can do nothing.

By this general concurrence of endeavours, arts of every kind have been so long cultivated, that all the wants of man may be immediately supplied; idleness can scarcely form a wish which she may not gratify by the toil of others, or curiosity dream of a toy, which the shops are not ready to afford her.

Happiness is enjoyed only in proportion as it is known; and such is the state or folly of man, that it is known only by experience of its contrary: we who have
long

long lived amidst the conveniences of a town immensely populous, have scarce an idea of a place where desire cannot be gratified by money. In order to have a just sense of this artificial plenty, it is necessary to have passed some time in a distant colony, or those parts of our island which are thinly inhabited: he that has once known how many trades every man in such situations is compelled to exercise, with how much labour the products of nature must be accommodated to human use, how long the loss or defect of any common utensil must be endured, or by what awkward expedients it must be supplied, how far men may wander with money in their hands before any can sell them what they wish to buy, will know how to rate at its proper value the plenty and ease of a great city.

But that the happiness of man may still remain imperfect, as wants in this place are easily supplied, new wants likewise are easily created: every man, in surveying the shops of London, sees numberless instruments and conveniences, of which, while he did not know them, he

never felt the need; and yet, when use has made them familiar, wonders how life could be supported without them. Thus it comes to pass, that our desires always increase with our possessions; the knowledge that something remains yet unenjoyed, impairs our enjoyment of the good before us.

They who have been accustomed to the refinements of science, and multiplications of contrivance, soon lose their confidence in the unassisted powers of nature, forget the paucity of our real necessities, and overlook the easy methods by which they may be supplied.

It were a speculation worthy of a philosophical mind, to examine how much is taken away from our native abilities, as well as added to them, by artificial expedients. We are so accustomed to give and receive assistance, that each of us singly can do little for himself; and there is scarce any one among us, however contracted may be his form of life, who does not enjoy the labour of a thousand artists.

But

But a survey of the various nations that inhabit the earth will inform us, that life may be supported with less assistance; and that the dexterity, which practice enforced by necessity produces, is able to effect much by very scanty means. The nations of Mexico and Peru erected cities and temples without the use of iron; and at this day the rude Indian supplies himself with all the necessaries of life: sent like the rest of mankind naked into the world, as soon as his parents have nursed him up to strength, he is to provide by his own labour for his own support. His first care is to find a sharp flint among the rocks; with this he undertakes to fell the trees of the forest; he shapes his bow, heads his arrows, builds his cottage, and hollows his canoe, and from that time lives in a state of plenty and prosperity; he is sheltered from the storms, he is fortified against beasts of prey, he is enabled to pursue the fish of the sea, and the deer of the mountains; and as he does not know, does not envy the happiness of polished nations, where gold can supply the want of fortitude and skill, and he whose labo-

rious ancestors have made him rich, may lie stretched upon a couch, and see all the treasures of all the elements poured down before him.

This picture of a savage life, if it shews how much individuals may perform, shews likewise how much society is to be desired. Though the perseverance and address of the Indian excite our admiration, they nevertheless cannot procure him the conveniences which are enjoyed by the vagrant beggar of a civilized country: he hunts like a wild beast to satisfy his hunger: and when he lies down to rest after a successful chase, cannot pronounce himself secure against the danger of perishing in a few days; he is, perhaps, content with his condition, because he knows not that a better is attainable by man; as he that is born blind does not long for the perception of light, because he cannot conceive the advantages which light would afford him; but hunger, wounds and weariness are real evils, though he believes them equally incident to all his fellow-creatures; and when a
tempest

tempest compels him to lie starving in his hut, he cannot justly be concluded equally happy with those whom art has exempted from the power of chance, and who make the foregoing year provide for the following.

To receive and to communicate assistance, constitutes the happiness of human life: man may indeed preserve his existence in solitude, but can enjoy it only in society: the greatest understanding of an individual, doomed to procure food and clothing for himself, will barely supply him with expedients to keep off death from day to day; but as one of a larger community performing only his share to the common business, he gains leisure for intellectual pleasures, and enjoys the happiness of reason and reflection.



No. 41. The History of Basilius Valentinus.

A Very agreeable friend of mine, the other day, carrying me in his coach into the country to dinner, fell into discourse concerning the care of parents due to their children, and the piety of children towards their parents. He was reflecting upon the succession of particular virtues and qualities there might be preserved from one generation to another, if these regards were reciprocally held in veneration: but as he never fails to mix an air of mirth and good-humour with his good sense and reasoning, he entered into the following relation:

I will not be confident in what century, or under what reign it happened, that this want of mutual confidence and right understanding between father and son was fatal to the family of the Valentines

nes in Germany. Basilius Valentinus was a person who had arrived at the utmost perfection in the hermetic art, and initiated his son Alexandrinus in the same mysteries: but as you know they are not to be attained but by the painful, the pious, the chaste, and pure of heart, Basilius did not open to him, because of his youth and the deviations too natural to it, the greatest secrets of which he was master, as well knowing that the operation would fail in the hands of a man so liable to errors in life as Alexandrinus. But believing, from a certain indisposition of mind as well as body, that his dissolution was drawing nigh, he called Alexandrinus to him, and as he lay on a couch, over-against which his son was seated, and prepared by sending out servants one after another, and admonition to examine that no one overheard them, he revealed the most important of his secrets with the solemnity and language of an adept. My son, said he, many have been the watchings, long the lucubrations, constant the labours of thy father,

ther,

ther, not only to gain a great and plentiful estate to his posterity, but also to take care that he should have no posterity. Be not amazed, my child, I do not mean that thou shalt be taken from me, but that I will never leave thee, and consequently cannot be said to have posterity. Behold, my dearest Alexandrinus, the effect of what was propagated in nine months: we are not to contradict nature, but to follow and to help her; just as long as an infant is in the womb of its parent, so long are these medicines of revivification in preparing. Observe this small phial and this little galipot, in this an unguent, in the other a liquor. In these, my child, are collected such powers, as shall revive the springs of life when they are yet but just ceased, and give new strength, new spirits, and, in a word, wholly restore all the organs and senses to the human body to as great a duration, as it had before enjoyed from its birth to the day of the application of these my medicines. But, my beloved son, care must be

be taken to apply them within ten hours after the breath is out of the body, while yet the clay is warm with its late life, and yet capable of refuscitation. I find my frame grown crazy with perpetual toil and meditation; and I conjure you, as soon as I am dead, to anoint me with this unguent; and when you see me begin to move, pour into my lip, this inestimable liquor, else the force of the ointment will be ineffectual. By this means you will give me life as I have you, and we will from that hour mutually lay aside the authority of having bestowed life on each other, but live as brethren, and prepare new medicines against such another period of time as will demand another application of the same restoratives. In a few days after these wonderful ingredients were delivered to Alexandrinus, Basilus departed this life. . . . But such was the pious sorrow of the son at the loss of so excellent a father, and the first transports of grief had so wholly disabled him from all manner of business, that he never thought of the medicines till the time to which his father had limited their efficacy was expired.

To

To tell the truth, Alexandrinus was a man of wit and pleasure, and considered his father had lived out his natural time, his life was long and uniform, suitable to the regularity of it; but that he himself, poor sinner, wanted a new life, to repent of a very bad one hitherto; and in the examination of his heart, resolved to go on as he did with this natural being of his, but repent very faithfully, and spent very piously the life to which he should be restored by application of these rarities, when time should come, to his own person.

It has been observed, that Providence frequently punishes the self-love of men, who would do immoderately for their own offspring, with children very much below their characters and qualifications, insomuch that they only transmit their names to be borne by those who give daily proofs of the vanity of the labour and ambition of their progenitors.

It happened thus in the family of Basilus; for Alexandrinus began to enjoy
his

his ample fortune in all the extremities of household expence, furniture, and insolent equipage; and this he pursued till the day of his own departure began, as he grew sensible, to approach. As Basilius was punished with a son very unlike him, Alexandrinus was visited by one of his own disposition. It is natural that ill men should be suspicious, and Alexandrinus, besides that jealousy, had proofs of the vicious disposition of his son Renatus, for that was his name.

Alexandrinus, as I have observed, having very good reasons for thinking it unsafe to trust the real secret of his phial and gallipot to any man living, projected to make sure work, and hope for his success depending from the avarice, not the bounty of his benefactor.

With this thought he called Renatus to his bed-side, and bespoke him in the most pathetic gesture and accent. As much, my son, as you have been addicted to vanity and pleasure, as I also have been before you, you nor I could escape

the fame , or the good effects of the profound knowledge of our progenitor, the renowned Basilius. His symbol is very well known in the philosophic world , and I shall never forget the venerable air of his countenance, when he let me into the profound mysteries of the Smaragdine table of Hermes. “ It is true, “ said he, and far removed from all colour of deceit; that which is inferior is “ like that which is superior, by which “ are acquired and perfected all the miracles of a certain work. The father is “ the sun, the mother the moon, the “ wind is the womb, the earth is the nurse of it, and mother of all perfection. “ All this must be received with modesty “ and wisdom. ” The chymical people carry in all their jargon a whimsical sort of piety which is ordinary with great lovers of money, and is no more but deceiving themselves, that their regularity and strictness of manners for the ends of this world, has some affinity to the innocence of heart which must recommend them to the next. Renatus wondered to hear his father talk so like an adept, and with such a mixture of
of

of piety, while Alexandrinus observing his attention fixed, proceeded: this phial, child, and this little earthen pot will add to thy estate so much, as to make thee the richest man in the German empire. I am going to my long home, but shall not return to common dust. Then he resumed a countenance of alacrity, and told him, that if within an hour after his death he anointed his whole body, and poured down his throat that liquor which he had from old Basilius, the corpse would be converted into pure gold. I will not pretend to express to you the unfeigned tenderness that passed between these two extraordinary persons; but if the father recommended the care of his remains with vehemence and affection, the son was not behind-hand in professing that he would not cut the least bit off him, but upon the utmost extremity, or to provide for his younger brothers and sisters.

Well, Alexandrinus died, and the heir of his body (as our term is) could not forbear in the wantonness of his

heart, to measure the length and breadth of his beloved father, and cast up the ensuing value of him before he proceeded to operation. When he knew the immense rewards of his pains, he began the work: but lo! when he had anointed the corpse all over, and began to apply the liquor, the body stirred, and Renatus, in a fright, broke the phial.



No. 42. The History of Theodosius and Constantia.

ENQUIRIES after happiness, and rules for attaining it, are not so necessary and useful to mankind as the arts of consolation, and supporting one's self under affliction. The utmost we can hope for in this world is contentment; if we aim at any thing higher, we shall meet with nothing but grief and disappointment. A man should direct all his studies and endeavours at making himself easy now, and happy hereafter.

The truth of it is, if all the happiness that is dispersed through the whole race of mankind in this world were drawn together, and put into the possession of any single man, it would not make a very happy being. Though on the contrary, if the miseries of the whole species were

fixed in a single person, they would make a very miserable one.

I am engaged in this subject by the following letter, which, though subscribed by a fictitious name, I have reason to believe is not imaginary.

“ Mr. Spectator,

“ I AM one of your disciples, and endeavour to live up to your rules, which I hope will incline you to pity my condition: I shall open it to you in a very few words. About three years since a gentleman, whom, I am sure, you yourself would have approved, made his addressee to me. He had every thing to recommend him but an estate, so that my friends, who all of them applauded his person, would not for the sake of both of us favour his passion. For my own part, I resigned myself up entirely to the direction of those who knew the world much better than myself, but still lived in hopes that some juncture or other would make me happy
“ in

“ in the man whom, in my heart, I pre-
“ ferred to all the world; being determi-
“ ned if I could not have him, to have
“ nobody else. About three months ago
“ I received a letter from him, acquaint-
“ ting me, that by the death of an uncle
“ he had a considerable estate left him,
“ which he said was welcome to him up-
“ on no other account, but as he hoped
“ it would remove all difficulties that lay
“ in the way to our mutual happiness. You
“ may well suppose, Sir, with how much
“ joy I received this letter, which was
“ followed by several others filled with
“ those expressions of love and joy, which
“ I verily believe nobody felt more since-
“ rily, nor knew better how to describe,
“ than the gentleman I am speaking of.
“ But, Sir, how shall I be able to tell it
“ you! By the last week’s post I received
“ a letter from an intimate friend of this
“ unhappy gentleman, acquainting me,
“ that as he had just settled his affairs, and
“ was preparing for his journey, he fell
“ sick of a fever and died. It is impossible
“ to express to you the distress I am in
“ upon this occasion. I can only have re-

“ course to my devotions, and to the rea-
“ ding of good books for my consolation;
“ and as I always take a particular delight
“ in those frequent advices and admoni-
“ tions which you give the public, it
“ would be a very great act of charity in
“ you to lend me your assistance in this con-
“ juncture. If after the reading of this
“ letter you find yourself in a humour, ra-
“ ther to railly and ridicule, than to com-
“ fort me, I desire you would throw it
“ into the fire, and think no more of it;
“ but if you are touched with my misfor-
“ tune, which is greater than I know
“ how to bear, your counsels may very
“ much support, and will infinitely obli-
“ ge the afflicted

“ Leonora. ”

A disappointment in love is more hard to get over than any other; the passion itself so softens and subdues the heart, that it disables it from struggling or bearing up against the woes and distresses which befall it. The mind meets with other misfortunes in her whole strength; she stands collected

lected within herself, and sustains the shock with all the force which is natural to her; but a heart in love has its foundations sapped, and immediately sinks under the weight of accidents that are disagreeable to its favourite passion.

In afflictions men generally draw their consolations out of books of morality, which indeed are of great use to fortify and strengthen the mind against the impressions of sorrow. Monsieur St. Evremont, who does not approve of this method, recommends authors who are apt to stir up mirth in the mind of the readers, and fancies Don Quixote can give more relief to an heavy heart than Plutarch or Seneca, as it is much easier to divert grief than to conquer it. This doubtless may have its effects on some tempers. I should rather have recourse to authors of a quite contrary kind, that give us instances of calamities and misfortunes, and shew human nature in its greatest distresses.

If the afflictions we groan under be very heavy, we shall find some consola-

tion in the society of as great sufferers as ourselves, especially when we find our companions men of virtue and merit. If our afflictions are light, we shall be comforted by the comparison we make between ourselves and our fellow-sufferers. A loss at sea, a fit of sickness, or the death of a friend, are such trifles when we consider whole kingdoms laid in ashes, families put to the sword, wretches shut up in dungeons, and the like calamities of mankind, that we are out of countenance for our own weakness, if we sink under such little strokes of fortune.

Let the disconsolate Leonora consider, that at the very time in which she languishes for the loss of her deceased lover, there are persons in several parts of the world just perishing in a shipwreck; others crying out for mercy in the terrors of a death-bed repentance; others lying under the tortures of an infamous execution, or the like dreadful calamities; and she will find her sorrows vanish at the appearance of those which are so much greater and more astonishing.

I would

I would further propose to the consideration of my afflicted disciple, that possibly what she now looks upon as the greatest misfortune, is not really such in itself.

For my own part, I question not but our souls in a separate state will look back on their lives in quite another view, than what they had of them in the body; and that what they now consider as misfortunes and disappointments, will very often appear to have been escapes and blessings.

The mind that hath any cast towards devotion, naturally flies to it in afflictions.

When I was in France I heard a very remarkable story of two lovers, which I shall relate at length in my to-morrow's paper, not only because the circumstances of it are extraordinary, but because it may serve as an illustration to all that can be said on this last head, and shew the power of religion in abating that particular anguish

guish which seems to lie so heavy on Leonora. The story was told me by a priest, as I travelled with him in a stage-coach. I shall give it my reader, as well as I can remember, in his own words.

The History of THEODOSIUS and CON-
STANTIA.

CONSTANTIA was a woman of extraordinary wit and beauty; but very unhappy in a father, who having arrived at great riches by his own industry, took delight in nothing but his money. Theodosius was the younger son of a decayed family, of great parts and learning, improved by a genteel and virtuous education. When he was in the twentieth year of his age he became acquainted with Constantia, who had not then passed her fifteenth. As he lived but a few miles distant from her father's house, he had frequent opportunities of seeing her; and by the advantages of a good person and a pleasing con-

conversation, made such an impression in her heart as it was impossible for time to efface: he was himself no less smitten with Constantia. A long acquaintance made them still discover new beauties in each other, and by degrees raised in them that mutual passion which had an influence on their following lives. It unfortunately happened, that in the midst of this intercourse of love and friendship between Theodosius and Constantia, there broke out an irreparable quarrel between their parents, the one valuing himself too much upon his birth, and the other upon his possessions. The father of Constantia was so incensed at the father of Theodosius, that he contracted an unreasonable aversion towards his son, insomuch that he forbid him his house, and charged his daughter upon her duty never to see him more. In the mean time, to break off all communication between the two lovers, who he knew entertained secret hopes of some favourable opportunity that should bring them together, he found out a young gentleman of a good fortune and an agreeable person, whom he pitched upon as a
hus-

husband for his daughter. He soon concerted this affair so well, that he told Constantia it was his design to marry her to such a gentleman, and that her wedding should be celebrated on such a day. Constantia, who was over-awed with the authority of her father, and unable to object any thing against so advantageous a match, received the proposal with a profound silence, which her father commended in her, as the most decent manner of a virgin's giving her consent to an overture of that kind. The noise of this intended marriage soon reached Theodosius, who, after a long tumult of passions which naturally rise in a lover's heart on such an occasion, writ the following letter to Constantia:

“ THE thought of my Constantia, which
“ for some years has been my only happiness,
“ is now become a greater torment
“ to me than I am able to bear. Must I
“ then live to see you another's? The
“ streams, the fields and meadows, where
“ we have so often talked together,
“ grow

“ grow painful to me; life itself is beco-
“ me a burden. May you long be happy
“ in the world, but forget that there was
“ ever such a man in it as

“ Theodosius.”

This letter was conveyed to Constan-
tia that very evening, who fainted at the
reading of it; and the next morning she
was much more alarmed by two or three
messengers, that came to her father's hou-
se one after another to enquire if they had
heard any thing of Theodosius, who it
seems had left his chamber about midnight,
and could no where be found. The deep
melancholy, which had hung upon his
mind some time before, made them ap-
prehend the worst that could befall him.
Constantia, who knew that nothing but
the report of her marriage could have dri-
ven him to such extremities, was not to
be comforted: she now accused herself for
having so tamely given an ear to the pro-
posal of a husband, and looked upon the
new lover as the murderer of Theodosius:
in short, she resolved to suffer the utmost
effects

effects of her father's displeasure, rather than comply with a marriage which appeared to her so full of guilt and horror. The father seeing himself entirely rid of Theodosius, and likely to keep a considerable portion in his family, was not very much concerned at the obstinate refusal of his daughter; and did not find it very difficult to excuse himself upon that account to his intended son-in-law, who had all along regarded this alliance rather as a marriage of convenience than of love. Constantia had now no relief but in her devotions and exercises of religion, to which her afflictions had so entirely subjected her mind, that after some years had abated the violence of her sorrows, and settled her thoughts in a kind of tranquillity, she resolved to pass the remainder of her days in a convent. Her father was not displeased with a resolution, which would save money in his family, and readily complied with his daughter's intentions. Accordingly in the twenty-fifth year of her age, while her beauty was yet in all its height and bloom, he carried her to a neighbouring

ing

ing city, in order to look out a sisterhood of nuns among whom to place his daughter. There was in this place a father of a convent who was very much renowned for his piety and exemplary life; and as it is usual in the Romish church for those who are under any great affliction, or trouble of mind, to apply themselves to the most eminent confessors for pardon and consolation, our beautiful votary took the opportunity of confessing herself to this celebrated father.

We must now return to Theodosius, who, the very morning that the above-mentioned inquiries had been made after him, arrived at a religious house in the city, where now Constantia resided; and desiring that secrecy and concealment of the fathers of the convent, which is very usual upon any extraordinary occasion, he made himself one of the order, with a private vow never to enquire after Constantia; whom he looked upon as given away to his rival upon the day on which, according to common fame, their marriage was to have been solemnized. Ha-

ving in his youth made a good progress in learning, that he might dedicate himself more entirely to religion, he entered into holy orders, and in a few years became renowned for his sanctity of life, and those pious sentiments which he inspired into all who conversed with him. It was this holy man to whom Constantia had determined to apply herself in confession, though neither she nor any other, besides the prior of the convent, knew any thing of his name or family. The gay, the amiable Theodosius had now taken upon him the name of Father Francis, and was so far concealed in a long beard, a shaven head, and a religious habit, that it was impossible to discover the man of the world in the venerable conventual.

As he was one morning shut up in his confessional, Constantia kneeling by him, opened the state of her soul to him; and after having given him the history of a life full of innocence, she burst out in tears, and entered upon that part of her story in which he himself had so great a share. My behaviour, says she, has I fear been the
death

death of a man who had no other fault but that of loving me too much. Heaven only knows how dear he was to me whilst he lived, and how bitter the remembrance of him has been to me since his death. She here paused and lifted up her eyes that streamed with tears towards the father; who was so moved with the sense of her sorrows, that he could only command his voice, which was broke with sighs and sobbings, so far as to bid her proceed. She followed his directions, and in a flood of tears poured out her heart before him. The father could not forbear weeping aloud, insomuch that in the agonies of his grief the seat shook under him. Constantia, who thought the good man was thus moved by his compassion towards her, and by the horror of her guilt, proceeded with the utmost contrition to acquaint him with that vow of virginity in which she was going to engage herself, as the proper atonement for her sins, and the only sacrifice she could make to the memory of Theodosius. The father, who by this time had pretty well composed himself, burst out again in tears upon hearing that

name to which he had been so long disused, and upon receiving this instance of an unparalleled fidelity from one who he thought had several years since given herself up to the possession of another. Amidst the interruptions of his sorrow, seeing his penitent overwhelmed with grief, he was only able to bid her from time to time be comforted — to tell her that her sins were forgiven her — — that her guilt was not so great as she apprehended — — that she should not suffer herself to be afflicted above measure. After which he recovered himself enough to give her the absolution in form; directing her at the same time to repair to him again the next day, that he might encourage her in the pious resolutions she had taken, and give her suitable exhortations for her behaviour in it. Constantia retired, and the next morning renewed her applications. Theodosius having manned his soul with proper thoughts and reflections, exerted himself on this occasion in the best manner he could to animate his penitent in the course of life she was entered upon, and wear out of her mind those groundless fears and
appre-

apprehensions which had taken possession of it; concluding, with a promise to her, that he would from time to time continue his admonitions when she should have taken upon her the holy veil. The rules of our respective orders, says he, will not permit that I should see you; but you may assure yourself not only of having a place in my prayers, but of receiving such frequent instructions as I can convey to you by letters. Go on chearfully in the glorious course you have undertaken, and you will quickly find such a peace and satisfaction in your mind, which it is not in the power of the world to give.

Constantia's heart was so elevated with the discourse of father Francis, that the very next day she entered upon her vow. As soon as the solemnities of her reception were over, she retired, as it is usual, with the abbess into her own apartment.

The abbess had been informed the night before of all that had passed between her novice and father Francis:

from whom she now delivered to her the following letter:

“ **A**S the first-fruits of those joys and
“ consolations which you may expect from
“ the life you are now engaged in, I must
“ acquaint you that Theodosius, whose
“ death sits so heavy upon your thoughts,
“ is still alive; and that the father, to
“ whom you have confessed yourself, was
“ once that Theodosius whom you so much
“ lament. The love which we have had
“ for one another will make us more hap-
“ py in its disappointment than it could
“ have done in its success. Providence
“ has disposed of us for our advantage,
“ though not according to our wishes.
“ Consider your Theodosius still as dead,
“ but assure yourself of one who will not
“ cease to pray for you in Father

“ FRANCIS. ”

Constantia saw that the hand-writing
agreed with the contents of the letter:
and upon reflecting on the voice of the per-
son,

son, the behaviour, and above all the extreme sorrow of the father during her confession, she discovered Theodosius in every particular. After having wept with tears of joy, It is enough, says she, Theodosius is still in being: I shall live with comfort, and die in peace.

The letters which the father sent her afterwards are yet extant in the nunnery where she resided; and are often read to the young religious, in order to inspire them with good resolutions and sentiments of virtue. It so happened, that after Constantia had lived about ten years in the cloister, a violent fever broke out in the place, which swept away great multitudes, and among others Theodosius. Upon his death-bed he sent his benediction in a very moving manner to Constantia, who at that time was herself so far gone in the same fatal distemper, that she lay delirious. Upon the interval which generally precedes death in sicknesses of this nature, the Abbess, finding that the physicians had given her over, told her that Theodosius was just gone before her, and that he had

sent her his benediction in his last moments. Constantia received it with pleasure; and now, says she, if I do not ask any thing improper, let me be buried by Theodosius. My vow reaches no farther than the grave. What I ask is, I hope, no violation of it — She died soon after, and was interred according to her request.

Their tombs are still to be seen, with a short Latin inscription over them to the following purpose:

“ Here lie the bodies of father Francis and sister Constance. They were lovely in their lives, and in their deaths they were not divided.”



No. 43. ABDALLAH and BALSORA, a Persian Tale.

THE following story is lately translated out of an Arabian manuscript, which I think has very much the turn of an oriental tale; and as it has never before been printed, I question not but it will be highly acceptable to my reader.

The name of Helim is still famous through all the eastern parts of the world. He is called among the Persians, even to this day, Helim the great physician. He was acquainted with all the powers of simples, understood all the influences of the stars, and knew the secrets that were engraved on the seal of Solomon the son of David. Helim was also governor of the Black Palace, and chief of the physicians to Alnareschin the great king of Persia.

Alnareschin was the most dreadful tyrant that ever reigned in this country. He was of a fearful, suspicious and cruel nature, having put to death, upon very slight jealousies and surmises, five and thirty of his queens, and above twenty sons whom he suspected to have conspired against his life. Being at length wearied with the exercise of so many cruelties in his own family, and fearing lest the whole race of Caliphs should be entirely lost, he one day sent for Helim, and spoke to him after this manner. “ Helim ,” said he, “ I have long admired thy great wisdom, “ and retired way of living. I shall now “ shew thee the entire confidence which “ I place in thee. I have only two sons “ remaining, who are as yet but infants. “ It is my design, that thou take them “ home with thee , and educate them as “ thy own. Train them up in the humble unambitious pursuits of knowledge. “ By this means shall the line of Caliphs “ be preserved, and my children succeed “ after me, without aspiring to my throne “ whilst I am yet alive. ” “ The words “ of

“ of my Lord the King shall be obeyed,” said Helim. After which he bowed, and went out of the king’s presence. He then received the children into his own house, and from that time bred them up with him in the studies of knowledge and virtue. The young princes loved and respected Helim as their father, and made such improvement under him, that, by the age of one and twenty, they were instructed in all the learning of the East. The name of the eldest was Ibrahim, and of the youngest Abdallah. They lived together in such a perfect friendship, that to this day it is said of intimate friends, that they live together like Ibrahim and Abdallah. Helim had an only child, who was a girl of a fine soul, and a most beautiful person. Her father omitted nothing in her education, that might make her the most accomplished woman of her age. As the young princes were in a manner excluded from the rest of the world, they frequently conversed with this lovely virgin, who had been brought up by her father in the same course of knowledge and
of

of virtue. Abdallah, whose mind was of a softer turn than that of his brother, grew by degrees so enamoured of her conversation, that he did not think he lived, when he was not in company with his beloved Balfora, for that was the name of the maid. The fame of her beauty was so great, that at length it came to the ears of the king, who pretending to visit the young princes his sons, demanded of Helim the sight of Balfora his fair daughter. The king was so inflamed with her beauty and behaviour, that he sent for Helim the next morning, and told him, it was now his design to recompense him for all his faithful services; and that in order to it, he intended to make his daughter queen of Persia. Helim, who knew very well the fate of all those unhappy women who had been thus advanced, and could not but be privy to the secret love which Abdallah bore his daughter, "Far be it," says he, "from the king of Persia to contaminate
" the blood of the Caliphs, and join him-
" self in marriage with the daughter of
" his physician. " The king, however,
was

was so impatient for such a bride, that without hearing any excuses, he immediately ordered Balsora to be sent for into his presence, keeping the father with him, in order to make her sensible of the honour which he designed her. Balsora, who was too modest and humble, to think her beauty had made such an impression on the king, was a few moments after brought into his presence, as he had commanded.

She appeared in the king's eye as one of the virgins of paradise. But upon hearing the honour which he intended her, she fainted away, and fell down as dead at his feet. Helim wept, and after having recovered her out of the trance into which she was fallen, represented to the king, that so unexpected an honour was too great to have been communicated to her all at once; but that, if he pleased, he would himself prepare her for it. The king bid him take his own way, and dismissed him. Balsora was conveyed again to her father's house, where the thoughts of Abdallah renewed

renewed her affliction every moment; infomuch that at length ſhe fell into a raging fever. The king was informed of her condition by thoſe that ſaw her. Helim finding no other means of extricating her from the difficulties ſhe was in, after having compoſed her mind, and made her acquainted with his intentions, gave her a certain potion, which he knew would lay her aſleep for many hours; and afterwards, in all the ſeeming diſtreſs of a diſconſolate father, informed the king ſhe was dead. The king, who never let any ſentiments of humanity come too near his heart, did not much trouble himſelf about the matter; however, for his own reputation, he told the father, that ſince it was known through the empire, that Balſora died at a time when he deſigned her for his bride, it was his intention, that ſhe ſhould be honoured as ſuch, after her death, that her body ſhould be laid in the Black Palace, among thoſe of his deceaſed queens.

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In the mean time , Abdallah, who had heard of the king's design, was not less afflicted than his beloved Balsora. As for the several circumstances of his distress, as also how the king was informed of an irrecoverable distemper into which he was fallen , they are to be found at length in the history of Helim. It shall suffice to acquaint the reader, that Helim , some days after the supposed death of his daughter, gave the prince a potion of the same nature with that which had laid asleep Balsora.

It is the custom among the Persians, to convey in a private manner, the bodies of all the royal family, a little after their death, into the Black Palace, which is the repository of all who are descended from the Caliphs, or any way allied to them. The chief physician is always governour of the Black Palace: it being his office to embalm and preserve the holy family after they are dead, as well as to take care of them while they are yet living. The Black Palace is so called, from the colour
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of the building, which is all of the finest polished black marble. There are always burning in it five thousand everlasting lamps. It has also a hundred folding doors of ebony, which are each of them watched day and night, by a hundred negroes, who are to take care that no body enters, besides the governour.

Helim, after having conveyed the body of his daughter into this repository, and at the appointed time received her out of the sleep into which she was fallen, took care some time after to bring that of Abdallah into the same place. Balsora watched over him, till such time as the dose he had taken lost its effect. Abdallah was not acquainted with Helim's design, when he gave him his sleepy potion. It is impossible to describe the surprise, the joy, the transport he was in at his first awaking. He fancied himself in the retirements of the blessed, and that the spirit of his dear Balsora, who he thought was just gone before him, was the first who came to congratulate his arrival. She soon informed him

him of the place he was in, which, notwithstanding all its horrors, appeared to him more sweet than the bower of Mahomet, in the company of his Balfora.

Helim, who was supposed to be taken up in the embalming of the bodies, visited the place very frequently. His greatest perplexity was, how to get the lovers out of it, the gates being watched in such a manner as I have before related. This consideration did not a little disturb the two interred lovers. At length Helim be-thought himself, that the first day of the full moon of the month Tizpa was near at hand. Now it is a received tradition among the Persians, that the souls of those of the royal family who are in a state of blifs, do, on the first full moon after their decease, pass through the eastern gate of the Black Palace, which is therefore called the gate of paradise, in order to take their flight for that happy place. Helim therefore having made due preparation for this night, dressed each of the lovers in a robe

of azure filk, wrought in the finest looms of Persia, with a long train of linen, whiter than snow, that floated on the ground behind them. Upon Abdallah's head he fixed a wreath of the greenest myrtle, and on Balsora's a garment of the freshest roses. Their garments were scented with the richest perfumes of Arabia. Having thus prepared every thing, the full moon was no sooner up, and shining in all its brightness, but he privately opened the gate of paradise, and shut it after the same manner, as soon as they had passed through it. The band of negroes who were posted at a little distance from the gate, seeing two such beautiful apparitions, that showed themselves to advantage by the light of the full moon, and being ravished with the odour that flowed from their garments, immediately concluded them to be the ghosts of the two persons lately deceased. They fell upon their faces as they passed through the midst of them, and continued prostrate on the earth until such time as they were out of sight. They reported the next day what they had seen; but this was looked upon
by

by the King himself, and most others, as the compliment that was usually paid to any of the deceased of his family. Helim had placed two of his own mules at about a mile's distance from the Black Temple, on the spot which they had agreed upon for their rendezvous. Here he met them, and conducted them to one of his own houses, which was situated on mount Khan. The air of this mountain was so very healthful, that Helim had formerly transported the King thither, in order to recover him out of a long fit of sickness; which succeeded so well, that the King made him a present of the whole mountain, with a beautiful house and gardens that were on the top of it. In this retirement lived Abdallah and Balsora. They were both so fraught with all kinds of knowledge, and possessed with so constant and mutual a passion for each other, that their solitude never lay heavy on them. Abdallah applied himself to those arts which were agreeable to his manner of living, and the situation of the place; inasmuch, that in a few years he converted

the whole mountain into a kind of garden, and covered every part of it with plantations or spots of flowers. Helim was too good a father to let him want any thing that might conduce to make his retirement pleasant.

In about ten years after their abode in this place, the old king died, and was succeeded by his son Ibrahim, who, upon the supposed death of his brother, had been called to court, and entertained there as heir to the Persian empire. Though he was some years inconsolable for the death of his brother, Helim durst not trust him with the secret, which he knew would have fatal consequences, should it by any means come to the knowledge of the old king. Ibrahim was no sooner mounted to the throne, but Helim sought after a proper opportunity of making a discovery to him, which he knew would be very agreeable to so good-natured and generous a prince. It so happened, that before Helim found such an opportunity as he desired, the new King Ibrahim, having

ving been separated from his company in a chace, and almost fainting with heat and thirst, saw himself at the foot of mount Khacan. He immediately ascended the hill, and coming to Helim's house, demanded some refreshments. Helim was very luckily there at that time; and after having set before the king the choicest of wines and fruits, finding him wonderfully pleased with so seasonable a treat, told him, that the best part of his entertainment was to come. Upon which he opened to him the whole history of what had passed. The king was at once astonished and transported at so strange a relation; and seeing his brother enter the room, with Balsora in his hand, he leaped off from the sofa on which he sat, and cried out, "It is he! it is my
" Abdallah! " — Having said this, he fell upon his neck and wept. The whole company, for some time, remained silent, and shedding tears of joy. The King at length, after having kindly reproached Helim for depriving him so long of such a brother, embraced Balso-

ra with the greatest tenderness, and told her, that she should now be a Queen indeed, for that he would immediately make his brother King of all the conquered nations on the other side the Tigris. He easily discovered in the eyes of our two lovers, that instead of being transported with the offer, they preferred their present retirement to empire. At their request, therefore, he changed his intentions, and made them a present of all the open country, as far as they could see from the top of mount Khacan. Abdallah continuing to extend his former improvements, beautified this whole prospect with groves and fountains, gardens and seats of pleasure, until it became the most delicious spot of ground within the empire; and is therefore called the garden of Persia. This Caliph, Ibrahim, after a long and happy reign, died without children, and was succeeded by Abdallah, a son of Abdallah and Bassora. This was that King Abdallah, who afterwards fixed the imperial residence upon mount Khacan,

their riches; and, I think, we cannot find a more natural description of a poor man, whose merits are lost in his poverty, than that in the words of the wise man. “There was a little city, and few men within it: and there came a great king against it: and besieged it, and built great bulwarks against it: now there was found in it a poor wise man, and he, by his wisdom, delivered the city; yet no man remembered that same poor man. Then, said I, wisdom is better than strength; nevertheless, the poor man’s wisdom is despised, and his words are not heard.”

The middle condition seems to be the most advantageously situated for the gaining of wisdom. Poverty turns our thoughts too much upon the supplying of our wants, and riches upon enjoying our superfluities; and as Cowley has said in another case, “It is hard for a man to keep a steady eye upon truth, who is always in a battle or a triumph.”

If

If we regard poverty and wealth, as they are apt to produce virtues or vices in the mind of man, one may observe that there is a set of each of these growing out of poverty, quite different from that which rises out of wealth. Humility and patience, industry and temperance, are very often the good qualities of a poor man. Humanity and good-nature, magnanimity and a sense of honour, are as often the qualifications of the rich. On the contrary, poverty is apt to betray a man into envy, riches into arrogance; poverty is too often attended with fraud, vicious compliance, repining, murmur and discontent. Riches expose a man to pride and luxury, a foolish elation of heart, and too great a fondness for the present world. In short, the middle condition is most eligible to the man who would improve himself in virtue; as I have before shewn, it is the most advantageous for the gaining of knowledge. It was upon this consideration that Agur founded his prayer, which for the wisdom of it is recorded in Holy Writ. “Two things have I requi-

“red of thee, deny me them not before
“I die. Remove far from me vanity and
“lies; give me neither poverty, nor ri-
“ches; feed me with food convenient for
“me: lest I be full and deny thee, and
“say, who is the Lord? or lest I be poor
“and steal, and take the name of my God
“in vain.”.

I shall fill the remaining part of my paper with a very pretty allegory, which is wrought into a play by Aristophanes the Greek comedian. It seems originally designed as a satire upon the rich, though in some parts of it, it is like the foregoing discourse, a kind of comparison between wealth and poverty.

Chremylus, who was an old and a good man, and withal exceeding poor, being desirous to leave some riches to his son, consults the oracle of Apollo upon the subject. The oracle bids him follow the first man he should see upon his going out of the temple. The person he chanced to see was to appearance an old sordid blind

blind man ; but upon his following him from place to place , he at last found by his own confession , that he was Plutus the god of riches , and that he was just come out of the house of a miser. Plutus farther told him , that when he was a boy , he used to declare , that as soon as he came to age he would distribute wealth to none but virtuous and just men ; upon which Jupiter considering the pernicious consequences of such a resolution , took his sight away from him , and left him to stroll about the world in the blind condition wherein Chremylus beheld him. With much ado Chremylus prevailed upon him to go to his house , where he met an old woman in a tattered raiment , who had been his guest for many years , and whose name was Poverty. The old woman refusing to turn out so easily as he would have her , he threatened to banish her not only from his own house , but out of all Greece , if she made any more words upon the matter. Poverty on this occasion pleads her cause very notably , and represents to her old landlord , that should she be driven
out

out of the country, all their trades, arts and sciences would be driven out with her; and that if every one was rich, they would never be supplied with those pomps, ornaments and conveniencies of life which made riches desirable. She likewise represented to him the several advantages which she bestowed upon her votaries in regard to their shape, their health, and their activity, by preserving them from gouts, dropfies, unwieldiness, and intemperance. But whatever she had to say for herself, she was at last forced to troop off. Chremylus immediately considered how he might restore Plutus to his sight; and in order to it, conveyed him to the temple of Æsculapius, who was famous for cures and miracles of this nature. By this means the deity recovered his eyes, and began to make a right use of them, by enriching every one that was distinguished by piety towards the gods, and justice towards men; and at the same time by taking away his gifts from the impious and undeserving. This produces several merry incidents, till in the last act Mercury descends

descends with great complaints from the gods, that since the good men were grown rich they had received no sacrifices, which is confirmed by a priest of Jupiter, who enters with a remonstrance, that since this late innovation he was reduced to a starving condition, and could not live upon his office. Chremylus, who in the beginning of the play was religious in his poverty, concludes it with a proposal which was relished by all the good men who were now grown rich as well as himself, that they should carry Plutus in a solemn procession to the Temple, and install him in the place of Jupiter. This allegory instructed the Athenians in two points, first, as it vindicated the conduct of Providence in its ordinary distributions of wealth; and in the next place, as it shewed the great tendency of riches to corrupt the morals of those who possessed them.



No. 45. The Mount of Misery; a Vision.

IT is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy, would prefer the share they are already possess'd of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal farther in the motto of my paper, which implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under, are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remarks, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when on a sudden, methought, there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should
bring

bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the center of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another, and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain, that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was cloathed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her looks. Her name was Fancy. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow
crea-

creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion upon this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloke, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be Poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his Wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames: but what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap, when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts, shook their heads and marched away, as heavy-loaden as they came. I
saw

saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surpris'd to see the greatest part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing towards the heap, with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach, that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of, with great joy of heart, among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe, that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people: this was called the Spleen. But what most of all surpris'd me, was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap: at which I was very much astonish'd, having concluded within myself, that every one would take this

opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices, and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came loaded with his crimes: but upon searching into his bundle, I found that instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue, who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what had passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humour with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage

sage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves; and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal, in this vast multitude, who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon the occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable grey-headed man, who had laid down the cholic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son, that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father, who came towards him with a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his cholic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the choice they had made. A poor galley-slave who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see

see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features: one was trucking a lock of grey hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation: but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it into her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils which befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I could not from my heart forbear pitying the poor hump-backed gentleman mentioned in the former paper, who went off a very well-shaped person with a

stone in his bladder; nor the fine gentleman who had struck up this bargain with him, that limped through a whole assembly of ladies, who used to admire him, with a pair of shoulders peeping over his head.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with a long visage had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done: on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me, who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of
thick

thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up into the air, above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other made such aukward circles, as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine, that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most pitious sight, as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure; after which, the Phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There

There was sent in her stead a goddess of quite a different figure: her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but chearful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter: her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the mount of sorrows, but what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree, that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice, as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

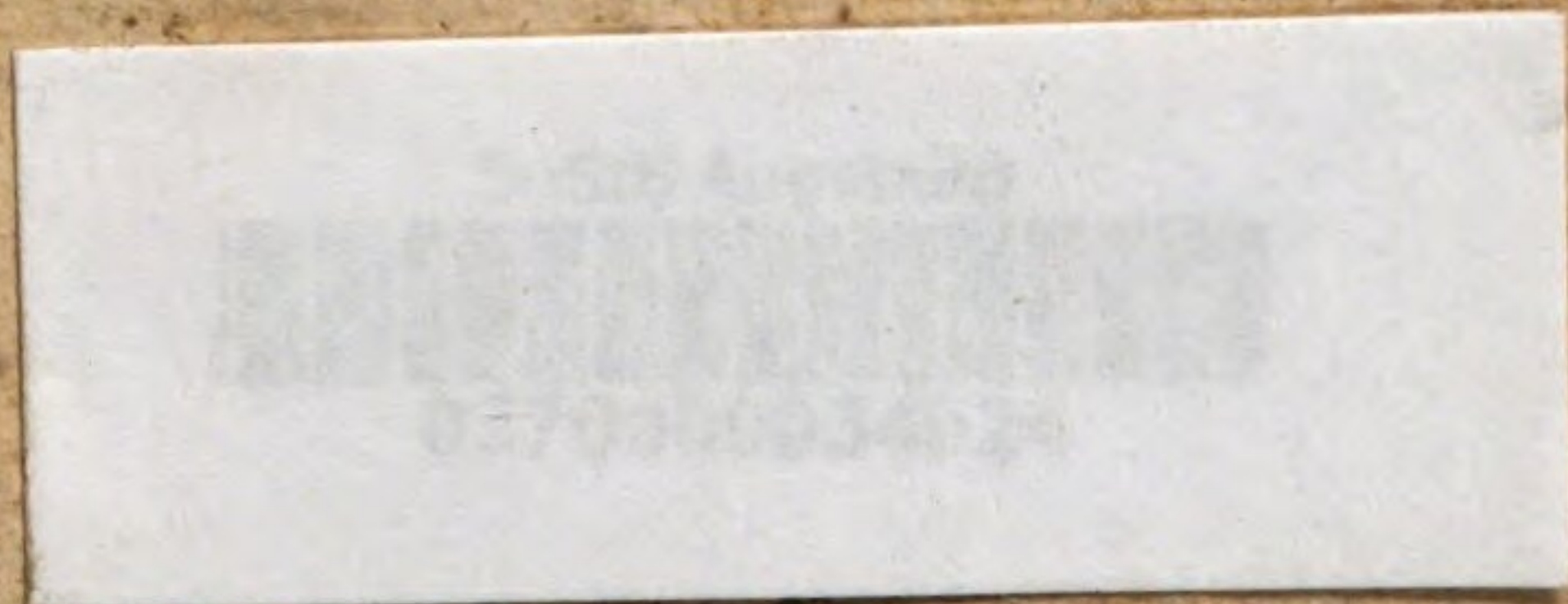
Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learnt from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbour's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.



L. A.

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